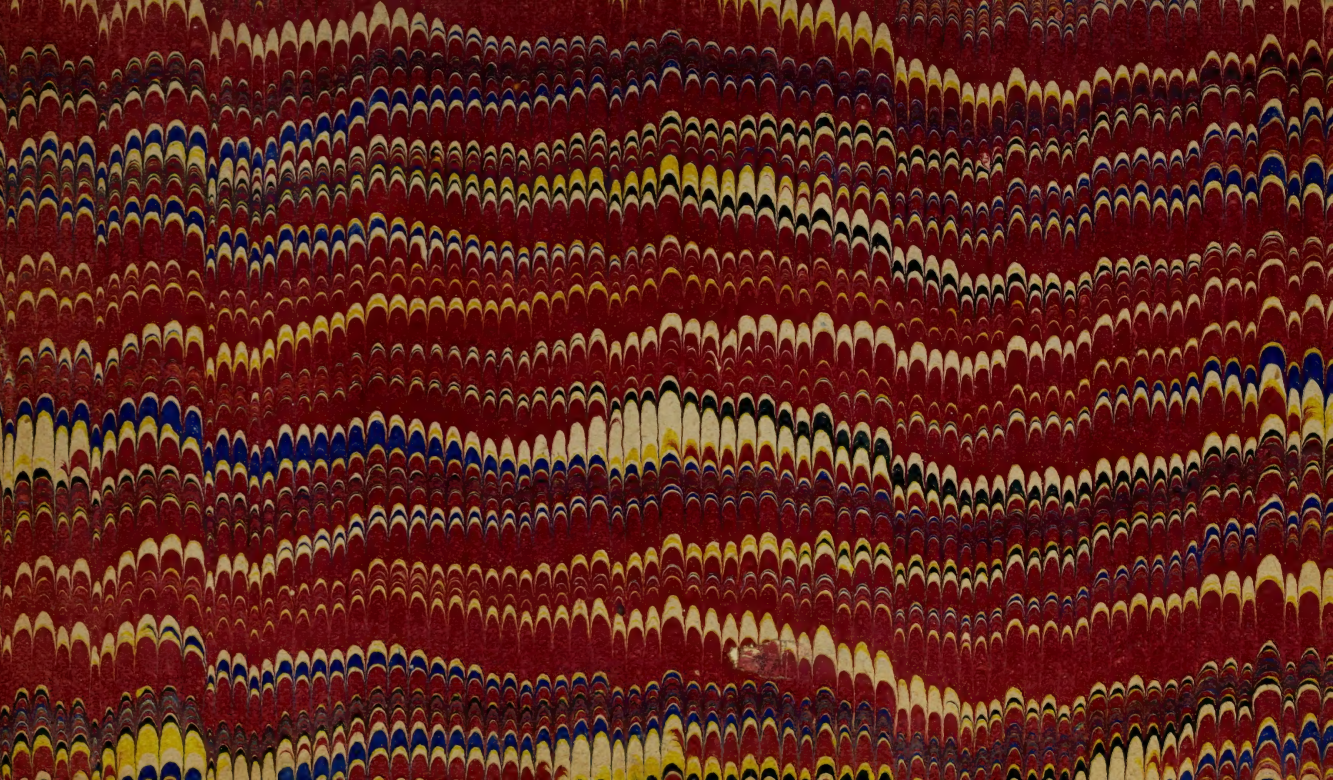

M. E. Barry.

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THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. *Abraham Cowley:*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Conſiſting of thoſe

Which were formerly Printed;

And thoſe which

He deſign'd for the Preſs;

Publiſh'd out of the Author's

ORIGINAL COPIES.

WITH THE

CUTTER of *Coleman-Street.*

VOLUME the SECOND.

The ELEVENTH EDITION.

ADORN'D WITH CUTS.

LONDON:

Printed for *J. Tonſon*; and Sold by *D. Browne*, *J. Lawrence*, *J. Knapton*, *J. Wyat*, *R. Smith*, *W. Taylor*, *M. Atkins*, *E. Sanger*, *J. Pemberton*, *W. Mears*, and *T. Ward*. 1710.

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Vol 2d

DAVIDEIS.

BOOK II.

The CONTENTS.

David's *Flight to* Nob, *and Entertainment there by the* High-Priest; *from thence to* Gath *in Disguise, where he is discover'd and brought to* Achis; *He counterfeits himself* mad, *and escapes to* Adullam. *A short Enumeration of the Forces, which come thither to him. A Description of the Kingdom of* Moab, *whither* David *flies; his Entertainment at* Moab's *Court. A Digression of the* History *of* Lot, *Father of the* Moabites, *represented in* Picture. Melchor's *Song at the Feast;* Moab *desires* Joab *to relate the Story of* David. *Which he does; his Extraction, his Excellency in* Poesie, *and the Effects of it in curing* Saul's *Malady. The* Philistims *Army encamp'd at* Dammin, *the Description of* Goliah *and his Arms, his Challenge to the* Israelites, David's *coming to the Camp, his Speech to* Saul *to desire leave to fight with* Goliah; *several Speeches upon that Occasion, the Combat and Slaughter of* Goliah, *with the Defeat of the* Philistims Army. Saul's *Envy to* David. *The Cha-*

racters of Merab *and* Michol. *The* Love *between* David *and* Michol, *his* Song *at her Window, his Expedition againſt the* Philiſtims, *and the* Dowry *of two hundred Foreskins for* Michol, *with whom he is married. The Solemnities of the Wedding*; Saul's *Relapſe, and the Cauſes of* David's *Flight into the Kingdom of* Moab.

1 Sam. 21. 1. RAis'd with the News he from high Heav'n receives,
Strait to his *diligent God* juſt Thanks he gives.

1 To *Divine Nobe* directs then his Flight,
A ſmall *Town* great in *Fame* by *Levy*'s Right,

V. 4. 5. 6. Mat. 12. 4. 2 Is there with ſprightly Wines, and hallow'd Bread,
(But what's to *Hunger hallow'd?*) largely fed.

3 The good old *Prieſt* welcomes his *fatal Gueſt*,
And with long Talk prolongs the haſty Feaſt.

Ver. 9. 4 He lends him *vain Goliah*'s *Sacred* Sword,
(The fitted Help *juſt Fortune* could afford)
A *Sword* whoſe *Weight* without a *Blow* might ſlay,
Able *unblunted* to cut *Hoſts* away,
A *Sword* ſo great, that it was only fit
To take off his *great Head* who came with it.
Thus he arms *David*; I your own reſtore,
Take it (ſaid he) and uſe it as before.

1 Sam. 17. I ſaw you then, and 'twas the braveſt Sight
That e'er theſe Eyes ow'd the diſcov'ring Light.
When you ſtepp'd forth, how did the *Monſter* rage,
In ſcorn of your ſoft Looks, and tender Age!

Some

Some your *high Spirit* did *mad Presumption* call,
Some pity'd that such *Youth* should idly fall.
Th'uncircumcis'd smil'd grimly with Disdain;
I knew the Day was yours: I saw it plain.
Much more the Reverend *Sire* prepar'd to say,
Wrap'd with his Joy; how the two *Armies* lay;
Which Way th'amazed Foe did wildly flee,
All that his *Hearer* better knew than *he*.
But *David's* Haste denies all needless Stay;
To *Gath*, an Enemy's Land, he hastes away, 1 Sam. 21. or.
Not there secure, but where one *Danger's near*,
The more *remote* though *greater* disappear.
So from the *Hawk*, *Birds* to *Man's* Succour flee,
So from *fir'd Ships Man* leaps into the *Sea*.
There in Disguise he hopes unknown t'abide!
Alas! in vain! What can such Greatness hide?
Stones of small Worth may lye unseen by *Day*.
But *Night* it self does the rich *Gem* betray.
5 *Tagal* first spy'd him, a *Philistian* Knight,
Who erst from *David's* Wrath by shameful Flight
Had sav'd the sordid Remnant of his Age;
Hence the deep Sore of *Envy* mix'd with *Rage*.
Strait with a Band of Soldiers tall and rough,
Trembling, for scarce he thought that Band enough,
On him he seises whom they all had fear'd,
Had the bold *Youth* in his *own Shape* appear'd.
And now this wish'd for, but yet dreadful Prey,
To *Achis* Court they led in haste away,

With all unmanly Rudeneſs which does wait
Upon th'*Immod'rate Vulgars Joy* and *Hate*.
His Valour now and Strength muſt uſeleſs lye,
And he himſelf muſt Arts unuſu'al try;
1 Sam. 21. 13. Sometimes he rends his Garments, nor does ſpare
The goodly Curls of his rich yellow Hair.
Sometimes a violent Laughter ſcru'd his Face,
And ſometimes ready Tears dropp'd down apace.
Sometimes he fix'd his ſtaring Eyes on Ground,
And ſometimes in wild manner hurl'd them round.
More full Revenge *Philiſtians* could not wiſh,
6 But call't the *Juſtice* of their *mighty Fiſh*.
Ver. 15. They now in height of Anger, let him *Live*;
And *Freedom* too, t'encreaſe his *Scorn*, they give.
He by *wiſe Madneſs* freed does homeward flee,
And *Rage* makes them all that *he ſeem'd* to be.
1 Sam. 22. 7 Near to *Adullam* in an aged Wood,
An *Hill* part Earth, part rocky Stone there ſtood,
Hollow and vaſt within, which *Nature* wrought
As if by 'her *Scholar Art* ſhe had been *taught*.
Hither young *David* with his *Kindred* came,
Servants, and *Friends*; many his ſpreading Fame,
2 Sam. 22. 1. Many their Wants or Diſcontents did call;
Great Men in War, and almoſt *Armies* all!
8 Hither came wiſe and valiant *Joab* down,
One to whom *David*'s ſelf muſt owe his *Crown*,
A mighty Man, had not ſome cunning *Sin*,
Amidſt ſo many *Virtues* crowded in.

With

With him *Abiſhai* came, by whom there fell 1 Chr. 11. 20.
At once three hundred; with him *Aſahel*:
9 *Aſahel*, ſwifter than the *Northern Wind*; 1 Chr. 11. 26. 2 Sam. 2. 18.
Scarce could the nimble *Motions* of his *Mind*
Outgo his *Feet*; ſo ſtrangely would he run,
That *Time it ſelf* perceiv'd not what was done.
Oft o'er the Lawns and Meadows would he paſs,
His Weight *unknown*, and harmleſs to the Graſs;
Oft o'er the Sands and hollow Duſt would trace,
Yet no one *Atome* trouble or diſplace.
Unhappy *Youth*, whoſe End ſo near I ſee! 2 Sam. 2. 23.
There's nought but thy *Ill Fate* ſo ſwift as *Thee*.
10 Hither *Jeſſide*'s Wrong *Benaiah* drew, 1 Chr. 11. 22.
He, who the vaſt *exceeding Monſter* ſlew.
Th'*Egyptian* like an *Hill* himſelf did rear,
Like ſome tall *Tree* upon it ſeem'd his *Spear*.
But by *Benaiah*'s *Staff* he fell o'erthrown; Ver. 23.
The *Earth*, as if worſt ſtrook, did loudeſt groan.
Such was *Benaiah*; in a narrow Pit
He ſaw a Lion, and leap'd down to it. Ver. 22.
As eas'ly there the *Royal Beaſt* he tore,
As that it ſelf did *Kids* or *Lambs* before.
Him *Ira* follow'd, a young lovely Boy, 1 Chr. 11. 28.
But full of *Sp'irit*, and *Arms* was all his Joy.
Oft, when a *Child*, he in his Dream would fight
With the vain Air, and his wak'd *Mother* fright.
Oft would he ſhoot young *Birds*, and as they fall,
Would laugh, and fancy them *Philiſtians* all.

And now at home no longer would he ſtay,
Though yet the Face did ſcarce his *Sex* betray.
1 Chr. 11. 12. *Dodo*'s great Son came next, whoſe dreadful Hand
Snatch'd *ripen'd Glories* from a conqu'ring Band;
Who knows not *Dammin*, and that Barley Field,
Which did a ſtrange and bloody *Harveſt* yield?
Many beſides did this new Troop encreaſe;
Adan, whoſe Wants made him unfit for Peace.
1 Chr. 11. 46. *Eliel*, whoſe full Quiv'er did always bear
As many *Deaths* as it in *Arrows* were,
None from his Hand did vain or inn'ocent flee,
Scarce *Love* or *Fate* could aim ſo well as *he*.
1 Chr. 12. 16. Many of *Judah* took wrong'd *David*'s Side,
And many of old *Jacob*'s youngeſt *Tribe*;
1 Chr. 12. 8. But his chief Strength the *Gathite* Soldiers are,
Each *ſingle Man* able t'orecome a *War!*
Swift as the *Darts* they fling through yielding Air,
And hardy all as the ſtrong *Steel* they bare,
A *Lion*'s noble Rage ſits in their Face,
Terrible Comely, arm'd with *dreadful Grace*!
1 Chr. 12. 8. Th'undaunted *Prince*, though thus well guarded here,
Yet his ſtout Soul *durſt* for his *Parents fear*;
He ſeeks for them a ſafe and quiet Seat,
Nor truſts his *Fortune* with a *Pledge* ſo great.
So when in hoſtile Fire rich *Aſia*'s Pride
For ten Years Siege had fully ſatisfy'd,

Æneas

Æneas ſtole an Act of higher Fame, *Virg. Æn.* 2.
And bore *Anchiſes* through the *wandring Flame*,
A nobler *Burden*, and a richer *Prey*,
Than all the *Græcian* Forces bore away.
Go pious *Prince*, in Peace, in Triumph go;
Enjoy the *Conqueſt* of thine *Overthrow*;
To 'have ſav'd thy *Troy* would far leſs glorious be;
By this thou *Overcom'ſt* their *Victory*.

11 *Moab*, next *Judah*, an old Kingdom, lyes;
12 *Jordan* their touch, and his *curſt Sea* denies.
13 They ſee *North-Stars* from o'er *Amoreus* Ground,
14 *Edom* and *Petra* their South-Part does bound.
15 Eaſtwards the Lands of *Cuſh* and *Ammon* lye,
The Morning's happy Beams they firſt eſpy.
The Region with fat Soil and Plenty's bleſs'd,
A Soil too good to be of old poſſeſs'd
16 By monſtrous *Emins*; but *Lot*'s Off-ſpring came
And conquer'd both the *People* and the *Name*.
17 'Till *Seon* drave them beyond *Arnon*'s Flood, Num. 21. 26.
And their ſad *Bounds* mark'd deep in their own *Blood*.
18 In *Hesbon* his triumphant *Court* he plac'd,
Hesbon, by *Men* and *Nature* ſtrangely grac'd.
A glorious Town, and fill'd with all Delight
Which Peace could yield, though well prepar'd for *Fight*.
But this proud *City*, and her prouder *Lord*, Num. 21. 24, 25.
Felt the keen Rage of *Iſrael*'s *Sacred Sword*,

Whillſt *Moab* triumph'd in her torn Eſtate,
To ſee *her own* become her *Conqu'ror*'s Fate.
Yet that ſmall Remnant of *Lot*'s parted Crown
Did, arm'd with *Iſrael*'s Sins, pluck *Iſrael* down,
Judg. 3. 14. Full thrice ſix Years they felt fierce *Eglon*'s Yoke,
Ibid. v. 21. 'Till *Ehud*'s Sword *God*'s vengeful Meſſage ſpoke;
Since then their *Kings* in Quiet held their own,
Quiet, the Good of a not envy'd *Throne*.
And now a wiſe old *Prince* the Scepter ſway'd,
Well by his *Subjects* and *himſelf* obey'd.
Only before his *Father*'s *Gods* he fell;
Poor wretched Man, almoſt *too good* for *Hell!*
Hither does *David* his bleſs'd *Parents* bring,
1 Sam. 22. 3. With humble Greatneſs begs of *Moab*'s King,
A ſafe and fair Abode, where they might live,
Free from thoſe Storms with which himſelf muſt ſtrive.

The King with chearful Grace his Suit approv'd,
19 By Hate to *Saul*, and Love to *Virtue* mov'd.
Welcome great *Knight*, and your fair *Troop* (ſaid he)
Your *Name* found *Welcome* long before with me.
20 That to rich *Ophir*'s riſing *Morn* is known,
And ſtretch'd out far to the burnt ſwarthy *Zone*.
21 Swift *Fame*, when her round Journey ſhe does make,
Scorns not ſometimes *Us* in her way to take.
Are you the Man, did that huge *Gyant* kill?
Great *Baal of Phegor!* And how young he's ſtill!

From

From *Ruth* we heard you came; *Ruth* was born here, Rut. 1. 4.
In *Judah* sojourn'd, and (they say) match'd there Ib. 4. 13.
To one of *Bethlem*; which I hope is true;
Howe'er your *Virtues* here entitle you.
Those have the best *Alliance* always been,
To *Gods* as well as *Men* they make us *Kin*.
He spoke, and strait led in his thankful Guests,
To a stately Room prepar'd for *Shows* and *Feasts*.
The Room with Golden *Tap'stry* glister'd bright,
At once to *please* and to *confound* the Sight,
23 Th' excellent Work of *Babylonian* Hands;
24 In midst a Table of rich Iv'ry stands,
By three fierce *Tigers*, and three *Lions* born,
Which grin, and *fearfully* the Place *adorn*,
Widely they gape, and to the *Eye* they roar,
As if they hunger'd for the Food they bore.
25 About it Beds of *Lybian Citron* stood,
26 With Cov'rings dy'd in *Tyrian Fishes* Blood,
They say, th' *Herculean* Art; but most Delight
27 Some Pictures gave to *David*'s learned Sight.
Here sev'ral Ways *Lot* and great *Abram* go, Gen. 13. 6.
Their too much Wealth, vast, and *unkind* does grow.
Thus each Extream to equal Danger tends,
Plenty as well as *Want* can sep'arate *Friends*;
Here *Sodom*'s Tow'rs raise their proud Tops on high;
The *Tow'rs* as well as *Men* out-brave the Sky.
By it the Waves of rev'rend *Jordan* run,
Here green with *Trees*, there gilded with the *Sun*.

Hither

Gen. 13. 10. Hither *Lot*'s Houſhold comes, a num'rous Train,
And all with various Buſineſs fill the Plain.
Some drive the crowding Sheep with rural Hooks,
They lift up their mild Heads, and bleat in *Looks*.
Some drive the *Herds*; here a fierce Bullock ſcorns
Th'appointed Way, and runs with threatning Horns:
In vain the *Herdman* calls him back again;
The *Dogs* ſtand off afar, and bark in vain.
Some lead the groaning Waggons, loaded high
With Stuff, on Top of which the *Maidens* lye.
Upon tall *Camels* the fair *Siſters* ride,
And *Lot* talks with them both on either Side.
Gen. 14. 11, 12. Another *Picture* to curs'd *Sodom* brings
28 *Elam*'s proud *Lord*, with his three *Servant Kings*:
They ſack the Town, and bear *Lot* bound away;
Ib. v. 10. Whilſt in a Pit the vanquiſh'd *Bera* lay,
Bury'd almoſt alive for Fear of *Death*,
29 But Heav'ns juſt Vengeance ſav'd as yet his Breath.
Gen. 14. 13. *Abraham* purſues, and ſlays the Victors *Hoſt*,
Scare had their *Conqueſt* leiſure for a *Boaſt*.
Gen. 19. 24. Next this was drawn the reckleſs *Cities* Flame,
30 When a ſtrange *Hell* pour'd down from *Heav'n* there came.
Here the two *Angels* from *Lot*'s Window look
Ib. v. 11. With *ſmiling Anger*; the lewd Wretches, ſtrook
With ſudden Blindneſs, ſeek in vain the Door;
31 Their *Eyes*, firſt Cauſe of *Luſt*, firſt *Veng'eance* bore.

Through

Through liquid Air Heav'n's buſie Soldiers fly,
And drive on *Clouds* where Seeds of Thunder lye.
Here the ſad Sky glows red with diſmal Streaks,
Here *Lightning* from it with ſhort trembling breaks.
Here the blue Flames of ſcalding Brimſtone fall,
Involving ſwiftly in one Ruin all.
The Fire of *Trees* and *Houſes* mount on high,
And meets half way new *Fires* that ſhow'r from Sky.
Some in their Arms ſnatch their dear Babes away;
At once drop down the *Fathers Arms*, and *they*.
Some into Water leap with kindled Hair,
And more to *vex* their Fate, are *burnt ev'n* there.
Men thought, ſo much a *Flame* by Art was ſhown,
The *Picture*'s ſelf would fall in Aſhes down.
Afar old *Lot* tow'ard little *Zoar* hies,
And dares not move (good Man) his weeping Eyes. Gen. 19. 17.
32 Behind his *Wife* ſtood ever fix'd alone; Ib. v. 26.
No more a *Woman*, not yet quite a *Stone*.
A laſting *Death* ſeiz'd on her turning Head;
One Cheek was rough and white, the other red,
And yet a *Cheek*; in vain to ſpeak ſhe ſtrove;
Her Lips, tho' Stone, a little ſeem'd to move.
One Eye was clos'd, ſurpris'd by ſudden Night,
The other trembled ſtill with parting Light.
The Wind admir'd, which her Hair looſely bore,
Why it grew ſtiff, and now would play no more.
To Heav'n ſhe lifted up her freezing Hands,
And to this Day a *Suppliant Pillar* ſtands.

She

She try'd her heavy Foot from Ground to rear,
And rais'd the *Heel*, but her *Toe*'s rooted there:
Ah fooliſh Woman! who muſt always be
A Sight more *ſtrange*, than that ſhe turn'd to ſee!
Whilſt *David* fed with theſe his curious Eye,
The Feaſt is now ſerv'd in, and down they lye.
Moab a Goblet takes of maſſie Gold,
33 Which *Zippor*, and from *Zippor* all of old
Quaft to their *Gods* and *Friends*; an *Health* goes
In the brisk Grape of *Arnon*'s richeſt Ground round.
34 Whilſt *Melchor* to his Harp with wondrous Skill
35 (For ſuch were *Poets* then, and ſhould be ſtill)
His noble Verſe through *Nature*'s Secrets lead;
He ſung what *Spirit* thro' the whole *Maſs* is *ſpread*,
Ev'ry where *All*; how *Heav'ns God*'s Law approve,
And think it *Reſt* eternally to *move*.
How the kind *Sun* uſefully comes and goes,
Wants it himſelf, yet gives to Man Repoſe.
How his *round Journey* does for ever laſt,
36 And how he baits at ev'ry Sea in haſte.
He ſung how *Earth* blots the *Moon*'s gilded Wane,
37 Whilſt fooliſh Men beat ſounding Braſs in vain,
Why the *Great Waters* her ſlight *Horns* obey,
Her changing *Horns*, not conſtanter than *they*;
38 He ſung how griſly *Comets* hang in Air,
Why *Sword* and *Plagues* attend their fatal *Hair*.
God's *Beacons* for the World, drawn up ſo far,
To publiſh Ills, and raiſe all Earth to War.

Why

39 Why *Contraires* feed *Thunder* in the Cloud,
What *Motions* vex it, 'till it roar so loud.
40 How *Lambent Fires* become so wondrous tame,
And bear such *shining Winter* in their *Flame*.
41 What radiant *Pencil* draws the *watry Bow*:
What *ties* up *Hail*, and *picks* the *fleecy Snow*.
What *Palsie* of the *Earth* shakes up fix'd *Hills*,
From off her Brows, and here whole *Rivers* spills.
Thus did this *Heathen Nature*'s *Secrets* tell,
And sometimes miss'd the *Cause*, but sought it *well*.
Such was the Sauce of *Moab*'s noble Feast,
'Till Night far spent invites them to their Rest.
Only the good old Prince stays *Joab* there,
And much he tells, and much desires to hear.
He tells Deeds *antique*, and the *new* Desires;
Of *David* much, and much of *Saul* enquires.
Nay gentle *Guest* (said he) since now you're in,
The Story of your gallant Friend begin.
His Birth, his Rising tell, and various Fate,
And how he slew that Man of *Gath* of late,
What was he call'd? That huge and monstrous Man?
With that he stopp'd, and *Joab* thus began:
His Birth, great Sir, so much to mine is ty'd, 1 Chr. 2. 16.
That Praise of that might look from me like *Pride*.
Yet without Boast, his Veins contain a Flood
42 Of th'old *Judæan Lion*'s richest Blood. Gen. 49. 9.
From *Judah Pharez*, from him *Esrom* came, 1 Chr. 4. Mat. 1.
Ram, *Nashon*, *Salmon*, *Names* spoke loud by *Fame*.

A *Name* no leſs ought *Boaz* to appear,
By whoſe bleſs'd Match we come no *Strangers* here.
From him and your fair *Ruth* good *Obed* ſprung,
From *Obed Jeſſe*, *Jeſſe* whom Fame's kindeſt Tongue,
Counting his Birth, and high *Nobil'ity*, ſhall
Not *Jeſſe* of *Obed*, but of *David* call,
1 Chr. 2. 15. 1 Sam. 16. *David* born to him ſeventh; the ſix Births paſt,
Brave *Trials* of a Work more great at laſt.
Bleſs me! how ſwift and growing was his Wit?
The Wings of *Time* flagg'd dully after it.
Scarce paſt a *Child*, all Wonders would he ſing
Of *Nature's Law*, and *Pow'r* of *Nature's King*;
His *Sheep* would ſcorn their Food to hear his Lay,
And ſavage *Beaſts* ſtand by as *tame* as they.
The fighting *Winds* would ſtop there, and admire;
Learning *Conſent* and *Concord* from his Lyre.
Rivers, whoſe Waves roll'd down aloud before;
Mute, as their *Fiſh*, would liſten tow'ards the *Shore*.
1 Sam. 16. 14. 'Twas now the time when firſt *Saul God* forſook,
God Saul; the Room in's Heart wild *Paſſions* took;
Sometimes a Tyrant-Frenſie revell'd there,
Sometimes black Sadneſs, and deep, deep Deſpair.
No Help from Herbs or learned Drugs he finds,
They cure but ſometime *Bodies*, never *Minds*.
Muſick alone thoſe Storms of *Soul* could lay;
1 S. v. 23. Not more *Saul* them, than *Muſick* they obey.

David's

David's now sent for, and his Harp must bring;
His Harp that *Magick* bore on ev'ry String.
When *Saul*'s rude Passions did most Tumult keep,
With his soft Notes they all dropp'd down asleep,
When his dull *Spir'its* lay drown'd in *Death* and *Night*;
He with quick Strains rais'd them to *Life* and *Light*.
Thus chear'd he *Saul*, thus did his Fury swage,
'Till *Wars* began, and Times more fit for *Rage*.
To *Helah* Plain *Philistian Troops* are come, 1 Sam. 17.
And War's loud Noise strikes peaceful Musick dumb.
Back to his Rural Care young *David* goes,
For this rough Work *Saul* his stout *Brethren* chose.
He knew not what his Hand in War could do,
Nor thought his *Sword* could cure Mens *Madness* too.
Now *Dammin*'s destin'd for this *Scene* of *Blood*,
On two near *Hills* the two proud *Armies* stood.
Between a fatal Valley stretch'd out wide,
And *Death* seem'd ready now on either Side,
When lo! their Host rais'd all a joyful Shout,
43 And from the midst an huge and monstrous Man 1b. v. 4.
stepp'd out.
Aloud they shouted at each Step he took;
We and the *Earth* it self beneath him *shook*,
Vast as the *Hill*, down which he march'd, he appear'd;
Amaz'd all Eyes, nor was their *Army* fear'd.
A young tall *Squire* (tho' then he *seem'd* not so)
Did from the Camp *at first* before him go;

At

At first he did, but scarce could follow strait.
Sweating beneath a *Shield*'s unruly Weight,
On which was wrought the *Gods*, and *Giants* Fight,
Rare Work! all fill'd with *Terror* and *Delight*.
Here a vast *Hill* 'gainst thund'ring *Baal* was thrown,
Trees and *Beasts* on't fell burnt with *Lightning*
One flings a *Mountain*, and its *River* too [down.
Torn up with't; that *rains back* on him that threw.
Some from the *Main* to pluck whole *Islands* try;
The *Sea* boils round with Flames shot thick from Sky.
This he *believ'd*, and on his Shield he bore, [more.
And prais'd *their* Strength, but thought his *own* was
The *Valley* now this *Monster* seem'd to *fill*;
And we (methoughts) *look'd up* to 'him from our *Hill*.
All arm'd in *Brass*, the richest Dress of *War*
(A dismal glorious Sight) he shone afar,
The *Sun* himself started with sudden Fright,
To see his Beams return so dismal bright.
1 Sam. 17. *Brass* was his *Helmet*, his *Boots Brass*; and o'er
His Breast a thick Plate of strong *Brass* he wore,
His *Spear* the *Trunk* was of a lofty *Tree*,
Which *Nature* meant some tall *Ship*'s *Mast* should be,
The huge Iron Head six hundred Shekels weigh'd,
And of *whole Bodies* but *one Wound* it made,
Able *Death*'s worst Command to over-do,
Destroying *Life* at once, and *Carcass* too;
Thus arm'd he stood; all *direful*, and all *gay*,
And round him flung a scornful Look away.

So

So when a *Scythian Tyger* gazing round,
An Herd of Kine in some fair Plain has found
Lowing secure, he swells with angry Pride,
48 And calls forth all his *Spots* on ev'ry Side.
Then stops, and hurls his haughty Eyes at all,
In choice of some strong Neck on which to fall.
Almost he scorns so weak, so cheap a Prey,
And grieves to see them trembling haste away.
Ye Men of *Jury*, 'he cries, if *Men* you be, 1 Sam. 17. 8.
And such dare prove your selves to *Fame* and *me*,
Chuse out 'mongst all your Troops the boldest *Knight*,
To try his *Strength* and *Fate* with me in Fight.
The Chance of War let us two bear for all,
49 And they the *Conqu'ror serve* whose *Knight* shall fall. 1b. v. 9, 10.
At this he paus'd a while; strait, I desie
Your *Gods* and *you*; dares none come down and *die?*
Go back for Shame, and *Egypt*'s Slav'ry bear,
Or yield to *us*, and serve more nobly here.
Alas ye 'have no more *Wonders* to be done,
Your *Sorc'rer Moses* now and *Joshua*'s gone;
Your *Magick Trumpets* then could *Cities* take, Jos. 6. 20.
And Sounds of *Triumph* did your *Battels* make.
Spears in your Hands and manly *Swords* are vain;
Get you your *Spells* and *Conjuring Rods* again.
Is there no *Sampson* here? Oh that there were!
In his full Strength, and long *Enchanted Hair*.

Judg. 16. 17. This *Sword* should be in the weak *Razor*'s stead;
It should not cut his *Hair* off, but his *Head*.
Thus he blasphem'd aloud; the *Valleys* round
Flatt'ring his Voice *restor'd* the dreadful Sound.
We turn'd us trembling at the Noise, and fear'd
We had behind some new *Goliah* heard. [meant
'Twas Heav'n, Heav'n sure (which *David*'s Glory
1 Sam. 17. 11. Through this whole *Act*) such sacred Terror sent
To all our *Host*, for there was *Saul* in place,
Who ne'er saw *Fear* but in his *Enemies Face*,
His God-like *Son* there in bright Armour shone,
1 Sam. 14. Who scorn'd to conquer *Armies* not *Alone*.
Fate her own *Book* mistrusted at the Sight;
On that Side *War*, on this a *single Fight*.
There stood *Benaiah*, and there trembled too,
1 Chr. 11. He who th'*Egyptian*, proud *Goliah* slew.
In his pale Fright, Rage through his Eyes shot Flame,
He saw his *Staff*, and blush'd with *generous Shame*.
Thousands beside stood mute and heartless there,
Men valiant all; nor was *I* us'd to *fear*.
Thus forty Days he march'd down arm'd to Fight,
Once ev'ry Morn he march'd, and once at Night.
Slow rose the Sun, but gallopt down apace,
With more than *Evening Blushes* in his Face.
1 Sam. 17. 12, &c. When *Jessey* to the Camp young *David* sent;
His Purpose *low*, but *high* was *Fate*'s Intent.
For when the *Monster*'s Pride he saw and heard,
Round him he look'd, and wonder'd why they *fear'd*.

Anger

Anger and brave Disdain his Heart possess'd,
Thoughts more than *manly* swell'd his *youthful* Breast.
Much the Rewards propos'd his Spirit enflame, 1 Sam. 17. 25.
Saul's *Daughter* much, and much the *Voice* of *Fame*.
These to their just Intentions strongly move,
But chiefly *God*, and his dear *Country*'s *Love*.
Resolv'd for Combat to *Saul*'s Tent he's brought,
Where thus he spoke, as *boldly* as he fought:
Henceforth no more, great *Prince*, your sacred Ib. v. 32.
Breast
With that huge talking Wretch of *Gath* molest.
This Hand alone shall end his curs'd Breath;
Fear not, the Wretch *blasphemes* himself to Death,
And cheated with false Weight of his own Might,
Has challeng'd *Heav'n*, not us, to single Fight.
Forbid it *God*, that where *thy* Right is try'd,
The Strength of *Man* should find just cause for *Pride!*
Firm like some *Rock*, and vast he seems to stand,
But *Rocks* we know were op'd at thy Command. Exo. 17. 6.
That *Soul* which now does such large Members sway,
Thro' one *small Wound* will creep in haste away.
And he who now dares boldly *Heav'n* defie,
To ev'ry *Bird* of *Heav'n* a Prey shall lye.
For 'tis not human Force we ought to fear;
Did that, alas, plant our *Forefathers* here?
51 Twice fifteen *Kings* did they by that subdue? Josh. 12.
By that whole *Nations* of *Goliahs* slew?

The *Wonders* they perform'd may ſtill be done;
Moſes and *Joſhua* is, but *God*'s not gone.
We've loſt their *Rod* and *Trumpets*, not their *Skill*:
Pray'rs and *Belief* are as ſtrong *Witchcraft* ſtill.
Theſe are more *tall*, more *Gyants* far than *he*,
Can reach to *Heav'n*, and thence pluck *Victory*.
Count this, and then, Sir, mine th' Advantage is;
He's ſtronger far than *I*, my *God* than *his*.

Amazement ſeiz'd on all, and Shame to ſee,
Their own Fears ſcorn'd by one ſo young as as he.
1 Sam. 17. 33. Brave Youth (replies the King) whoſe daring Mind
E'er come to *Manhood*, leaves it quite *behind*;
Reſerve thy Valour for more equal Fight,
And let thy *Body* grow up to thy *Spright*.
Thou'rt yet too tender for ſo rude a Foe, [*Blow*.
Whoſe *Touch* would wound thee more than him thy
Nature his Limbs only for *War* made fit,
In thine as yet nought beſide *Love* ſhe 'has writ.
With ſome leſs Foe thy unfleſh'd Valour try;
This *Monſter* can be no *firſt Victory*.
The *Lion*'s Royal Whelp does not at firſt,
For Blood of *Baſan Bulls*, or *Tygers* thirſt.
In timorous *Deer* he hanſels his young Paws,
And leaves the rugged *Bear* for firmer Claws.
So vaſt thy Hopes, ſo unproportion'd be,
Fortune would be aſham'd to *ſecond thee*.

He ſaid, and we all murmur'd an Aſſent;
But nought moves *David* from his high Intent.

It

It brave to him, and om'inous does appear,
To be oppos'd at first, and *conquer here*,
Which he resolves; Scorn not (says he) mine Age,
For *Vict'ry* comes not like an *Heritage*,
At *set Years*; when my Father's Flock I fed, 1 Sam. 17. 34.
A *Bear* and *Lion* by fierce Hunger led,
Broke from the Wood, and snatch'd my *Lambs* away;
From their grim *Mouths* I forc'd the panting Prey.
Both *Bear* and *Lion* ev'n this Hand did kill,
On our great *Oak* the *Bones* and *Jaws* hang still.
My *God*'s the same, which then he was, to Day,
And this wild Wretch almost the same as *they*.
Who from such Danger sav'd *my Flock*, will he
Of *Isra'el*, his *own Flock*, less careful be?
Be't so then (*Saul* bursts forth:) And thou on high,
Who oft in *Weakness* dost most *Strength* descry,
At whose dread Beck *Conquest* expecting stands,
And casts no Look down on the *Fighters* Hands,
Assist what *thou* inspir'st; and let all see,
As *Boys* to *Giants*, *Giants* are to *thee*.
Thus; and with trembling Hopes of strange Success,
In his own Arms he the bold *Youth* does dress. Ib. v. 38.
On's Head an *Helm* of well-wrought Brass is plac'd,
The Top with warlike Plumes *severely grac'd*.
His Breast a Plate cut with rare Figures bore,
A *Sword* much practis'd in *Death*'s Art he wore.
Yet *David*, us'd so long to no Defence,
But those *light Arms* of *Spirit* and *Innocence*,

No Good in Fight of that gay *Burden* knows,
But fears his *own Arms* Weight more than his *Foe*'s.
He loſt himſelf in that *Diſguiſe of War*,
And guarded ſeems as Men by *Priſons* are.
He therefore to *exalt* the wondrous Sight.
Prepares now, and *diſarms* himſelf for Fight.
'Gainſt Shield, Helm, Breaſt-Plate, and inſtead of thoſe,
1 Sam. 17. 40. Five ſharp ſmooth Stones from the next Brook he choſe,
And fits them to his Sling; then marches down;
For *Sword*, his *Enemy*'s he eſteem'd his *own*.
We all with various Paſſion ſtrangely gaz'd,
Some ſad, ſome 'ſham'd, ſome angry, all amaz'd.
Now in the Valley he ſtands; thro's youthful Face
Wrath checks the *Beauty*, and ſheds manly Grace.
Both in his Looks ſo join'd, that they might move
Fear ev'n in *Friends*, and from an *En'emy Love*.
Hot as ripe *Noon*, ſweet as the *blooming Day*,
Like *July* furious, but more fair than *May*.
Ib. v. 43. Th' accurſt *Philiſtian* ſtands on th' other Side,
Grumbling aloud, and ſmiles 'twixt Rage and Pride.
The *Plagues* of *Dagon*! A ſmooth *Boy*, ſays he,
A curſed, *beardleſs Foe*, oppos'd to *me!* [he's come!
Hell! with what Arms (hence thou fond *Child*)
Some Friend his Mother call to drive him home.
Not gone yet? If one Minute more thou ſtay,
The Birds of Heav'n ſhall bear thee dead away.
Gods!

Gods! A curs'd *Boy*! The reſt then murm'ring out,
He walks, and caſts a deadly Grin about.
David, with chearful Anger in his Eyes,
Advances boldly on, and thus replies,
Thou com'ſt, vain Man, all arm'd into the Field, 1 Sam. 17. 45.
And truſteſt thoſe *War Toys*, thy *Sword*, and *Shield*;
Thy *Pride*'s my *Spear*, thy *Blaſphemies* my *Sword*;
My *Shield*, thy *Maker*, Fool, the mighty *Lord*
Of *thee* and *Battels*; who hath ſent forth me,
Unarm'd thus, not to *fight*, but *conquer* thee.
In vain ſhall *Dagon*, thy falſe *Hope*, withſtand;
53 In vain thy *other God*, thine own *right Hand*.
Thy Fall to Man ſhall Heav'n's ſtrong Juſtice ſhew;
Wretch! 'tis the only *Good* which thou canſt do.
He ſaid; our Hoſt ſtood dully ſilent by;
And durſt not truſt their *Ears* againſt the *Eye*.
As much their *Champion*'s Threats to him they fear'd,
As when the *Monſter*'s Threats to them they heard,
His flaming Sword th'enrag'd *Philiſtian* ſhakes,
And Haſte to his Ruin with loud *Curſes* makes.
54 Backward the Winds his *active Curſes* blew,
And fatally round his own Head they flew.
For now from *David*'s Sling the Stone is fled, Ib. v. 49.
And ſtrikes with joyful Noiſe the *Monſter*'s Head.
It ſtrook his Forehead, and pierc'd deeply there;
As ſwiftly as it pierc'd before the *Air*.
Down, down he falls, and bites in vain the Ground;
Blood, *Brain*, and *Soul* crowd mingled through the *Wound*.

So a ſtrong *Oak*, which many Years had ſtood
With fair and flouriſhing Boughs, *it ſelf a Wood*;
Though it might long the *Ax*'s Violence bear,
And play'd with *Winds* which other *Trees* did tear;
Yet by the *Thunder*'s Stroak from th'Root 'tis rent;
So ſure the Blows that from high Heav'n are ſent.
What Tongue the Joy and Wonder can expreſs,
Which did that Moment our whole Hoſt poſſeſs?
Their jocund Shouts th'Air like a Storm did tear,
Th'amazed *Clouds* fled ſwift away with *Fear*.
1 Sam. 17. 52. But far more ſwift th'accurs'd *Philiſtians* fly,
And their ill Fate to perfect, *baſely die*.
With thouſand Corps the Ways around are ſtrown,
'Till they, by the Day's Flight ſecure their own.
Now through the Camp ſounds nought but *David*'s Name;
All Joys of ſeveral Stamp and Colours came
From ſeveral Paſſions; ſome his Valour praiſe,
Some his free Speech, ſome the fair Pop'lar Rays
Of Youth, and Beauty, and his *modeſt Guiſe*;
Gifts that mov'd all, but charm'd the Female Eyes.
Some wonder, ſome they thought 'twould be ſo ſwear;
And ſome ſaw *Angels* flying through the Air.
The baſeſt Spi'rits caſt back a crooked Glance
On this great Act, and fain would give't to *Chance*.
1 Sam. 18. 6. Women our Hoſts with *Songs* and *Dances* meet,
With much Joy *Saul*, *David* with more they greet.
Ib. v. 8. Hence the King's politick Rage and Envy flows,
Which firſt he hides, and ſeeks his Life t'expoſe

To

To *gen'rous Dangers* that his Hate might clear,
And *Fate* or *Chance* the Blame, nay *David* bear.
So vain are Man's Designs! For *Fate*, and *Chance*,
And *Earth*, and *Heav'n* conspir'd to his Advance;
His Beauty, Youth, Courage and wondrous Wit,
In all Mankind but *Saul* did Love beget. 2 Sam. 18. 16.
Not *Saul*'s own House, not his own neares Blood,
The noble Causes sacred Force withstood.
You've met no doubt, and kindly us'd the Fame,
Of God-like *Jonathan*'s illustrious *Name*;
A *Name* which ev'ry Wind to Heav'n would bear,
Which *Men* to speak, and *Angels* joy to hear.
55 No *Angel* e'er bore to his *Brother-Mind*
A Kindness more exalted and refin'd,
Than his to *David*, which look'd nobly down,
And scorn'd the false *Alarums* of a *Crown*.
At *Dammin* Field he stood; and from his Place 2 Sam. 18. 1.
Leap'd forth, the *wondrous Conqu'eror* to embrace;
56 On him his Mantle, Girdle, Sword, and Bow, Ibid. v. 4.
On him his *Heart* and *Soul* he did bestow.
Not all that *Saul* could threaten or persuade,
In this close Knot the smallest Looseness made.
Oft his wise Care did the King's Rage suspend,
His own Life's Danger shelter'd oft his *Friend*. 2 Sam. 20. 33.
Which he expos'd, a Sacrifice to fall,
By th'*undiscerning Rage* of furious *Saul*.
Nor was young *David*'s active Virtue grown
Strong and triumphant in one *Sex* alone.

Impe-

Imperious Beauty too it durſt invade,
1 Sam. 13. 20. 28. And deeper Prints in the *ſoft Breaſt* it made;
For there t'*Eſteem* and *Friendſhip*'s graver Name,
Paſſion was pour'd like *Oil* into the *Flame*.
Like two bright *Eyes* in a fair *Body* plac'd,
Saul's Royal Houſe two beauteous *Daughters* grac'd.
Merab the firſt, *Michol* the younger nam'd,
Both equally for different Glories fam'd.
Merab with ſpacious Beauty fill'd the Sight,
But too much *Awe* chaſtis'd the bold Delight.
Like a calm Sea, which to th'enlarged View
Gives *Pleaſure*, but gives *Fear* and *Rev'rence* too.
Michol's ſweet Looks clear and free Joys did move,
And no leſs *ſtrong*, though much more *gentle Love*.
Like virtuous *Kings* whom Men rejoice t'obey,
Tyrants themſelves leſs abſolute than *they*.
Merab appear'd like ſome fair Princely *Tower*,
Michol ſome *Virgin Queen*'s delicious *Bower*.
All *Beauty*'s Stores in *Little* and in *Great*;
But the *contracted Beams* ſhot fierceſt Heat.
A clean and lively *Brown* was *Merab*'s Dye,
Such as the *Prouder* Colours might envy.
Michol's pure Skin ſhone with ſuch taintleſs *White*,
As ſcatter'd the weak Rays of Human Sight.
Her Lips and Cheeks a nobler Red did ſhew,
Than e'er on Fruits or Flowers Heav'n's Pencil drew.
From *Merab*'s Eyes fierce and quick *Lightnings* came,
From *Michol*'s the *Sun*'s *mild*, yet active Flame;

Merab's

Merab's long Hair was glossy Chestnut Brown,
Tresses of palest Gold did *Michol* crown.
Such was their outward Form, and one Might find
A Difference not unlike it, in the *Mind*.
Merab with comely *Majesty* and *State*,
Bore high th' Advantage of her *Worth* and *Fate*.
Such humble Sweetness did soft *Michol* show,
That none who *reach so high* e'er *stoop'd so low*,
Merab rejoic'd in her wrack'd *Lover*'s Pain,
And fortify'd her *Virtue* with *Disdain*.
The Griefs she caus'd gave gentle *Michol* Grief,
She wish'd her *Beauties* less for their Relief,
Ev'n to her *Captives civil*; yet th' Excess
Of *naked Virtue* guarded her no less.
Business and *Power Merab*'s large Thoughts did vex,
Her *Wit* disdain'd the Fetters of her *Sex*.
Michol no less disdain'd Affairs and Noise,
Yet did it not from *Ignorance*, but *Choice*.
In brief, both *Copies* were more sweetly drawn;
Merab of *Saul*, *Michol* of *Jonathan*.

The Day that *David* great *Goliah* slew,
Not great *Goliah*'s *Sword* was more his Due,
Than *Merab*; by *Saul*'s publick Promise she
Was sold then, and betroth'd to *Victory*.
But haughty *she* did this just Match despise,
Her *Pride* debauch'd her *Judgment* and her *Eyes*.
An unknown *Youth*, ne'er seen at *Court* before,
Who *Shepherd*'s-*Staff*, and *Shepherd*'s Habit bore;

The

The seventh-born Son of no rich House, were still
Th' unpleasant Forms which her high Thoughts did fill.
And much Aversion in her stubborn Mind
Was bred, by being *Promis'd* and *Design'd.*
Long had the patient *Adriel* humbly born
The rougheſt Shocks of her imperious Scorn;
Adriel the *Rich*, but Riches were in vain,
And could not set him *free*, nor her *enchain.*
Long liv'd they thus; but as the hunted *Dear,*
Closely pursued, quits all her wonted Fear,
And takes the neareſt Waves, which from the Shore
She oft with Horror had beheld before.
So whilst the *violent Maid* from *David* fled,
1 Sam. 18. 19. She leap'd to *Adriel*'s long avoided Bed.
The Match was nam'd, agreed, and finish'd strait;
So soon comply'd *Saul*'s *Envy* with her *Hate.*
But *Michol*, in whose Breast all Virtues move,
That hatch the *pregnant Seeds* of sacred *Love,*
With juster Eyes the noble *Object* meets,
And turns all *Merab*'s *Poison* into *Sweets.*
She saw and wonder'd how a *Youth* unknown,
Should make all *Fame to come*, so soon his own:
She saw, and wonder'd how a *Shepherd*'s *Crook*
Despis'd that *Sword*, at which the *Scepter* shook.
Though he seventh-born, and though his House but poor,
She knew it *noble* was, and *would* be more.

Oft

Oft had ſhe heard, and *fancy'd* oft the Sight,
With what a *generous Calm* he march'd to fight.
In the great Danger how exempt from *Fear*,
And after it from *Pride* he did appear.
Greatneſs, and *Goodneſs*, and an *Air Divine*,
She ſaw through all his *Words* and *Actions* ſhine.
She heard his eloquent *Tongue*, and charming *Lyre*,
Whoſe artful Sounds did violent *Love* inſpire,
Though us'd all other *Paſſions* to relieve;
She weigh'd all this, and well we may conceive,
When thoſe ſtrong Thoughts attack'd her doubtful Breaſt,
His *Beauty* no leſs active than the reſt.
The Fire, thus kindled, ſoon grew fierce and great,
When *David*'s Breaſt reflected back its Heat.
Soon ſhe perceiv'd (ſcarce can *Love* hidden lye
From any Sight, much leſs the *Loving Eye*)
She *Conqu'eror* was, as well as *Overcome*,
And gain'd no leſs *Abroad* than loſt at *Home*.
57 Ev'n the firſt Hour they met (for ſuch a Pair,
Who in all Mankind elſe ſo matchleſs were,
Yet their own *Equals*, *Nature*'s ſelf does wed)
A mutual Warmth through both their Boſoms ſpread.
Fate gave the *Signal*; both at once began,
The gentle *Race*, and with juſt Pace they ran.
Ev'n ſo (methinks) when two fair *Tapers* come,
From ſeveral Doors entring at once the Room,

With

With a swift Flight that leaves the Eye behind;
Their *amorous Lights* into *one Light* are join'd.
Nature her self, were she to judge the Case,
Knew not which first *began* the kind Embrace.
Michol her modest Flames sought to conceal,
But *Love* ev'n th' *Art* to hide it does *reveal.*
Her soft unpractis'd *Eyes* betray'd the *Theft,* [left.
Love past through them, and there such *Footsteps*
She blush'd when he approach'd, and when he spoke,
And suddenly her wandring Answers broke,
At his Name's Sound, and when she heard him prais'd,
With concern'd haste her thoughtful Looks she rais'd.
Uncall'd for Sighs oft from her Bosom flew,
And *Adriel's active* Friend she *'abruptly* grew.
Oft when the *Court's* gay Youth stood waiting by,
She strove to act a cold *Indifferency;*
In vain she acted so constrain'd a Part,
For thousand *Nameless things* disclos'd her Heart.
On th' other side, *David,* with silent Pain,
Did in respectful Bounds his Fires contain.
His humble Fear t' offend, and trembling Awe,
Impos'd on him a no less rigorous *Law*
Than *Modesty* on her, and though he strove
To make her see't, he durst not tell his *Love.*
To tell it first the timorous Youth made Choice
Of *Musick's* bolder and more active Voice.
And thus beneath her Window, did he touch
His faithful Lyre; the Words and Numbers such,

As

As did well worth my Memory appear,
And may perhaps deserve your Princely Ear.

I.

Awake, awake my *Lyre*,
And tell thy *silent Master*'s humble Tale,
In Sounds that may prevail;
Sounds that gentle Thoughts inspire,
Though so *Exalted* she,
And I so *Lowly* be,
Tell her such *diff'rent Notes* make all thy *Harmony*.

II.

Hark, how the Strings awake!
And though the *Moving Hand* approach not near,
Themselves with awful Fear,
A kind of num'rous *Trembling* make.
Now all thy Forces try,
Now all thy Charms apply,
Revenge upon her *Ear*, the *Conquests* of her *Eye*.

III.

Weak *Lyre!* thy Virtue sure
Is useless here, since thou art only found
To *Cure*, but not to *Wound*,
And she to *Wound*, but not to *Cure*.
Too weak too wilt thou prove
My *Passion* to remove,
Physick to other *Ills*, thou'rt *Nourishment* to *Love*.

IV. *Sleep*,

IV.

Sleep, ſleep again, my *Lyre*;
For thou can'ſt never tell my humble Tale,
In Sounds that will prevail,
Nor gentle Thoughts in her inſpire;
All thy vain Mirth lay by,
Bid thy Strings ſilent lye,
Sleep, ſleep again, my *Lyre*, and let thy *Maſter die.*

She heard all this, and the prevailing Sound
Touch'd with delightful Pain her tender Wound.
Yet though ſhe joy'd th'*Authentique News* to hear,
Of what ſhe gueſt before with jealous *Fear*,
She check'd her forward Joy, and bluſh'd for Shame,
And did his Boldneſs with forc'd Anger blame.
The ſenſeleſs Rules, which firſt *Falſe Honour* taught,
And into *Laws* the *Tyrant Cuſtom* brought,
Which Womens *Pride* and *Folly* did invent,
Their *Lovers* and *themſelves* too to torment,
Made her next Day a grave Diſpleaſure feign,
And all her *Words*, and all her *Looks* conſtrain
Before the trembling Youth; who when he ſaw
His *vital Light* her wonted Beams withdraw,
He curſt his Voice, his Fingers and his Lyre,
He curſt his *too bold Tongue*, and *bold Deſire.*
In vain he curſt the laſt, for that ſtill grew;
From all things *Food* its *ſtrong Complexion* drew:

His

His *Joy* and *Hope* their chearful Motions ceas'd,
His *Life* decay'd, but ſtill his *Love* encreas'd.
Whilſt ſhe whoſe Heart approv'd not her *Diſdain*,
Saw and endur'd his *Pains* with greater *Pain*.
But *Jonathan*, to whom both Hearts were known
With a Concernment equal to their own,
Joyful that Heav'n with his ſworn Love comply'd
To draw that Knot more faſt which he had ty'd,
With well-tim'd Zeal, and with an artful Care,
Reſtor'd, and better'd ſoon the *nice Affair*.
With eaſe a Brother's lawful Power o'ercame
The *formal Decencies* of Virgin-ſhame.
She firſt with all her Heart forgave the paſt,
Heard *David* tell his Flames, and *told her own* at laſt.
Lo here the happy Point of proſp'rous *Love*!
Which ev'n *Enjoyment* ſeldom can improve!
Themſelves agreed, which ſcarce could fail alone,
All *Iſrael*'s Wiſh concurrent with their own,
A *Brother*'s powerful Aid firm to the Side,
By ſolemn Vow the *King* and Father ty'd:
All jealous Fears, all nice Diſguiſes paſt,
All that in *leſs-ripe Love* offends the *Taſte*,
In eithers Breaſt their *Souls* both meet and wed,
Their *Heart* the *Nuptial-Temple* and the *Bed*.
And though the groſſer Cates were yet not dreſs'd,
By which the *Bodies* muſt ſupply this *Feaſt*;
Bold *Hopes* prevent ſlow *Pleaſure*'s lingring Birth,
As *Saints* aſſur'd of *Heav'n* enjoy't on *Earth*.

All this the *King* obſerv'd, and well he ſaw,
What Scandal, and what Danger it might draw
T'oppoſe this juſt and pop'ular Match, but meant
T'*out-malice* all *Refuſals* by *Conſent*.
He meant the *pois'onous Grant* ſhould mortal prove,
He meant t'enſnare his *Virtue* by his *Love*.
1 Sam. 18. 21. And thus he to him ſpoke, with more of Art
And Fraud, than well became the *Kingly Part*.

Your Valour, *David*, and high Worth (ſaid he)
To *Praiſe*, is all Mens Duty, mine to *ſee*
Rewarded; and we ſhall t'our utmoſt Powers
Do with like Care that Part, as you did yours.
Forbid it *God*, we like thoſe *Kings* ſhould prove,
Who *Fear* the *Virtues* which they're bound to *Love*.
Your *Pi'ety* does that tender Point ſecure,
Nor will my *Acts* ſuch *humble Thoughts* endure.
Your Nearneſs to 't rather *ſupports* the *Crown*,
And th' *Honours* giv'n to you encreaſe *our own*.
All that we can we'll give; 'tis our Intent,
Both as a *Guard*, and as an *Ornament*,
To place thee next our ſelves; Heav'n does approve,
And my *Son*'s *Friendſhip*, and my *Daughter's Love*,
Guide *fatally*, methinks, my willing Choice;
I ſee, methinks, *Heav'n* in 't, and I rejoice.
Bluſh not, my Son, that *Michol*'s *Love* I name,
Nor need *ſhe* bluſh to hear it; 'tis no *Shame*
Nor *Secret* now; *Fame* does it loudly tell,
And all Men but thy *Rivals* like it well.

If

If *Merab*'s Choice could have comply'd with mine,
Merab, my elder Comfort, had been thine.
And hers at last should have with mine comply'd,
Had I not *thine* and *Michol*'s Heart descry'd.
Take whom thou lov'st, and who loves thee; the last
And *dearest Present* made me by the Chaste
Ahinoam; and unless she me deceive,
When I to *Jonathan* my *Crown* shall leave,
'Twill be a smaller *Gift*.
If I thy generous Thoughts may undertake
58 To guess, they are what *Jointure* thou shalt make,
Fitting her *Birth* and *Fortune*: And since so
Custom ordains, we mean t' exact it too.
The *Jointure* we exact, is that shall be
No less Advantage to thy *Fame* than *She*.
Go where *Philistian* Troops infest the Land;
Renew the Terrors of thy conquering Hand,
When thine own Hand, which needs must Conqu'ror prove,
In this joint Cause of *Honour* and of *Love*,
An hundred of the faithless Foe shall slay,
59 And for a *Dowre* their hundred Foreskins pay, 1 Sam. 18. 25.
Be *Michol* thy Reward; did we not know
Thy mighty *Fate*, and *Worth* that makes it so,
We should not cheaply that dear Blood expose,
Which we to mingle with our own had chose.
But thou'rt secure; and since this Match of thine
We to the publick Benefit design,

A publick Good shall its Beginning Grace,
And give *triumphant Omens* of thy Race.
Thus spoke the King: The *happy Youth* bow'd low:
Modest and Graceful his great Joy did show,
The noble Task well pleas'd his generous Mind;
And nought t' except against it could he find,
But that his *Mistress* Price too *cheap* appear'd,
No *Danger*, but her *Scorn* of it he fear'd.
She with much different Sense the News receiv'd,
At her high Rate she trembled, blush'd and griev'd.
'Twas a less Work the Conquest of his Foes,
Than to obtain her Leave his Life t' expose.
Their kind Debate on this soft Point would prove
Tedious, and needless to repeat: If *Love*
(As sure it has) e'er touch'd your Princely Breast,
'Twill to your gentle Thoughts at full suggest
All that was done, or said; the Grief, Hope, Fears,
His *troubled Joys*, and her *obliging Tears*.
In all the Pomp of Passions reign, they part;
And bright Prophetick Forms enlarge his Heart;
Victo'ry and *Fame*; and that more *quick Delight*
Of the rich Prize for which he was to fight.
Tow'ards *Gath* he went; and in one Month (so soon
A *fatal*, and a *willing* Work is done)
A double *Dowre*, two hundred Foreskins brought
Of choice *Philistian* Knights with whom he fought,
Men that in Birth and Valour did excel,
Fit for the *Cause* and *Hand* by which they fell.

Now

Now was *Saul* caught; nor longer could delay,
The two *reſiſtleſs Lovers* happy Day.
Though this Day's *coming* long had ſeem'd and ſlow,
Yet ſeem'd its *Stay* as long and tedious now.
For now the violent *Weight* of eager *Love*,
51 Did with more haſte ſo near its *Centre* move,
He curſt the Stops of Form and State, which lay
52 In this laſt *Stage* like *Scandals* in his Way.
On a large gentle *Hill*, crown'd with tall Wood,
Near where the *Regal Gabaah* proudly ſtood,
53 A *Tent* was pitch'd, of Green wrought Damask made,
And ſeem'd but the freſh Foreſts nat'ural Shade,
Various, and vaſt within, on Pillars born
Of *Shittim* Wood, that *uſefully adorn*.
Hither, to grace the Nuptial-Feaſt, does *Saul*
Of the *Twelve Tribes* th' *Elders* and *Captains* call,
And all around the *Idle*, *Buſie* Croud,
With Shouts and Bleſſings tell their Joy aloud.
Lo, the Preſs breaks, and from their ſev'ral Homes
In decent Pride the *Bride* and *Bridegrom* comes.
Before the *Bride*, in a long double Row
With ſolemn Pace thirty choice *Virgins* go,
And make a *moving Galaxy* on Earth,
All heav'nly *Beauties*, all of higheſt *Birth*;
54 All clad in livelieſt Colours, freſh and fair, [*Hair*,
65 As the bright Flowers that crown'd their brighter
All in that new-blown Age, which does inſpire
Warmth in *Themſelves*, in their *Beholders Fire*.

But all this, and all else the *Sun* did e're,
Or *Fancy* see, in her less bounded *Sphere*,
The *Bride* her self out-shone; and one would say,
They made but the faint *Dawn* to her full *Day*.
Behind a numerous Train of *Ladies* went,
Who on their Dress much fruitless Care had spent,
Vain Gems and unregarded Cost they bore,
For all Mens Eyes were ty'd to those before.
The *Bridegroom*'s flourishing Troop fill'd next the Place,
66 With thirty comely Youths of noblest Rate,
That march'd before; and Heav'n around his Head,
The graceful Beams of *Joy* and *Beauty* spread.
67 So the glad *Star* which *Men* and *Angels* love,
Prince of the glorious *Host* that shines above,
No *Light* of *Heav'n* so chearful or so gay,
Lifts up his sacred *Lamp*, and opens *Day*.
The *King* himself, at the Tent's crowned Gate,
In all his Robes of Ceremony and State,
Sate to receive the Train: On either Hand
Did the *High-Priest*, and the *Great Prophet* stand.
Adriel behind, *Jonathan*, *Abner*, *Jesse*,
And all the Chiefs in their due Order press.
First *Saul* declar'd his Choice, and the just Cause,
Avow'd by a gen'ral Murmur of Applause,
68 Then sign'd her *Dowre*, and in few Words he pray'd,
And bless'd, and gave the joyful trembling *Maid*
T'her *Lover*'s Hands, who with a chearful Look
And humble Gesture the *vast Present* took.

The

69 The *Nuptial-Hymn* ſtrait ſounds, and *Muſicks* play,
70 And *Feaſts* and *Balls* ſhorten the *thoughtleſs Day*,
To all but to the *Wedded*; 'till at laſt
The long-wiſh'd Night did her kind Shadow caſt;
At laſt th'*ineſtimable Hour* was come,
To lead his *Conqu'ring Prey* in *Triumph* home,
71 To 'a *Palace* near, dreſs'd for the Nuptial-Bed,
(Part of her Dowre) he his fair *Princeſs* led.
Saul, the *High-Prieſt*, and *Samuel* here they leave,
Who as they part, their *weighty Bleſſings* give.
72 Her *Vail* is now put on; and at the Gate
The thirty *Youths*, and thirty *Virgins* wait
73 With golden *Lamps*, bright as the Flames they bore,
To light the *Nuptial-Pomp*, and march before.
The reſt bring Home in State the Happy Pair,
To that laſt *Scene* of *Bliſs*, and leave them there,
All thoſe free Joys inſatiably to prove
With which rich *Beauty* feaſts the *Glutton Love*.
74 But ſcarce, alas, the firſt ſev'n Days were paſt,
In which the Publick *Nuptial Triumphs* laſt,
When *Saul* this new *Alliance* did repent,
Such ſubtle Cares his jealous Thoughts torment,
He envy'd the good Work himſelf had done;
Fear'd *David* leſs his *Servant* than his *Son*.
No longer his wild Wrath could he command;
He ſeeks to ſtain his own Imperial Hand
In his *Son*'s Blood; and that twice cheated too,
With *Troops* and *Armies* does *one Life* purſue.

Said I but *One?* His thirſty Rage extends
To th'Lives of all his *Kindred*, and his *Friends*;
Ev'n *Jonathan* had dy'd for being ſo,
Had not juſt *God* put by th'unnat'ural Blow.
You ſee, Sir, the true Cauſe which brings us here;
No ſullen Diſcontent, or groundleſs Fear,
No guilty *Act* or *End* calls us from home.
Only to breath in Peace a while we come,
Ready to *Serve*, and in mean Space to *Pray*
For *you* who us receive, and *him* who drives away.

DAVI-

page. 433.

DAVIDEIS.

BOOK IV.

The CONTENTS.

Moab *carries his* Guests *to hunt at* Nebo, *in the Way falls in Discourse with* David, *and desires to know of him the Reasons of the* Change *of* Government *in* Israel, *how* Saul *came to the* Crown, *and the Story of* him *and* Jonathan. David's *Speech, containing, The State of the* Common-wealth *under the* Judges, *the* Motives *for which the People desired a* King; *their* Deputies *Speech to* Samuel *upon that Subject, and his Reply. The assembling of the* People *at the* Tabernacle *to enquire God's pleasure. God's Speech. The* Character *of* Saul, *his* Anointing *by* Samuel, *and Election by Lot; the Defection of his People. The War of* Nahas *King of* Ammon *against* Jabes Gilead; Saul *and* Jonathan's *relieving of the Town.* Jonathan's Character, *his single Fight with* Nahas, *whom he slays, and defeats his Army. The Confirmation of* Saul's Kingdom *at* Gilgal, *and the Manner of* Samuel's *quitting his Office of* Judge. *The War with the* Philistians *at* Macmas, *their Strenght and the Weakness of* Saul's *Forces, his exer-*

exercising of the Priestly *Function, and the Judgment denounced by* Samuel *against him.* Jonathan's *Discourse with his* Esquire; *their falling alone upon the Enemies Out-guards at* Senes, *and after upon the whole Army, the wonderful Defeat of it*; Saul's *rash Vow, by which* Jonathan *is to be put to Death, but is saved by the* People.

THO' *State* and kind *Discourse* thus robb'd the *Night*
Of half her natural and more just Delight,
Moab, whom *Temp'rance* did still vig'rous keep,
And Regal Cares had us'd to mod'rate Sleep,
1 Up with the *Sun* arose, and having thrice
With lifted Hands bow'd towards his shining Rise,
And thrice tow'ards *Phegor*, his *Baal*'s holiest Hill,
(With *good* and pious Pray'rs *directed ill*)
Call'd to the Chase his Friends, who for him stay'd;
The glad *Dogs* barkt, the chearful *Horses* neigh'd.
Moab his Chariot mounts, drawn by four Steeds,
2 The best and noblest that fresh *Zerith* breeds,
3 All white as *Snow*, and sprightful as the *Light*,
With *Scarlet* trapp'd, and foaming *Gold* they bite.
He into it young *David* with him took,
Did with Respect and Wonder on him look,
Since last Night's *Story*, and with greedier Ear,
The *Man*, of whom so much he *heard*, did *hear*.
The well-born *Youth* of all his flourishing *Court*
March gay behind, and joyful to the Sport.

Some

Some arm'd with Bows, some with ſtrait Jav'lins ride;
4 Rich Swords and gilded Quivers grace their Side.
Midſt the fair Troop *David*'s tall *Brethern* rode,
5 And *Joab* comely as a *fancy'd God*;
They entertain'd th' attentive *Moab Lords*,
With looſe and various Talk that Chance affords,
Whilſt they pac'd ſlowly on; but the wiſe *King*
Did *David*'s Tongue to weightier Subjects bring.
Much (ſaid the *King*) much I to *Joab* owe,
For the fair *Picture* drawn by him of you.
'Twas drawn in little, but did Acts expreſs
So great, that largeſt *Hiſtories* are leſs.
I ſee (methinks) the *Gathian Monſter* ſtill,
His Shape laſt Night my mindful *Dreams* did fill.
Strange *Tyrant Saul*, with Envy to purſue
The Praiſe of Deeds, whence his own Safety grew!
I've heard (but who can think it?) that his *Son*
Has his Life's Hazard for your Friendſhip run;
His mathcheſs *Son*, whoſe Worth (if Fame be true)
Lifts him 'above all his *Countrymen* but you,
With whom it makes him *One:* Low *David* bows,
But no Reply *Moab*'s ſwift Tongue allows.
And pray, kind *Gueſt*, whilſt we ride thus (ſays he)
6 (To gameful *Nebo* ſtill three Leagues there be)
The Story of your *Royal Friend* relate,
And his ungovern'd *Sire*'s imperious Fate:
7 Why your great State that nameleſs Family choſe,
And by what Steps to *Iſrael*'s *Throne* they roſe.

He

He ſtaid; and *David* thus; From *Egypt*'s Land
You've heard, Sir, by what *ſtrong*, unarmed Hand
Our *Fathers* came; *Moſes* their ſacred *Guide*,
Deut. 34. But he in Sight of the *giv'n Country* dy'd.
His fatal promis'd *Canaan* was on high;
And *Joſhua*'s *Sword* muſt th' *active Rod* ſupply.
It did ſo, and did Wonders.
Joſh. 1. 4. From ſacred *Jordan* to the *Weſtern Main*,
From well-clad *Lib'anus* to the *Southern Plain*
Of naked Sands, his *winged Conqueſts* went;
Joſh. 12. And thirty *Kings* to *Hell uncrown'd* he ſent.
Almoſt four hundred Years from him to *Saul*,
9 In too much Freedom paſs'd, or foreign Thral.
Oft *Strangers Iron Scepters* bruis'd the Land,
(Such ſtill are thoſe born by a *Conqu'ring* Hand)
Oft pity'ing *God* did well-form'd *Spirits* raiſe,
Fit for the toilſome Buſineſs of their Days,
To free the groaning *Nation*, and to give
Peace firſt, and then the *Rules* in *Peace* to live.
But they, whoſe Stamp of *Pow'r* did chiefly lye
In *Characters*, too fine for moſt Mens *Eye*,
Graces and *Gifts Divine*; not painted bright
With State to awe *dull* Minds, and Force t' *affright*,
Were ill obey'd whilſt *Living*, and at *Death*,
Their *Rules* and *Pattern* vaniſh'd with their Breath.
The *hungry Rich* all near them did devour,
Their *Judge* was *Appetite*, and their *Law* was
Pow'r.

Not

Not Want it self could *Luxury* restrain,
For what that *empty'd*, *Rapine fill'd* again.
Robbery the *Field*, *Oppression* sack'd the *Town*,
What the *Sword*'s *Reaping* spar'd, was *glean'd* by th' *Gown*.
At Courts, and Seats of Justice to complain,
Was to be robb'd more *vexingly* again.
Nor was their *Lust* less active or less bold,
Amidst this rougher Search of *Blood* and *Gold*.
Weak Beauties they corrupt, and force the *strong*;
The Pride of *old Men* that, and this of *young*.
You've heard perhaps, Sir, of leud *Gibeah*'s Shame, Judg. 19.
Which *Hebrew* Tongues still tremble when they name,
Alarmed all by one fair Stranger's Eyes,
As to a sudden *War* the *Town* does rise
Shaking and pale, half dead e'er they begin
The strange and wanton *Trag'edy* of their Sin:
All their wild Lusts they force her to sustain,
Till by Shame, Sorrow, Wearinesse, and Pain,
She midst their loath'd, and cruel Kindness dies;
Of monstrous *Lust* th' innocent *Sacrifice*.
This did ('tis true) a *Civil War* create,
(The frequent Curse of our loose-govern'd *State*)
All *Gibeah*'s, and all *Jabes* Blood it cost; Judg. 20. and 21.
Near a whole *Tribe*, and *future Kings* we lost.
Firm in this general *Earthquake* of the *Land*,
How could *Religion*, its main *Pillar*, stand?

Proud,

Proud, and fond *Man*, his *Fathers* Worſhip hates
Himſelf, *God*'s *Creature*, his own *God creates*.
Hence in each Houſhold ſev'ral *Deities* grew,
And when no *old* one pleas'd, they fram'd a *new*
The *only Land* which ſerv'd but *One* before,
Did th' *only* then all *Nations Gods* adore,
They ſerv'd their *Gods* at firſt, and ſoon their *Kings*.
Their Choice of that this latter *Slav'ry* brings.
'Till ſpecial Men, arm'd with *God*'s Warrant, broke
By juſteſt *Force* th' *unjuſtly forced* Yoke.
All matchleſs Perſons, and thrice worthy they
Of *Power* more great, or *Lands* more apt t' obey.

1 Sam. 1. 11 At laſt the *Prieſthood* join'd in *Ith' amar*'s Son,
12 More Weight and Luſtre to the *Scepter* won.
But whilſt mild *Ely*, and good *Samuel* were
Buſy'd with *Age*, and th' *Altar*'s Sacred Care;
1 Sam. 2. 12. To their wild *Sons* they their high Charge commit,
Who 'expoſe to *Scorn* and *Hate* both them and it.
Ely's curs'd Houſe th' exemplar Vengeance bears
Of all their *Blood*, and all ſad *Iſrael*'s *Tears*.
His *Sons* abroad, *Himſelf* at home lyes ſlain,
1 Sam. 4. *Iſrael*'s captiv'd, *God*'s *Ark* and *Law* are ta'en.
Thus twice are *Nations* by *ill Princes* vex'd,
They ſuffer *By* them *firſt*, and *For them next*.
1 Sam. 7. 6. *Samuel* ſucceeds; ſince *Moſes*, none before,
So much of *God* in his bright Boſom bore.
1 Sam. 7. In vain our Arms *Philiſtian Tyrants* ſeis'd;
Heav'n's *Magazines* he open'd when he pleas'd.

He

He *Rains* and *Winds* for *Auxil'iaries* brought, 1 Sam. 7. 10
He muſter'd *Flames* and *Thunders* when he fought.
13 Thus thirty Years, with ſtrong and ſteddy Hand,
He held th'unſhaken *Ballance* of the *Land*.
At laſt his *Sons* th'indulgent *Father* choſe, 1 Sam. 8. 1.
To ſhare that *State* which they were born to loſe.
Their hateful Acts that *Change*'s *Birth* did haſte,
14 Which had long Growth i'th' *Womb* of *Ages paſt*.
To this (for ſtill were ſome great *Periods* ſet,
There's a ſtrong Knot of ſev'ral *Cauſes* met)
The Threats concurr'd of a rough neighb'ring War;
A mighty Storm long gath'ring from afar.
For *Ammon*, heighten'd with mix'd Nations Aid,
Like *Torrents* ſwoln with Rain prepar'd the Land
t'invade.
Samuel was old, and by his Son's ill Choice,
Turn'd *Dotard* in th'*unskilful Vulgars* Voice.
His *Sons* ſo ſcorn'd and hated, that the Land
Nor *hop'd* nor *wiſh'd* a *Vict'ry* from their Hand:
Theſe were the juſt and faultleſs Cauſes, why
The general Voice did for a *Monarch* cry.
But God *ill Grains* did in this *Incenſe* ſmell,
Wrapp'd in fair *Leaves* he ſaw the *Canker* dwell.
A mut'inous Itch of *Change*, a dull *Deſpair*
Of Helps *divine*, oft prov'd; a faithleſs Care
Of *Common Means*; the Pride of Heart, and Scorn
Of th'*humble Yoke* under low *Judges* born.

They

They saw the State and glittering Pomp, which blest
In vulgar Sense, the *Scepters* of the *East*.
They saw not *Pow'r*'s true *Source*, and scorn'd t'obey
Persons that *look'd* no *dreadfuller* than *they*.
They miss'd *Courts*, *Guards*, a gay and num'rous
Train;
Our *Judges*, like their *Laws*, were rude and plain.
On an old Bench of *Wood*, her *Seat* of *State*,
Judg. 4.5. Beneath the well-known *Palm*, *Wise Deborah* sate.
Her *Maids* with comely Dil'igence round her spun,
And *she* too, when the *Pleadings* there were done:
With the same Goad *Samgar* his *Oxen drives*,
Ib. 3. 31. Which took, the Sun before, six hundred Lives
From his *sham'd Foes*; he midst his Work dealt *Laws*;
And oft was his *Plough* stopp'd to hear a *Cause*.
Ib. 6. 14. Nor did great *Gid'eon* his old *Flail* disdain,
After won *Fields*, sackt *Towns*, and *Princes* slain.
His *Scepter* that, and *Ophra*'s *Threshing Floor*
The *Seat* and *Emblem* of his *Justice* bore.
Ib. 10. 3. What should I *Jair*, the happiest Father, name?
Or mournful *Jephta* known no less to Fame,
Ib. 11. 34. For the most wretched? Both at once did keep
The mighty *Flocks* of *Isra'el* and their *Sheep*.
Oft from the Field in haste they summon'd were,
Some weighty foreign *Embassie* to hear,
They call'd their *Slaves*, their *Sons*, and *Friends*
around,
Who all at sev'ral Cares were scatter'd found,

They

They wash'd their Feet, their *only Gown* put on;
And this chief Work of *Cer'emony* was done.
These Reasons, and all else that could be said,
In a ripe Hour by *factious Eloquence* spread
Through all the *Tribes*, made all desire a *King*;
And to their *Judge* selected *Dep'uties* bring 1 Sam. 8. 4.
This harsh Demand; which *Nacol* for the rest
(A bold and artful Mouth) thus with much Grace
expres's'd.

We're come, most sacred *Judge*, to pay th' *Arrears*,
Of much-ow'd Thanks, for the bright thirty Years,
Of your just *Reign*; and at your Feet to lay
All that our grateful Hearts can weakly pay,
In *unproportion'd Words*; for you alone
The not unfit *Reward*, who seek for *none*.
But when our forepast Ills we call to mind,
And sadly think how *little*'s left behind
Of your important *Life*, whose sudden Date
Would *disinherit* th'unprovided *State*.
When we consider how unjust 'tis, you,
Who ne'er of *Power* more than the *Burden* knew,
At once the Weight of *that* and *Age* should have;
Your stooping Days pres's'd *doubly* tow'rds the Grave.
When we behold by *Ammon*'s youthful Rage,
Proud in th'Advantage of your peaceful Age,
And all th'united East, our Fall conspir'd;
And that your *Sons*, whom chiefly we desir'd

As *Stamps* of you, in your lov'd Room to place,
1 Sam. 8. 5. By unlike Acts that noble *Stamp* deface:
Midst these new Fears and Ills, we're forc'd to fly
To' a new, and yet unpractis'd *Remedy*;
A new one, but long promis'd and foretold,
Deut. 17. 14, 15. By *Moses*, and to *Abraham* shown of old.
A *Prophecy* long forming in the *Womb*
Of teeming Years, and now to *Ripeness* come.
This *Remedy*'s a *King*; for this we all
With an inspir'd, and zealous *Union* call.
And in one Sound when all Mens Voices join,
The *Musick*'s tun'd (no doubt) by Hand Divine.
'Tis *God* alone speaks a whole *Nation*'s Voice;
That is his *Publick Language*; but the Choice
Of what *Peculiar Head* that Crown must bear,
From you, who his *Peculiar Organ* are,
We' expect to hear; the *People* shall to you
Their *King*, the *King* his *Crown* and *People* owe.
To your great Name what Lustre will it bring
T'have been our *Judge*, and to have made our *King*!
1 Sam. 18. 6. He bow'd, and ended here; and *Samuel* straight
Pausing a while at this great Question's Weight,
With a grave Sigh, and with a thoughtful Eye
That more of *Care* than *Passion* did descry,
Calmly replies: You're sure the first (says he)
Of *free-born* Men that begg'd for *Slavery*.
I fear, my Friends, with heav'nly *Manna* fed,
(Our old Forefathers Crime) we lust for *Bread*.

Long

Long since by God from *Bondage* drawn, I fear,
We build anew th'*Egyptian Brick-kiln* here.
19 Cheat not your selves with *Words*: For tho' a *King* 1 Sam. 8. 11.
Be the mild Name, a *Tyrant* is the *Thing*,
Let his Power loose, and you shall quickly see
How mild a thing *unbounded Man* will be.
He'll lead you forth your Hearts cheap Blood to spill,
Where-e'er his *Guidless Passion* leads his *Will*.
Ambition, Lust, or Spleen his Wars will raise,
Your *Lives best Price*, his Thirst of *Wealth* or *Praise*.
Your ablest *Sons* for his proud *Guards* he'll take,
And by such Hands your Yoke more grievous make.
Your *Daughters* and *dear Wives* he'll force away,
His *Lux'ury* some, and some his *Lust* t'obey.
His *Idle Friends* your *hungry Toils* shall eat,
Drink your rich *Wines*, mix'd with your *Blood* and *Sweat*.
Then you'll all sigh, but *Sighs* will *Treasons* be;
And not your *Griefs* themselves, or *Looks* be *free*.
Robb'd even of *Hopes*, when you these Ills sustain,
Your watry Eyes you'll then turn back in vain,
On your old *Judges*, and perhaps on *me*,
Nay ev'n my *Sons*, howe'er they 'unhappy be
In your Displeasure now; not that I'd clear
Their *Guilt*, or mine own *Innocence* indear,
17 Witness th' *unutterable Name*, there's nought
Of private Ends into this Question brought.

But why this Yoke on your own Necks to draw?
Why *Man* your *God*, and *Paſſion* made your *Law*?
Methinks (thus *Moab* interrupts him here)
The good old *Seer*' gainſt *Kings* was too ſevere.
'Tis *Jeſt* to tell a *People* that they're *Free*,
Who, or *how many* ſhall their *Maſters* be,
Is the ſole doubt; *Laws guide*, but cannot *reign*.
And though they *bind* not Kings, yet they *reſtrain*.
I dare affirm (ſo much I truſt their *Love*)
That no one *Moabite* would his Speech approve.
But, pray go on. 'Tis true, Sir, he replies;
Yet Men whom Age and Action renders wiſe,
So much great Changes fear, that they believe,
All evils *will*, which *may* from them arrive.
On Men reſolv'd theſe Threats were ſpent in vain
1 Sam. 8. 19. All that his Power or El'oquence could obtain,
Was to enquire *God*'s Will, e'er they proceed
To'a Work that would ſo much his Bleſſing need.
A ſolemn Day for this great Work is ſet,
Ex. 40. 9. & 30. 26. 18 And at th' *Anointed Tent* all *Iſrael* met
*Ib. v. 5, 6. Expect th' Event; *below fair Bullocks fry
In hallowed Flames; *above, there mount on high
The precious Clouds of Incenſe, and at laſt
Ex. 39. 25. & 28. The *Sprinkling*, *Pray'rs*, and all due *Honours* paſt.
19 Lo! we the *ſacred Bells* o' th' ſudden hear,
20 And in mild Pomp grave *Samuel* does appear.
Ex. 39. 2. Ibid. 8. 21 His *Ephod*, *Mitre*, well-cut *Diadem* on,
22 Th' *Orac'ulous Stones* on his rich *Breaſt-plate* ſhone.

To

Tow'ards the *Blue Curtains* of *God*'s holieſt Place
23 (The *Temples* bright *third Heav'n*) he turn'd his Face.
Thrice bow'd he, thrice the ſolemn *Muſick* plaid,
And at third Reſt thus the great *Prophet* pray'd,
Almighty *God*, to whom all Men that be
Owe *all* they have, yet none ſo much as *we*;
Who though thou fill'ſt the ſpacious World alone,
Thy too ſmall *Court*, haſt made this Place they *Throne*.
With humble *Knees*, and humbler *Hearts*, lo, here,
Bleſt *Abra'ham*'s *Seed* implores thy gracious Ear.
Hear them, great *God*, and thy juſt Will inſpire;
From *thee*, their *long-known King*, they' a *King* deſire.
Some gracious Signs of thy good Pleaſure ſend,
Which, lo, with *Souls* reſign'd we humbly here attend.
He ſpoke, and thrice he bow'd, and all about
Silence and reverend *Horror* ſeiz'd the Rout.
The whole Tent ſhakes, the Flames on th'Altar by,
In thick dull Rolls mount ſlow and heavily.
24 The *ſeven *Lamps* wink; and what does moſt diſmay, * Exod. 25. 37.
Th' *Orac'ulous Gems* ſhut in their nat'ural Day.
The *Ruby*'s *Cheek* grew Pale, the *Em'raud* by
Faded, a *Cloud* o'ercaſt the *Saphir*'s *Sky*.
The *Di'amond*'s *Eye* look'd *ſleepy*, and ſwift Night
Of all thoſe little *Suns* Eclips'd the Light.

Sad Signs of *God*'s dread Anger for our Sin,
But ſtrait a wondrous Brightneſs from within
Strook through the *Curtains*, for no *earthly Cloud*
Could thoſe ſtrong Beams of heav'nly Glory ſhroud.
The Altar's Fire burnt pure, and every *Stone*
Their radiant *Parent* the gay *Sun* out-ſhone.
Beauty th'*Illuſtrious Viſion* did impart
To ev'ry *Face*, and Joy to ev'ry Heart.
In glad Effects *God*'s Preſence thus appear'd,
And thus in wondrous Sounds his *Voice* was heard:
This ſtubborn Land ſins ſtill, nor is it *thee*, but *us*
(Who have been ſo long their *King*) they ſeek to caſt
off thus.
Five hundred rolling Years, hath this ſtiff Nation ſtrove,
To 'exhauſt the boundleſs Stores, of our unfathom'd
Love.
Be't ſo then; yet, once more, are we reſolv'd to try
T'outweary them through all their *Sins Variety*.
Aſſemble, ten Days hence, the num'rous People here;
To draw the *Royal Lot* which our hid *Mark* ſhall bear.
Diſmiſs them now in Peace; but their next Crime
ſhall bring
Ruin without redreſs, on *them*, and on their *King*.
Th'*Almighty* ſpoke; th'aſtoniſh'd People part,
With various Stamps impreſs'd on ev'ry Heart.
Some their Demand repented, others prais'd,
Some had no Thoughts at all, but ſtar'd and gaz'd.

There

There dwelt a *Man*, nam'd *Kis* in *Gib'eah* Town, 1 Sam. 9. 1.
For *Wisdom* much, and much for *Courage* known.
More for his *Son*, his mighty *Son* was *Saul*, Ibid. v. 2.
Whom *Nature*, e'er the *Lots*, to' a *Throne* did call.
He was *much Prince*, and *when*, or *whereſoe'er*
His Birth had been, *then* had he reign'd and *there*.
Such *Beauty* as great *Strength* thinks no Diſgrace,
Smil'd in the manly Features of his Face.
His large black Eyes, fill'd with a ſprightful Light,
Shot forth ſuch lively and *illuſtrious Night*,
As the *Sun* Beams, on *Jet* reflecting ſhow,
His *Hair*, as Black, in long curl'd Waves did flow.
His tall, ſtrait *Body*, amidſt thouſands ſtood,
Like ſome fair *Pine* o'erlooking all th'ignobler *Wood*.
Of all our Rural Sports he was the Pride;
So ſwift, ſo ſtrong, ſo dextrous none beſide.
Reſt was his *Toil*, *Labours* his *Luſt* and *Game*;
No natu'ral Wants could his fierce Dil'igence tame,
Not *Thirſt*, nor *Hunger*; he would Journies go
Through raging *Heats*, and take Repoſe in *Snow*.
His Soul was ne'er unbent from weighty Care;
But active as ſome *Mind* that turns a *Sphere*.
His Way once choſe, he forward thruſt outright,
Nor ſtepp'd aſide for *Dangers* or *Delight*.
Yet was he wiſe all Dangers to foreſee;
But born t' *affright*, and not to *fear* was *he*.
His *Wit* was *ſtrong*, not *fine*; and on his Tongue,
An *Artleſs Grace*, above all *Elo'quence*, hung.

1 Sam. 9. 21. Ib. 10. v. 22.
These *Virtues* too the Rich unusual Dress
Of *Modesty*, adorn'd, and *Humbleness*.
Like a clear *Varnish* o'er fair *Pictures* laid,
More *fresh* and *lasting* they the *Colours made*.
'Till *Power* and *violent Fortune*, which did find
No Stop or Bound, o'erwhelm'd no less his *Mind*,
Did, *Deluge-like*, the nat'ural Forms deface,
And brought forth unknown *Monsters* in their Place.
Forbid it God, my *Master*'s Spots should be,
Were they not seen by all, disclos'd by me!
But such he was; and now to *Ramah* went
(So *God* dispos'd) with a strange, low Intent.
Ibid. v. 8.
Great God! He went lost *Asses* to enquire,
And a small *Present* his small Question's Hire,
Brought simply with him, to that Man to give,
From whom high *Heav'ns chief Gifts* he must receive.
Strange *Play* of *Fate*! When mighty'st Human things
Hang on such small, *imperceptible Strings!*
1 Sam. 9. 12.
26 'Twas *Samuel's Birth-Day*, a glad Ann'ual Feast
All *Rama* kept; *Samuel* his wondring Guest
With such Respect leads to it, and does grace
Ib. v. 22, 23, 24.
27 With the choice Meats o'th' Feast, and highest Place.
Which done, him forth alone the *Prophet* brings,
Ibid. v. 26.
And feasts his ravish'd Ears with nobler things.
He tells the mighty *Fate* to him assign'd,
And with great Rules fills his *capacious Mind*.
1 Sam. 10. 1.
Then takes the Sacred *Viol*, and does shed
28 A *Crown* of mystique Drops around his Head.

Drops

Drops of that *Royal Moiſture*, which does know
No Mixture, and diſdains the Place below.
Soon comes the *kingly Day*, and with it brings
29 A new *Account of Time* upon his Wings. 1 Sam. 16. 17.
The People met, the Rites and Pray'rs all paſt,
Behold, the *Heav'n Inſtructed-Lot* is caſt.
'Tis taught by Heav'n its way, and cannot miſs;
Forth *Benjamin*, forth leaps the Houſe of *Kis*.
As glimm'ring *Stars* juſt at th' approach of *Day*,
Caſheer'd by *Troops*, at laſt drop all away,
By ſuch Degrees all Mens bright Hopes are gone,
And, like the *Sun*, *Saul*'s *Lot* ſhines all alone.
Ev'n here perhaps the Peoples Shout was heard,
The loud long Shout when *God*'s fair Choice appear'd.
Above the whole vaſt Throng he' appear'd ſo tall,
30 As if by *Nature* made for th' *Head* of all.
So full of Grace and State, that one might know,
31 'Twas ſome wiſe *Eye* the *blind Lot* guided ſo.
But blind unguided *Lots* have more of Choice,
And Conſtancy, than the ſlight *Vulgar*'s *Voice*.
E'er yet the *Crown* of ſacred *Oil* is dry,
Whil'ſt *Ecchoes* yet preſerve the joyful Cry,
Some grow enrag'd their own vain Hopes to miſs,
Some envy *Saul*, ſome ſcorn the Houſe of *Kis*.
Some their firſt mut'inous Wiſh, *a King*, repent,
As if, ſince that, quite ſpoil'd by *God*'s *Conſent*.
Few to this Prince their firſt juſt Duties pay;
All leave the *Old*, but few the *new* obey.

Thus

Thus changes *Man*, but *God* is conſtant ſtill
To thoſe eternal Grounds, that mov'd his *Will.*
And though he yielded firſt to them, 'tis fit,
That ſtubborn Men at laſt to him ſubmit.

32 As midſt the Main a low ſmall *Iſland* lyes,
Aſſaulted round with ſtormy *Seas* and *Skies.*
Whilſt the poor heartleſs *Natives*, ev'ry Hour,
Darkneſs and *Noiſe* ſeems ready to devour:
Such *Iſrael*'s State appear'd, whilſt o'er the Weſt
Philiſtian Clouds hung threatning, and from th'Eaſt
All Nations Wrath into one *Tempeſt* joins, [ſhines.
Through which proud *Nahas* like fierce *Lightning*
Tygris and *Nile* to his Aſſiſtance ſend,
33 And Waters to ſwoln *Jaboc*'s *Torrent* lend.
Seir, *Edom*, *Soba*, *Amalec* add their Force,
34 Up with them march the *Three Arabia's Horſe.*
And 'mongſt all theſe none more their Hope or Pride,
Then thoſe few Troops your warlike Land ſupply'd.

1 Sam. 11. 1. Around weak *Jabes* this vaſt Hoſt does lye,
Diſdains a dry and *bloodleſs Victory.*
The hopeleſs Town for *Slav'ry* does *intreat*,
But barb'rous *Nahas* thinks that Grace too great.

Ib. v. 2. He (his firſt *Tribute*) their right *Eyes* demands,

Ver. 3. 35 And with their *Faces Shame* diſarms their *Hands.*
If unreliev'd ſeven Days by *Iſrael*'s Aid,
This Bargain for *o'er-rated Life* is made.
Ah, mighty *God*, let thine own *Iſrael* be
Quite *blind* it ſelf, e'er this Reproach it *ſee*!

By

By' his wanton People the new *King* forſook,
To homely rural Cares himſelf betook. Ver. 5.
In private Plenty liv'd without the State,
Luſtre, and Noiſe, due to a publick Fate.
Whilſt he his Slaves and Cattle follows home,
Lo the ſad Meſſengers from *Jabes* come,
Implore his Help, and weep as if they meant 1 Sam. 11. 4.
That way at leaſt proud *Nahas* to prevent.
Mov'd with a Kingly Wrath, his ſtrict Command Ver. 7.
He iſſues forth t'aſſemble all the Land.
He threatens high, and diſobedient they,
Wak'd by ſuch Princely Terrors, learnt t'obey.
A mighty Hoſt is rais'd; th'important Cauſe Ver. 8.
Age from their *Reſt*, *Youth*, from their *Pleaſure* draws.
Arm'd as unfurniſh'd *haſte* could them provide,
But *Conduct*, *Courage*, *Anger* that ſupply'd.
All *Night* they march, and are at th'early Dawn
On *Jabes* Heath in three fair Bodies drawn. 1 Sam. 11. 11.
Saul did himſelf the firſt and ſtrongeſt Band,
His *Son* the next, *Abner* the third Command.
But pardon, Sir, if naming *Saul*'s great Son,
I ſtop with him a while e'er I go on.
This it that *Jonathan*, the *Joy* and *Grace*,
The beautiful'ſt, and beſt of *Human Race*.
That *Jonathan*, in whom does mixt remain,
All that kind *Mothers* Wiſhes can contain.

His

His *Courage* such, as it no Stop can know,
And *Vict'ry* gains by *aſtoniſhing* the Foe.
With *Lightning*'s Force his Enemies it confounds,
And melts their *Hearts* e'er it the *Boſom* wounds.
Yet he the *Conquer'd* with ſuch *Sweetneſs* gains,
As *Captive Lovers* find in *Beauty*'s *Chains*.
In *War* the adverſe Troops he does aſſail,
Like an impet'uous *Storm* of *Wind* and *Hail*.
In *Peace*, like gentleſt *Dew*, that does aſſwage
The *burning Months*, and temper *Syrius* Rage.
Kind as the *Sun*'s bleſt *Influence*; and where-e'er
He comes, *Plenty* and *Joy* attend him there.
To *Help* ſeems all his *Power*, his *Wealth* to *Give*;
To do much *Good* his *ſole Prerogative*.
And yet this gen'ral *Bounty* of his Mind,
That with wide Arms embraces all *Mankind*,
Such artful *Prudence* does to each divide,
With diff'rent Meaſures all are ſatisfy'd.
Exod. 16. 17. Juſt as wiſe *God* his plenteous *Manna* dealt,
Some gather'd more, but Want by none was felt.
To all *Relations* their juſt Rights he pays,
And Worth's Reward above its Claim does raiſe.
The tendreſt *Husband*, *Maſter*, *Father*, *Son*,
And all thoſe Parts by' his *Friendſhip* far out-done.
His *Love* to *Friends* no Bound or Rule does know,
What *he* to *Heav'n*, all that to *him* they owe.
Keen as his *Sword*, and pointed is his *Wit*:
His *Judgment*, like beſt *Amour*, ſtrong and fit.

And

And such an *El'oquence* to both these does join,
As makes in both *Beauty* and *Use* combine.
Through which a noble *Tincture* does appear
By *Learning* and choice *Books* imprinted there.
As well he knows all *Times* and *Persons* gone,
As he himself to th' *future* shall be known.
But his chief Study in *God*'s sacred *Law*;
And all his *Life* does *Comments* on it draw.
As never more by *Heav'n* to *Man* was giv'n,
So never more was paid by *Man* to *Heav'n*.
And all these *Virtues* were to *Ripeness* grown,
E'er yet his *Flower* of *Youth* was fully *blown*.
All *Autumn*'s Store did his rich *Spring* adorn;
Like *Trees* in *Par'adice* he with *Fruit* was *born*.
Such is his *Soul*; and if, as some Men tell,
36 *Souls* form and build those Mansions where they [dwell
Whoe'er but sees his *Body* must confess,
The *Architect* no doubt, could be no less.
From *Saul* his Growth and manly Strength he took,
Chastis'd by bright *Ahino'am*'s gentler Look.
Not bright *Ahino'am*, Beauty's loudest Name,
'Till she to'her *Children* lost with Joy her Fame, 1 Sam. 14 50.
Had sweeter Stokes, Colours more fresh and fair,
More darting Eyes, or lovelier auborn Hair.
Forgive me that I thus your Patience wrong,
And on this *boundless Subject* stay so long.
Where too much haste ever to *end* t' would be,
Did not his *Acts* speak what's untold by *me*.

Tho'

Tho' from the time his Hands a Sword could wield,
He ne'er miſs'd *Fame* and *Danger* in the Field.
Yet this was the firſt Day that call'd him forth,
Since *Saul*'s bright Crown gave Luſtre to his Worth.
'Twas the laſt Morning whoſe unchearful Riſe,
Sad *Jabes* was to view with *both* their Eyes.
Secure proud *Nahas* ſlept as in his Court,
And dreamt, vain Man! of that Day's barb'rous Sport,
'Till Noiſe and dreadful Tumults him awoke;
'Till into' his *Camp* our vi'olent *Army* broke.
The careleſs *Guards* with ſmall Reſiſtance kill'd,
Slaughter the Camp, and wild Confuſion fill'd.
Nahas his fatal *Duty* does perform,
And marches boldly up t'outface the Storm,
Fierce *Jonathan* he meets, as he purſues
Th'*Arabian Horſe*, and a hot Fight renews.
'Twas here your Troops behav'd themſelves ſo well,
'Till *Uz* and *Jathan* their ſtout *Col'onels* fell.
'Twas here our *Vict'ry* ſtopp'd, and gave us Cauſe
Much to ſuſpect th'Intention of her Pauſe.
But when our thundring Prince *Nahas* eſpy'd,
Who with a *Courage* equal to his *Pride*
Broke thro' our Troops, and tow'rds him boldly preſt
A gen'rous Joy leap'd in his youthful Breaſt.
As when a wrathful *Dragon*'s diſmal Light,
Strikes ſuddenly ſome warlike *Eagle*'s Sight.
The *mighty Foe* pleaſes his fearleſs Eyes,
He claps his joyful Wings, and at him flies.

With

With vain, tho' vi'olent Force, their Darts they flung;
In *Ammon*'s plated Belt *Jonathan*'s hung,
And ſtopp'd there; *Ammon* did his Helmet hit,
And gliding off, bore the proud Creſt from it.
Strait with their Swords to the fierce Shock they came,
Their *Swords*, their *Armour*, and their *Eyes* ſhot *Flame*.
Blows ſtrong as *Thunder*, thick as *Rain* they dealt;
Which more than they th' engag'd *Spectators* felt.
In *Ammon* Force, in *Jonathan* Addreſs,
(Tho' both were great in both to 'an Exceſs)
To the well-judging Eye did moſt appear;
Honour, and *Anger* in both *equal* were.
Two Wounds our *Prince* receiv'd, and *Ammon* three;
Which he enrag'd to feel, and 'ſham'd to ſee,
Did his whole Strength into one Blow collect;
And as a Spani'el when we' our Aim direct
To ſhoot ſome *Bird*, impatiently ſtands by,
Shaking his Tail, ready with Joy to fly,
Juſt as it drops, upon the wounded Prey;
So waited *Death* it ſelf, to bear away
The threaten'd Life; did glad and greedy ſtand,
At Sight of mighty *Ammon*'s lifted Hand.
Our watchful *Prince* by bending ſav'd the Wound,
But *Death* in other Coin his *Reck'ning* found:
For whilſt th' *immod'rate* Stroke's miſcarry'ing Force
Had almoſt born the Striker from his Horſe,

A nimble Thruſt his active Ene'my made,
'Twixt his right Ribs deep pierc'd the furious Blade,
And open'd wide thoſe *ſecret Veſſels*, where
37 *Life*'s *Light* goes out, when firſt they let in *Air*.
He falls, his Armour clanks againſt the Ground,
From his faint Tongue *imperfect Curſes* ſound.
His amaz'd Troops ſtrait caſt their Arms away;
Scarce fled his *Soul* from thence more ſwift than *they*.
As when two *Kings* of neighbour *Hives* (whom Rage
And Thirſt of *Empire* in fierce Wars engage,
Whilſt each lays Claim to th' *Garden* as his own,
And ſeeks t'uſurp the bord'ring Flowers alone)
Their well-arm'd Troops drawn boldly forth to fight,
In th'Air's wide Plain diſpute their doubtful Right.
If by ſad Chance of Battel, either *King*
Fall wounded down, ſtrook with ſome fatal Sting,
His Armies Hopes and Courage with him die;
They ſheath up their faint *Swords*, and routed fly.
On th'other Sides at once, with like Succeſs,
Into the Camp great *Saul* and *Abner* preſs;
From *Jon'athan*'s Part a wild mix'd Noiſe they hear,
And, whatſoe'er it mean, long to be there.
At the ſame Inſtant from glad *Jabes* Town,
The haſty Troops march loud and chearful down.
Some few at firſt with vain Reſiſtance fall,
The reſt is *Slaughter*, and *vaſt Conqueſt* all.
The Fate, by which our *Hoſt* thus far had gone,
Our *Hoſt* with noble Heat drove farther on.

Victo-

Victorious Arms through *Ammon*'s Land it bore;
Ruin behind, and *Terror* march'd before.
Where-e'er from *Rabba*'s Tow'rs they cast their Sight
Smoak clouds the *Day*, and *Flames* make clear the *Night*.
This bright Success did *Saul*'s first Action bring,
The *Oil*, the *Lot*, and *Crown* less *crown'd* him King.
The *Happy* all Men judge for Empire fit,
And none withstands where *Fortune* does submit.
Those who before did God's fair Choice withstand,
Th'*excessive Vulgar* now to Death demand. 1 Sam. 11. 12.
But wiser *Saul* repeal'd their hasty Doom; Ib. v. 13.
Conquest abroad, with *Mercy* crown'd at home.
Nor stain'd with civil Slaughter that Day's Pride,
Which foreign Blood in *nobler Purple* dy'd.
Again the Crown th'assembled People give, Ib. v. 15.
With greater Joy than *Saul* could it receive,
Again, th'old *Judge* resigns his sacred Place, 1 Sam. 12. 1.
God *glorify'd* with Wonders his Disgrace.
With decent Pride, such as did well befit
The *Name* he *kept*, and that which he did *quit*.
The long-past Row of happy Years he show'd,
Which to his heav'nly Government they ow'd.
How the torn State his just and prudent Reign
Restor'd to *Order*, *Plenty*, *Power* again.
In War what conqu'ring *Miracles* he wrought;
God, then their *King*, was *Gen'ral*, when thy fought;

Whom they *depos'd* with *him*. And that (said he)
You may see *God* concern'd in't more than *me*,
Behold how Storms his angry Presence throw'd,
Hark how his Wrath in Thunder threats aloud.
'Twas now the ripen'd *Summer*'s highest Rage,
Which no faint Cloud durst mediate to asswage.
Th'*Earth* hot with *Thirst*, and hot with *Lust* for *Rain*,
Gap'd, and breath'd feeble Vapours up in vain,
Which strait were scatter'd, or devour'd by th' Sun;
When, lo, e'er scarce the *active Speech* was done,
A vi'olent *Wind* rose from his *secret Cave*,
And Troops of frighted Clouds before it drave.
Whilst with rude haste the confus'd *Tempest* crouds,
Swift dreadful Flames shot through th'encountring Clouds; [broke,
From whose torn Womb th'imprison'd *Thunder*
And in dire Sounds the *Prophet*'s Sense it spoke.
Such an impetuous Shower it downwards sent,
As if the *Waters* 'bove the *Firmament*
Were all let loose; *Horrour* and fearful Noise
Fill'd the black *Scene*, 'till the great *Prophet*'s Voice,
Swift as the Wings of *Morn*, reduc'd the Day;
Wind, *Thunder*, *Rain* and *Clouds* fled all at once away.
1 Sam. 12. 20. Fear not (said he) *God* his fierce Wrath removes,
And though this *State* my Service disapproves,
My *Prayers* shall serve it constantly. No more,
I hope, a Par don for past Sins t'implore,

But

But juſt Rewards from gracious Heav'n to bring
On the good Deeds of you, and of *our King*.
Behold him there! and as you ſee, rejoice
In the kind Care of *God*'s impartial Choice,
Behold his Beauty, Courage, Strength, and Wit!
The *Honour* Heav'n has cloath'd him with, ſits *fit*
And comely on him; ſince you needs muſt be
Rul'd by a *King*, you're happy that 'tis *he*.
Obey him gladly, and let him too know
You were not made for *him*, but *he* for *you*,
And both for *God*;
Whoſe gentleſt Yoke if once you caſt away,
In vain ſhall *he* command, and *you* obey.
To foreign *Tyrants* both ſhall *Slaves* become, 1 Sam. 12. 25.
Inſtead of *King*, and *Subjects* here at home.
The *Crown* thus ſev'ral Ways confirm'd to *Saul*,
One way was wanting yet to *crown* them all;
And that was Force, which only can maintain
The *Power* that *Fortune* gives, or *Worth* does gain.
Three thouſand Guards of big, bold Men he took; 1 Sam. 13. 2.
Tall, terrible, and *Guards* ev'n with their *Look*;
His ſacred Perſon two, and Throne defend,
The third on matchleſs *Jonathan* attend.
O'er whoſe full Thoughts, *Honour*, and youthful Heat,
Sate brooding to hatch *Actions* good and great.
On *Geba* firſt, where a *Philiſtian* Band
Lyes, and around torments the *fetter'd Land*,

He falls, and slaughters all; his noble Rage
Mix'd with *Design*, his Nation to engage
In that just War, which from them long in vain,
Honour and *Freedom*'s Voice had strove t' obtain.
1 Sam. 13. 5. Th' accurs'd *Philistian* rous'd with this bold Blow,
All the proud Marks of *enrag'd Power* does show.
Raises a vast, well-arm'd, and glittering Host,
If human Strength might authorize a Boast,
Their Threats had reason here; for ne'er did we
Our selves so weak, our Foe so potent see.
Here we vast Bodies of their *Foot* espy,
The *Rear* out-reaches far th' *extended Eye*.
Like Fields of *Corn* their armed Squadrons stand;
As thick and numberless they hide the Land.
Here with sharp Neighs the warlike *Horses* sound;
38 And with proud Prancings beat the putrid Ground.
39 Here with worse Noise three thousand *Chariots* pass,
With Plates of Iron bound, or louder Brass.
About it Forks, Axes, and Sithes, and Spears,
Whole *Magazines* of *Death* each *Chariot* bears.
Where it breaks in, there a whole *Troop* it mows,
And with lopp'd panting Limbs the Field bestrows.
Alike the *Valiant*, and the *Cowards* die;
Neither can *they resist*, nor can *these fly*.
Ibid. v. 5. In this proud Equipage at *Micmas* they,
Ibid. v. 7. *Saul* in much different State at *Gilgal* lay.
His Forces seem'd no *Army*, but a *Croud*,
Heartless, unarm'd, disorderly, and loud.

The

The quick *Contagion Fear*, ran ſwift through all,
And into trembling *Fits* th' infected fall.
Saul, and his *Son* (for no ſuch faint *Diſeaſe*
Could on their ſtrong-complexion'd *Valour* ſeiſe)
In vain all Parts of virtuous *Conduct* ſhow'd,
And on *deaf Terror* gen'rous Words beſtow'd.
Thouſands from thence fly ſcatter'd ev'ry Day,
Thick as the Leaves that ſhake and drop away,
When they th' Approach of ſtormy *Winter* find,
The noble *Tree* all bare, expos'd to th' *Wind*.
Some to ſad *Jordan* fly, and ſwim't for haſte,
And from his farther Bank look back at laſt.
Some into Woods and Caves their Cattle drive,
There with their *Beaſts* on *equal* Terms they live,
Nor deſerve *better*; ſome in Rocks on high,
The old Retreats of *Storks* and *Ravens*, lye.
And were they wing'd like them, ſcarce would they
To ſtay, or truſt their frighted Safety there. [dare
As th' Hoſt with Fear, ſo *Saul* diſturb'd with Care, 1 Sam. 13. 8.
T' avert theſe Ills by *Sacrifice* and *Pray'r*
And *God*'s bleſs'd Will t' enquire, for *Samuel* ſends;
Whom he ſix Days with troubled Haſte attends.
But e'er the ſeventh unlucky Day (the laſt
By *Samuel* ſet for this great Work) was paſt,
Saul, alarm'd hourly from the neighb'ring Foe,
Impatient, e'er God's Time, God's Mind to know,
'Sham'd and enrag'd to ſee his Troops decay,
Jealous of an Affront in *Samuel*'s Stay,

Scorning that any's Presence should appear
Needful besides, when *he himself* was there;
And with a Pride too nat'ural, thinking Heav'n
Had given him *all*, because *much Power* 't had giv'n,
Himself the *Sacrifice* and *Off'rings* made,
Himself did th' high *selected Charge* invade,
Himself inquir'd of *God*; who then spake nought;
But *Samuel* straight his dreadful Answer brought.
For straight he came, and with a *Virtue bold*,
As was *Saul's Sin*, the fatal Massage told.
His foul *Ingratitude* to Heav'n he chid,
To pluck that *Fruit* which was alone *forbid*
To Kingly Power, in all that plenteous Land,
Where all things else submit to his Command.
And as fair *Eden's* violated *Tree*,
To' *Immortal Man* brought in *Mortality*:
So shall that *Crown*, which God eternal meant,
From thee (said he) and thy great House be rent,
Thy Crime shall *Death* to all thine *Honours* send,
And give thy' *Immortal Royalty* an *End*.
Thus spoke the *Prophet*, but kind Heav'n (we hope)
(Whose Threats and Anger know to other Scope
But *Man's Amendment*) does long since relent,
And with *repentant Saul* it self *repent*.
Howe'er (though none more pray for this than we,
Whose Wrongs and Sufferings might some Colour be
To do it *less*) this Speech we sadly find
Still extant, and still active in his Mind.

1 Sam. 13. 14.

But

But then a worſe Effect of it appear'd,
Our *Army* which before *modeſtly* fear'd,
Which did by ſtealth and by degrees decay,
Disbanded now, and fled in Troops away.
Baſe *Fear* ſo bold and impudent does grow,
When an Excuſe and Colour it can ſhow.
Six hundred only (ſcarce a *Princely Train*) 1 Sam. 13. 15.
Of all his Hoſt with diſtreſs'd *Saul* remain,
Of his whole Hoſt ſix hundred; and ev'n thoſe
41 (So did wiſe Heav'n for mighty Ends diſpoſe,
Nor would, that uſeleſs *Multitudes* ſhould ſhare
In that great *Gift*, it did for *One* prepare)
Arm'd not like *Soldiers* marching in a War,
But Country-*Hinds* alarmed from afar
By *Wolves* loud Hunger, when the well-known
Raiſes th'affrighted Villages around. [ſound
Some Goads, Flails, Plow-ſhares, Forks, or Axes bore, 1b. v. 19, 20, 21.
Made for *Life*'s Uſe and better Ends before,
Some knotted Clubs, and Darts, or Arrows dry'd
42 I' th' Fire, the firſt rude Arts that *Malice* try'd,
E'er Man the Sins of too much *Knowledge* knew,
And *Death* by long *Experience* witty grew.
Such were the *Numbers*, ſuch the *Arms*, which we
Had by Fate left us for a *Victory*,
O'er *well-arm'd Millions*; nor will this appear
Uſeful it ſelf, when *Jonathan* was there.
'Twas juſt the time, when the new *Ebb* of *Night*
Did the moiſt World unveil to human Sight.

The *Prince*, who all that Night the Field had beat
With a small Party, and no En'emy met,
(So proud and so secure the En'emy lay,
And drench'd in *Sleep* th'Excesses of the *Day*)
With Joy this good Occasion did embrace,
With better Leisure, and at nearer Space,
The Strength and Order of their Camp to view;
Abdon alone his gen'rous Purpose knew;
Abdon, a bold, a brave, and comely Youth,
Well-born, well-bred, with *Honour* fill'd and *Truth*,
Abdon his faithful *Squire*, whom much he lov'd,
And oft with Grief his Worth in Dangers prov'd.
Abdon, whose Love to his *Master* did exceed
What *Nature*'s *Law*, or *Passion*'s *Pow'r* could breed,
Abdon alone did on him now attend;
His humblest *Servant*, and his dearest *Friend*.

1 Sam. 14. 1. They went, but sacred Fury as they went,
Chang'd swiftly, and *exalted* his Intent.
What may this be (the *Prince* breaks forth) I find,
God or some pow'rful *Spirit* invades my Mind.
From ought but *Heav'n* can never sure be brought
So high, so glorious, and so vast a Thought.
Nor would *ill Fate* that meant me to surprise,
Come cloath'd in so unlikely a *Disguise*.
Yon *Host*, which its proud *Fishes* spreads so wide,
O'er the whole Land, like some swoln *River*'s *Tide*,
Which terrible and numberless appears,
43 As the thick Waves which their rough *Ocean* bears,

Which

Which lyes so strongly 'encamp'd, that one would say
The *Hill* might be remov'd as soon as *they*,
We two alone must *fight* with, and *defeat*;
Thou'rt strook, and startest at a *Sound* so great.
Yet we must do't; God our weak Hands has chose
T'ashame the boasted Numbers of our Foes,
Which to his Strength no more proportion'd be,
Than *Millions* are of *Hours* to his *Eternity*.
If when their careless *Guards* espy us here,
With sportful Scorn they call to 'us to come near. 1 Sam. 14. 12.
We'll boldly climb the *Hill*, and charge them all;
Not *they*, but *Israel*'s *Angel* gives the Call.
44 He spoke, and as he spoke, a *Light* Divine
Did from his *Eyes*, and round his *Temples* shine,
Louder his *Voice*, larger his *Limbs* appear'd;
Less seem'd the num'rous *Army* to be fear'd.
This saw, and heard with Joy the Brave *Esquire*,
As he with *God*'s, fill'd with his *Master*'s *Fire*.
Forbid it Heav'n (said he) I should decline, 1 Sam. 14. 7.
Or wish (Sir) not to make *your* Danger *mine*.
The great *Example* which I daily see
Of your high Worth, is not so lost on me;
If Wonder-strook I at your Words appear,
My Wonder yet is *Innocent* of *Fear*.
Th' *Honour* which does your Princely Breast *enflame*,
Warms mine too, and joins there with *Duty*'s *Name*.
If in this Act *ill Fate* our *Tempter* be,
May all the *Ill* it means be aim'd at *me*.

But

But sure, I think, *God* leads, nor could you bring
So high Thoughts from a less exalted *Spring*.
Bright Signs through all your Words and Looks are
spread,
A rising *Victory* dawns around your Head.
With such Discourse blowing their Sacred Flame
Lo to the fatal Place and Work they came.
1 Sam. 14. 4. Strongly encamp'd on a steep *Hill*'s large Head
Like some vast Wood the mighty *Host* was spread.
Th' only' Access on neighb'ring *Gabaa*'s Side,
An hard and narrow Way, which did divide
Two cliffy *Rocks*, *Boses* and *Senes* nam'd,
Much for themselves, and their big *Strangeness* fam'd
More for their *Fortune*, and this *stranger* Day;
On both their Points *Philistian* Out-guards lay,
From whence the two bold *Spies* they first espy'd.
And, lo! the *Hebrews*! proud *Elcanor* cry'd,
From *Senes* Top; Lo! from their hungry Caves
A quicker Fate here sends them to their Graves.
Come up (aloud he cries to them below)
Ye *'Egyptian Slaves*, and to our *Mercy* owe
The rebel Lives, long since to'our *Justice* due;
Scarce from his Lips the *fatal Omen* flew,
When th'inspir'd Prince did nimbly *understand*
God, and his *Godlike Virtues* high Command.
It call'd him up, and up the steep Ascent
With *Pain* and *Labour*, *Haste* and *Joy* they went,

Elcanor

Elcanor laugh'd to see them climb, and thought
His mighty Words th' affrighted *Suppliants* brought,
Did new Affronts to the great *Hebrew Name*,
(The barbarous!) in his wanton *Fancy* frame.
Short was his Sport; for swift as *Thunder*'s Stroke
Rives the frail Trunk of some heav'n-threatning *Oak*,
The Prince's Sword did his proud Head divide;
The parted Scull hung down on either Side.
Just as he fell, his vengeful Steel he drew
Half way; no more the trembling *Joints* could do,
Which *Abdon* snatch'd, and dy'd it in the Blood
Of an *amazed Wretch* that next him stood.
Some close to Earth shaking and groveling lye,
Like *Larks* when they the *Tyrant Hobby* spy.
Some Wonder-strook stand fix'd; some fly, some arm
Wildly, at th' *unintelligible Alarm*.
Like the main *Channel* of an high-swoln *Flood*,
In vain by *Dikes* and broken *Works* withstood:
So *Jonathan*, once climb'd th' opposing Hill,
Does all around with Noise and Ruin fill;
Like some large *Arm* of which, another way
Abdon o'erflows; him too no *Bank* can stay.
With Cries th' affrighted *Country* flies before,
Behind the following *Waters* loudly roar.
Twenty at least slain on this Out-guard lye, 1 Sam. 14. 14.
To th' adjoin'd Camp the rest distracted fly,
And *ill mix'd Wonders* tell, and into 't bear,
Blind Terror, deaf Disorder, helpless Fear.

The

The *Conqu'rors* too preſs boldly in behind,
Doubling the wild Confuſions which they find.
Hamgar at firſt, the Prince of *Aſhdod* Town,
1 Sam. 6. 46 Chief 'mongſt the *Five* in Riches and Renown,
And *General* then by Courſe, oppos'd their Way,
'Till drown'd in Death at *Jonathan*'s Feet he lay,
And curs'd the *Heav'ns* for Rage, and bit the Ground;
47 His *Life* for ever ſpilt *ſtain'd* all the Graſs around.
His *Brother* too, who virtuous haſte did make
His Fortune to *revenge*, or to *partake*,
Falls grove'ling o'er his Trunk, on Mother Earth;
Death mix'd no leſs their *Bloods* than did their *Birth*.
Mean while the well-pleaſs'd *Abdon*'s reſtleſs Sword
Diſpatch'd the following Train t' attend their *Lord*.
On ſtill o'er panting Corps great *Jonathan* led:
Heaps before him *fell*, and *Thouſands fled*.
Prodigious Prince! Which does moſt wondrous ſhow,
Thy' *Attempt*, or thy *Succeſs*! thy *Fate*, or *thou!*
Who durſt alone that dreadful Hoſt aſſail,
With purpoſe not to *dye*, but to *prevail!*
Infinite Numbers thee no more affright,
Than *God*, whoſe *Unity* is *Infinite*.
If Heav'n to Men ſuch mighty Thoughts would give,
What *Breaſt* but thine capacious to receive
The vaſt *Infuſion?* or what *Soul* but *thine*
Durſt have believ'd that *Thought* to be *Divine?*

Thou

Thou follow'dst Heavn in the *Design*, and we
Find in the *Act* 'twas *Heav'n* that follow'd *thee*. 1 Sam. 14. 15.
Thou ledst on *Angels*, and that Sacred Band
(The *De'ities* great *Lieutenant*) didst command.
'Tis true, Sir, and no *Figure*, when I say
Angels themselves fought under him that Day.
Clouds with ripe *Thunder* charg'd some thither drew,
And some the dire *Materials* brought for new.
48 Hot Drops of *Southern Showers* (the *Sweats of Death*) [Breath:
The Voice of *Storms* and winged *Whirl-wind*'s
The Flames shot forth from fighting *Dragons* Eyes,
The Smokes that from scorch'd *Fevers Ovens* rise,
The reddest Fires with which sad *Comets* glow;
And *Sodom*'s neighb'ring *Lake* did Spi'rits bestow
Of finest *Sulphur*; amongst which they put
Wrath, *Fury*, *Horror*, and all mingled shut
Into a cold moist *Cloud*, t' enflame it more;
And make th' enraged *Prisoner* louder roar.
Th' assembled *Clouds* burst o'er their Armies Head;
Noise, Darkness, dismal Lightnings round them spread.
Another *Spir'it*, with a more potent Wand,
Than that which *Nature* fear'd in *Moses* Hand,
And went the way *that* pleas'd, the *Mountain* strook;
The *Mountain* felt it; the vast *Mountain* shook.
Through the wide Air another *Angel* flew
About their Host, and thick amongst them threw
Discord,

Discord, Despair, Confusion, Fear, Mistake;
And all th' *Ingredients* that swift Ruin make.
The fertile Glebe requires no time to breed;
It quickens and receives at once the *Seed*.
One would have thought, this dismal Day t'have seen,
That *Nature*'s self in her *Death-pangs* had been.
Such will the Face of that great Hour appear;
Such the distracted *Sinner*'s conscious Fear.
In vain some few strive the wild Flight to stay;
In vain they threaten, and in vain they pray;
Unheard, unheeded, trodden down they lye,
Beneath the wretched Feet of Crouds that fly.
O'er their own *Foot* trampled the vi'olent Horse;
The guideless *Chariots* with impet'uous Course
Cut wide through both; and all their bloody way
Horses, and *Men*, torn, bruis'd, and mangled lay.
Some from the Rocks cast themselves down headlong;
The faint weak *Passion* grows so bold and strong,
To almost certain present *Death* they fly,
From a remote and causeless Fear to *dye*.
Much diffe'rent Error did some Troops possess;
And *Madness* that look'd better, though no less.
1 Sam. 14. 20. Their fellow Troops for th' entred Foe they take;
And *Israel*'s War with mutual Slaughter make.
Ibid. v. 16. Mean while the King from *Gabaa*'s Hill did view,
And hear the thickning *Tumult*, as it grew
Still great and loud; and though he knows not why
They fled, no more than they themselves that fly;

Yet

Yet by the Storms and Terrors of the Air,
Gueſſes ſome vengeful *Sp'rits* working there;
Obeys the loud Occaſions Sacred Call,
And fiercely on the trembling Hoſt does fall. 1 Sam. 14.
At the ſame time their *Slaves* and *Priſoners* riſe; 21.
Nor does their much-wiſh'd *Liberty* ſuffice
Without *Revenge;* the ſcatter'd Arms they ſeize,
And their proud Vengeance with the *Memory* pleaſe
Of who ſo lately bore them; all about,
From Rocks and Caves the *Hebrews* iſſue out Ib. v. 22.
At the glad Noiſe; joy'd that their Foes had ſhown
A Fear, that drowns the Scandal of *their own.*
Still did the Prince midſt all this Storm appear,
Still ſcatter'd *Deaths* and *Terrors* every where.
Still did he break, ſtill blunt his wearied Swords;
Still Slaughter new Supplies to 'his Hands affords.
Where Troops yet ſtood, there ſtill he hotly flew,
And 'till at laſt all fled, ſcorn'd to *purſue.*
All fled at laſt, but many in vain; for ſtill
Th'inſatiate *Conqu'ror* was more ſwift to kill
Than they to ſave their Lives. 'Till, lo! at laſt,
Nature, whoſe Power he had ſo long ſurpaſs'd,
Would yield no more, but to him ſtronger Foes,
Drought, Faitneſs, and fierce Hunger did oppoſe.
Reeking all o'er in Duſt, and Blood, and Sweat,
Burnt with the *Sun*'s and *violent Action*'s Heat,
'Gainſt an old *Oak* his trembling Limbs he ſtaid,
For ſome ſhort Eaſe; *Fate* in th' old Oak had laid

Pro-

Proviſions up for his Relief; and lo!
2 Sam. 14. 27. The hollow Trunk did with bright *Honey* flow.
With timely Food his decay'd Sp'irits recruit;
Strong he returns, and freſh to the Purſuit,
His Strength and Sp'irits the Honey did reſtore
But, oh, the *bitter-ſweet* ſtrange *Poiſon* bore!
Behold, Sir, and mark well the *treach'rous Fate*
That does ſo cloſe on Human Glories wait!
Behold the ſtrong, and yet *fantaſtick Net*,
T'enſnare triumphant *Virtue*, darkly ſet!
Could it before (ſcarce can it ſince) be thought,
The *Prince* who had alone that Morning fought,
A *Duel* with an *Hoſt*, had th' *Hoſt* o'erthrown,
And threeſcore thouſand Hands diſarm'd with *One*;
Waſh'd off his Country's Shame, and doubly dy'd
In *Blood* and *Bluſhes* the *Philiſtian* Pride,
Had ſav'd and fix'd his *Father*'s tott'ring Crown,
And the bright *Gold* new *burniſh'd* with renown,
Should be e'er Night by's *King* and *Father*'s Breath,
Without a Fault, vow'd and condemn'd to Death?
Deſtin'd the bloody *Sacrifice* to be
Of *Thanks himſelf* for his own *Victory*?
Alone with various Fate like to become,
Fighting, an *Hoſt*; *Dying*, an *Hecatombe*?
Yet ſuch, Sir, was his Caſe.
1 Sam. 14. 27. For *Saul*, who fear'd leſt the full Plenty might
(In the abandon'd Camp expos'd to fight)

His

His hungry Men from the Purſuit diſuade;
A raſh, but ſolemn Vow to Heav'n had made.
Curſt be the Wretch, thrice curſed let him be,
Who ſhall touch Food this buſie Day (ſaid he)
Whilſt the bleſs'd Sun does with his fav'ring Light
Aſſiſt our vengeful Swords againſt their Flight.
Be he thrice curſt; and if his Life we ſpare,
On *us* thoſe *Curſes* fall that *he* ſhould bear.
Such was the *King*'s raſh Vow; who little thought
How near to him *Fate* th' *Application* brought.
The *two-edg'd Oath*, wounds deep, perform'd or
Ev'n *Perjury* its leaſt and blunteſt Stroke. [broke;
'Twas his own *Son*, whom *God* and *Mankind* lov'd,
His own victorious *Son* that he devov'd;
On whoſe bright Head the baleful *Curſes* light;
But *Providence*, his *Helmet* in the Fight,
Forbids their Entrance, or their ſettling there;
49 They with *brute* Sound diſſolv'd into the Air.
Him what *Religion*, or what *Vow* could bind,
Unknown, unheard of, 'till he' his Life did find
Entangled in't? Whilſt *Wonders* he did do,
Muſt he die now, for not be'ing *Prophet* too?
To all but him this *Oath* was meant and ſaid;
He afar off, the *Ends* for which 'twas made
Was acting then, 'till faint and out of Breath,
He grew half *dead* with Toil of giving *Death*.
What could his Crime in this Condition be,
Excus'd by *Ign'orance* and *Neceſſity*?

Yet the remorseleſs *King*, who did diſdain
That Man ſhould hear him ſwear or threat in vain,
Though 'gainſt *himſelf*; or *Fate* a Way ſhould ſee
By which attack'd and conquer'd he might be:
Who thought *Compaſſion*, Female *Weakneſs* here,
And *Equity Injuſtice* would appear,
In his own *Cauſe*; who falſely fear'd beſide
The ſolemn Curſe on *Jon'athan* did abide,
And the infected *Limb* not cut away,
Would like a *Gangreen* o'er all *Iſra'el* ſtray;
Prepar'd this *God-like Sacrifice* to kill;
And his *raſh* Vow more *raſhly* to *fulfil*.
What Tongue can th' Horror and Amazement tell,
Which on all *Iſrael* that ſad Moment fell?
Tamer had been their Grief, fewer their Tears,
Had the *Philiſtian* Fate that Day been theirs.
Not *Saul*'s proud Heart could maſter his ſwoln Eye;
The *Prince* alone ſtood mild and patient by,
So bright his Suff'rings, ſo triumphant ſhow'd,
Leſs to the *beſt* than *worſt* of Fates he ow'd.
A Vict'ry now he o'er *himſelf* might boaſt;
He *Conquer'd* now that *Conqu'ror* of an *Hoſt*.
It charm'd *through Tears* the ſad Spectators Sight,
Did Rev'rence, Love, and Gratitude excite,
And pious Rage; with which inſpir'd, they now
Oppoſe to *Saul*'s a better publick *Vow*.
They all conſent, all *Iſrael* ought to be
Accurs'd, and kill'd themſelves, rather than *he*.

Thus

Thus with kind Force they the glad King with- 1 Sam. 14. 45.
ſtood,
And ſav'd their *wondrous Saviour*'s Sacred Blood.
Thus *David* ſpoke; and much did yet remain
Behind, th' Attentive *Prince* to entertain,
Edom and *Zoba*'s War, for what befel Ibid. v. 47.
In that of *Moab*, was known there too well.
The boundleſs Quarrel with curſt *Am'alec*'s Land, 1 Sam. 15. 3.
Where *Heav'n* it ſelf did *Cruelty* command,
And practis'd on *Saul*'s *Mercy*, nor did e'er
More puniſh *Inno'cent Blood*, then *Pity* there. Ibid. 23.
But, lo! they 'arriv'd now at th' appointed Place;
Well-choſen and well-furniſh'd for the Chaſe.

NOTES upon the THIRD BOOK.

1. A Town not far from *Jeruſalem*, according to S. *Hieron.* in his *Commentary* upon *Iſaiah*, by which it ſeems it was re-edified, after the Deſtruction of it by *Saul*; he ſays that *Jeruſalem* might be ſeen from it. *Adricomius* knows not whether he ſhould place it in the *Tribe* of *Benjamin*, or *Ephraim*. *Abulenſis* ſure is in an Error, placing it in the *Half Tribe* of *Manaſſes* beyond *Jordan*. I call it *Nobe* according to the *Latin Tranſlation*; for (methinks) *Nob* is too unheroical a Name.

2. *Panes Propoſitionis*, in the *Septuagint*, ἄρτοι ἐνώπιοι from the *Hebrew*, in which it ſignifies *Panes Facierum*, becauſe they were always ſtanding before the *Face* of the *Lord*; which is meant too by the *Engliſh* word *Shew-bread*. The Law concerning them, *Levit.* 23. commands not only that they ſhould be eaten by the *Prieſts* alone, but alſo eaten in the *holy Place*. *For it is moſt holy unto him, of the Offerings made unto the Lord by fire, by a perpetual ſtatute*, Verſe 9. In the *Holy Place*; that is, at the Door of the *Tabernacle*; as appears, *Lev.* 8. 31. and that which remain'd was to be burnt, leſt it ſhould be eaten by any but the Prieſts. How comes it then to paſs, not only that *Abimelech* gave of this Bread to *David* and his Company, but that *David* ſays to him, 1 *Sam.* 21. 5. *The Bread is in a manner common?* The *Latin* differently, *Porro via hæc polluta eſt, ſed & ipſa hodiè ſanctificabitur in vaſis.* The Words are ſomewhat obſcure; the Meaning ſure muſt be, that ſeeing here are new Breads to be ſet upon the Table, the publick Occaſion (for that he pretended) and preſent Neceſſity makes theſe as it were *common*. So, what more ſacred then the *Sabboth?* Yet the *Maccabees* ordain'd, that it ſhould be lawful to fight againſt their Enemies on that Day. *Seneca* ſays very well, *Neceſſitas magnum humanæ imbecillitatis patrocinium, quicquid cogit excuſat.* And we ſee this Act of *David*'s approv'd of in the Evangeliſts.

3. *Fatal*, in regard his coming was the Cauſe of *Abimelech*'s Murder, and the Deſtruction of the Town.

4. *Sacred*: Made ſo by *David*'s placing it in the *Tabernacle* as a *Trophy* of his *Victory*, ἀνάθημα. Thus *Judith* dedicated all the Stuff of *Holophernes* his Tent as a *Gift* unto the *Lord*, Jud. 16. 19. ἀνάθημα τῷ κυρίῳ ἔδοκε, where the *Latin* commonly adds *Oblivionis*; in *anathema oblivionis*, which ſhould be left out. *Joſephus* of this word, ἡ ῥομφαία ἀνέθηκε τῷ Θεῷ. And Sulpit. Sever. *Gladium poſteà in Templum poſuit*; i. *In Tabernaculum Nobæ*: Where, methinks, *In Templum* ſignifies more than if he had ſaid *in Templo*. The reaſon of this Cuſtom is, to acknowledge that *God* is the giver of *Victory*. And I think all Nations have concurr'd in this Duty after Succeſſes, and call'd (as *Virgil* ſays)

In prædam partémq; Jovem.——

So

So the *Philiſtins* hung up the Arms of *Saul* in the Temple of *Aſhtaroth*, and carry'd the *Ark* into the Temple of *Dagon*. *Nicol. de Lyra* believes that this Sword of *Goliah* was not conſecrated to *God*: For then *Abimelech* in giving, and *David* in taking it had ſinn'd; for it is ſaid, *Levit.* 27. 28. *Whatſoever is devoted is moſt holy unto the Lord*; but that it was only laid up as a *Monument* of a famous Victory, in a publick Place. There is no need of this Evaſion; for not every thing conſecrated to *God* is unalienable (at leaſt for a time) in caſe of neceſſity, ſince we ſee the very *Veſſels* of the Temple were often given to *Invaders* by the Kings of *Judah*, to make Peace with them. *Pro Rep. plerumq; Templa nudantur.* Sen. in Controverſ.

5. This Particular of *Jagal* and *David*'s going in Diſguiſe into the Land of the *Philiſtins* (which ſeems more probable than that he ſhould go immediately and avowedly to *Achis Court* ſo ſoon after the Defeat of *Goliah*) is added to the Hiſtory by a *Poetical Licence*, which I take to be very harmleſs, and which therefore I make bold to uſe upon ſeveral occaſions.

6. Their *Goddeſs Dagon*, a kind of *Mermaid-Deity*. See on the ſecond Book.

7. *Adullam*, an ancient Town in the *Tribe* of *Judah*, even in *Judah*'s time, *Gen.* 38. in *Joſhua*'s it had a *King*, Joſh 12. 15. the *Cave* ſtill remains; and was us'd by the *Chriſtians* for their Refuge upon ſeveral Irruptions of the *Turks*, in the ſame manner as it ſerv'd *David* now.

8. In this *Enumeration* of the chief *Perſons* who came to aſſiſt *David*, I chuſe to name but a few. The *Greek* and *Latin Poets*, being in my Opinion, too large upon this kind of Subject, eſpecially *Homer*, in enumerating the *Grecian* Fleet and Army; where he makes a long Liſt of *Names* and *Numbers*, juſt as they would ſtand in the *Roll of a Muſter-Maſter*, without any delightful and various Deſcriptions of the Perſons; or at leaſt very few ſuch. Which *Lucan* (methinks) avoids viciouſly by an exceſs the other way.

9. 2 Sam. 2. *And Aſael was as ſwift of foot as a wild Roe.* *Joſephus* ſays of him, that he would out-run ἵππον καταστάντα εἰς ἅμιλλαν, which is no ſuch great matter. The *Poets* are all bolder in their Expreſſions upon the Swiftneſs of ſome Perſons. *Virgil* upon *Niſus*, *Æn.* 5.

Emicat & ventis, & fulminis ocyor alis.

But that is *Modeſt* with them. Hear him of *Camilla*. Æn. 7.

Illa vel intactæ ſegetis per ſumma volaret
Gramina, nec teneras curſu læſiſſet ariſtas,
Vel mare per medium fluctu ſuſpenſa tumenti
Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas.

From whence I have the hint of my Deſcription, *Oft o're the Lawns*, &c. but I durſt not in a Sacred Story be quite ſo bold as he. The walking over the Waters is too much, yet he took it from *Homer*. 20 *Iliad.*

Αἱ δ' ὅτι μὲν σκιρτῶεν ἐπὶ ζείδωρον ἀρούραν
Ἄκρον ἐπ' Ἀνθερίκων καρπὸν θέον, οὐδὲ κατέκλων.
Ἀλλ' ὅτι ἢ σκιρτῶεν, ἐπ' εὔρεα νῶτα θαλάσσης
Ἄκρον ἐπὶ ῥηγμῖνος ἁλὸς πολιοῖο θέεσκον.

They ran upon the top of Flowers without breaking them, and upon the back of the Sea, *&c.* where the *Hyperbole* (one would think) might have ſatisfy'd any moderate Man; yet *Scal.* 5. *de Poet.* prefers *Virgil*'s from the encreaſe of the *Miracle*, by making *Camilla*'s flight over a tenderer thing than *Antherici*, and by the exaggerations of *Intactæ, Gramina, Volaret, Suſpenſa, Nec tingeret. Apollon.* 1. *Argonaut.* has the like *Hyperbole*, and of *Polyphemus* too, a Monſter, that one would believe ſhould rather ſink the *Earth* at every Tread, than run over the *Sea* with dry Feet.

Κεῖνος ἀνὴρ καὶ πόντου ἐπὶ γλαυκοῖο θέεσκεν
Ὄιδματος, οὐδὲ θοοὺς βάπτεν πόδας, ἀλλ' ὅ σον ἄκροις
Ἴχνεσι τεγγόμενος διερῆ πεφόρητο κελευθῶ.

And *Solinus* reports hiſtorically of *Ladas* (the Man ſo much celebrated by the *Poets*) *cap.* 6. That he ran ſo lightly over the Duſt (*ſuprà cavum pulverem*) that he never left a Mark in it. So that a *Greek Epigram* calls his

Δαιμόνιον τὸ τάχος.
The Swiftneſs of a *God.*

All which, I hope, will ſerve to excuſe me in this place.

10. *Jeſſides*, the Son of *Jeſſe*; a *Patronymique* after the *Greek* Form.

11. *Moab*, that Part of the Kingdom of *Moab* that was poſſeſs'd by *Ruben*, lying upon the *Dead-Sea*, which divides it from the Tribe of *Judah*; but *Jordan* divides it from the Tribes of *Benjamin* and *Ephraim*, ſo *Judah* is not here taken in a preciſe Senſe for that Tribe only.

12. *His*: Becauſe *Jordan* runs into it, and is there loſt. It is call'd promiſcuouſly a *Sea*, or *Lake*, and is more properly a *Lake*.

13. *Amoreus* was the fourth Son of *Canaan*; the Country of his Sons extended *Eaſt* and *Weſt* between *Arnon* and *Jordan*, *North* and *South* between *Jaboc* and the Kingdom of *Moab*. They were totally deſtroy'd by the *Iſraelites*, and their Land given to the Tribe of *Gad*, *Gen.* 10. 14. *Numb.* 21. 32. *Deut.* 3. *Joſh.* 13. *Judg.* 12.

14. *Edom*: Call'd by the *Greeks Idumæa*: Denominated from *Eſau*. *Joſephus* makes *two Idumæa's*, the *Upper* and the *Lower*; the Upper was poſſeſs'd by the Tribe of *Judah*, and the Lower by *Simeon*: But ſtill the *Edomites* poſſeſs'd the Southern part of the Country, from the Sea of *Sodom* towards the *Red*, or, *Idumœan Sea*. The great Map of *Adricomius* places another *Edom & Montes Seir*, a little *North* of *Rabba* of the *Ammonites*, which I conceive to be a Miſtake. The *Greeks* under the Name of *Idume* include ſometimes all *Paleſtine* and *Arabia*.

Petra. The *Metropolis* of *Arabia Petræa*. Adric. 77.

Petræa autem dicta à vetuſtiſſimo oppido Petra deſerti ipſius Metropoli ſuprà mare mortuum ſitâ.

It is hard to ſet the Bounds of this Country (and indeed of all the little ancient Kingdoms in thoſe Parts;) for ſometimes it includes *Moab*, *Edom*, *Amalec*, *Cedar*, *Madian*, and all the Land Southward to *Egypt*, or the *Red-Sea*: But here it is taken in a more contracted Signification, for that Part

Part of *Arabia* which lies near the *Metropolis Petra*, and denominates the *whole*. I doubt much, whether *Petra Deserti*, which *Adric.* makes to be the same, were not another City of the same Name. *Adric.* is very confus'd in the Description of the Countries bordering upon the *Jews*, nor could well be otherwise, the Matter is so intricate, and to make amends not much important.

15. *Cush. Arabia Sabæa*, so called from *Saba* the Son of *Cush*, and Grand-child of *Cham*. All the Inhabitants of *Arabia*, down to the *Red-Sea* (for *Jethro*'s Daughter of *Midian* was a *Cusite*, though taken by *Josephus* to be an *African Ethiop*) are call'd sometimes in Scripture *Cusites*, and translated *Ethiopians*; and I believe the other *Ethiopians* beyond *Egypt* descended from these, and are the *Cusitæ* at other times mention'd in the Scripture.

Ammon is by some accounted Part of *Arabia Fœlix*, and the Country call'd since *Philadelphia*, from the *Metropolis* of that Name, conceiv'd by *Adricom.* to be the same with *Rabba* of *Ammon*, the Son of *Lot*.

16. Accounted of the Race of the *Giants*, that is, a big, strong, and warlike sort of People; as *Amos* says Poetically of the *Amorites*, as tall as *Cedars*, and strong as *Oaks*. These *Emins* were beaten by *Chederlaomer*, *Gen.* 14. and extirpated afterwards by the *Moabites*, who call'd that Country *Moab*, from their Ancestor the Son of *Lot*.

17. *Seon* King of the *Amorites*, who conquer'd the greatest part of the Kingdom of *Moab* all Westward of *Arnon*, and possess'd it himself 'till the *Israelites* slew him, and destroy'd his People, *Arnon*, a River that discharges it self into the *Dead-Sea*, and rises in an high Rock in the Country of the *Amorites*, call'd *Arnon*, which gives the Name to the *River*, and that to the *City Arnon*, or *Arear* seated upon it. Or,

18. *Esebon*. A famous and strong City seated upon an Hill, and encompass'd with Brick Walls, with many Villages and Towns depending on it. It was twenty Miles distant from *Jordan*. Adric.

19. For *Saul* had made War upon the *Moabites*, and done them much hurt, 1 *Sam.* 14. 49.

20. I take it for an infallible Certainty, that *Ophir* was not as some imagine in the *West-Indies*; for in *Solomon*'s time, where it is first mention'd, those Countries neither were nor could be known, according to their manner of Navigation. And besides, if all that were granted, *Solomon* would have set out his Fleet for that Voyage from some Port of the *Mediterranean*, and not of the *Red-Sea*. I therefore without any scruple say, *Ophir's rising Morn*, and make it a Country in the *East-Indies*, call'd by *Josephus* and S. *Hierom*, *The Golden Country*. *Grotius* doubts whether *Ophir* were not a Town seated in the *Arabian* Bay, which *Arrian* calls *Aphar*, *Pliny Saphar*, *Ptolomy Sapphara*, *Stephanus Sapharina*, whither the *Indians* brought their Merchandizes, to be fetch'd from thence by the Merchants of the more Western Countries. But that small Similitude of the Name is not worth the change of a receiv'd Opinion.

21. Like this is that of *Dido* to *Æneas*,

Non obtusa adeò gestamus pectora Pœni,
Nec tam aversus equos Tyriâ Sol jungit ab urbe.

And in *Stat.* of *Adraſtus* to *Polynices*,

Nec tam averſum fama
Mycænis Volvit iter.

22. *Phegor*, or *Phogor*, or *Peor*, was an high Mountain upon the Top of which *Balaam* was deſir'd by *Balac* to curſe, but did bleſs *Iſrael*. This Place was choſen perhaps by *Balac*, becauſe upon it ſtood the Temple of his God *Baal*. Which was, I believe, the *Sun*, the Lord of *Heaven*, the ſame with *Moloch* of the *Ammonites* and the *Moabites Chemos*; only denominated *Baal Phegor*, from that particular Place of his Worſhip, as *Jupiter Capitolinus*. Some think that *Baal Peor* was the ſame with *Priapus* the *obſcene Idol*, ſo famous in ancient Authors; it may be the *Image* might be made after that faſhion, to ſignifie that the *Sun* is the *Baal*, or *Lord of Generation*.

23. The making of *Hangings* with *Figures* came firſt from *Babylon*, from whence they were call'd *Babylonica*, Plin. l. 8. c. 48. *Colores diverſos picturæ intertexere Babylon maximè Celebravit, & nomen impoſuit.* Plaut. in Sticho.

Tum Babylonica periſtromata conſutaq; tapetia
Advexit minimùm bona rei.

He calls the like Hangings in *Pſeud.*

Alexandria belluata conchiliata periſtromata.

Mart. l. 8. *Non ego pratulerim Babylonica picta ſuperbè*
Texta Semiramiâ quæ variantur acu.

And long before, *Lucret. l.* 4.

Babylonica magnifico ſplendore.

24. Theſe kind of Ivory Tables born up with the Images of Beaſts, were much in eſteem among the Ancients. The *Romans* had them, as alſo all other Inſtruments of *Luxury*, from the *Aſiaticks*,

——*Putere videntur*
Unguenta atq; roſa latos niſi ſuſtinet orbes
Grande ebur, & magno ſublimis Pardus hiatu,
Dentibus ex illis quos mittit porta Sienes
Et Mauri celeres. Juven. 11.

Mart. *Et Mauri Lybicis centum ſtent dentibus orbes.*

25. *Citron:* It is not here taken for the *Lemon Tree* (though that be in *Latin* call'd *Citrus* too, and in *French Citronnier*) but for a Tree ſomething reſembling a wild *Cypreſs*, and growing chiefly in *Africk:* It is very famous among the *Roman* Authors, and was moſt us'd for banquetting *Beds* and *Tables*. *Martial* ſays it was more precious than Gold.

Accipe falices, Atlantica munera, menſas,
Aurea qui dederit dona, minora dabit.

See *Plin. l.* 13. *c.* 15. The Spots and Criſpneſs of the Wood, was the great Commendation of it: From whence they were call'd, *Tygrina* and *Pantherina Menſa*. Virg. Ciris.

Nec Lybis Aſſyrio ſternetur Lectulus oſtro.

Where

Where *Lybis Lectulus* may signifie either an Ivory, or a Citron Bed.

26. *Purple* Coverlets were most in use among great Persons. *Hom.* Il. 9.

Εισεν δ' εν κλισμοῖσι τάπησι τε πορφυρέοισι.

Virg. *Sarrano dormiat ostro.*

That is, *Tyrian Purple.* Stat. Theb. 1.

——*Pars ostro tenues auroq; sonantes*
Emunire toros.——

They lye (says *Plato* the *Comedian* in *Athen.* 2.) ἐν κλίναις ἐλεφαντίνοποσι χρώμασι πορφυροβάπτοις, &c.

The *Purple* of the Ancients was taken out of a kind of *Shell-Fish* call'd *Purpura*; where it was found in a white Vein running through the middle of the Mouth, which was cut out and boil'd; and the Blood used afterwards in Dying, produced the Colour *Nigrantis rosæ sublucentem*, which *Pliny* witnesses to be the *true Purple*, though there were other Sorts too of it, as the Colour of *Violet*, *Hyacinth*, &c. Of this Invention now totally lost, see *Plin.* l. 9. c. 38. and *Pancirollus.* The greatest Fishing for these *Purples* was at *Tyre*, and there was the greatest Manufacture and Trade of *Purple*; there likewise was the Invention of it, which is attributed to *Hercules Tyrius*, who walking upon the Shore, saw his Dog bite one of those Fishes, and found his Mouth all stain'd with that excellent Colour, which gave him the first Hint of teaching the *Tyrians* how to Dye with it: From whence this Colour is call'd in Greek Αλουργὸς, *Aristot. quasi* ἁλὸς ἔργον, the Work of the Sea; and *Plato* in *Tim.* defines Αλουργὲς to be Red mingled with White and Black.

27. So *Æneas* in the 1. *Æn.* finds the Story of the *Trojan War* painted upon the Walls of *Juno*'s *Temple* at *Carthage.* I chuse here the History of *Lot*, because the *Moabites* descended from him.

28. *Chedor-laomer*, who according to the general Opinion, was King of *Persia*, but to me it seems altogether improbable that the King of *Persia* should come so far, and join with so many Princes to make a War upon those five little Kings, whose whole Territories were scarce so big as the least Shire in *England*, and whose very Names are unlikely to have been heard of then, so far as *Persia.* Besides *Persia* was not then the chief *Eastern Monarchy*, but *Assyria* under *Ninias* or *Zamæis*, who succeeded *Semiramis*? which makes me likewise not doubt but that they are mistaken too, who take *Amraphel* King of *Shinaar*, which is interpreted *Babylonia*, for the same with *Ninias*, since *Chedor-laomer* commanded over him; a fouler Error is theirs, who make *Arioch* King of *Ellasar* to be the King of *Pontus*, as *Aquila* and S. *Hierome* translate it; or as *Tostatus*, who would have it to be the *Hellespont.* *Stephan. de Urb.* places *Ellas* in *Cœlosyria*, others on the Borders of *Arabia*, and that this was the same with *Ellasar* has much more Appearance. But for my Part, I am confident that *Elam*, *Shinaar*, *Ellasar* and *Tidal*, were the Names of some Cities not far distant from *Sodom* and *Gomorra*, and their Kings such as the thirty three that *Joshua* drove out of *Canaan*; otherwise how could *Abraham* have defeated them (abating Miracles) with his own Family only? perhaps they were called of *Elam*, that is *Persia*, of *Shinaar*, that is *Babylonia*, of *Ellasar*, that is *Pontus*, or rather the other *Elias*, because they were *Colonies* brought from those Countries; which the fourth King's Title

Title, of *Tidal*, seems to confirm; that is, of *Nations*; Latin, *Gentium*; Symmach. Παμφυλίας. to wit, of a City compounded of the Conflux of People from several *Nations*. The Hebrew is *Goijm*, which *Vatablus*, not without Probability, takes for the proper Name of a *Town*.

29. That he might be consumed presently after with his whole People and Kingdom, by Fire from Heaven.

30. For *Fire* and *Brimstone* is nam'd in Scripture, as the Torment of *Hell*; for which Cause the Apostle *Jude*, *v.* 7. says that *Sodom* and *Gomorra* are set forth for an Example, πυρὸς αἰωνίου δίκην ὑπέχουσαι, suffering the Vengeance of Eternal Fire; So our *English*; the *Latin*, *Ignis æterni pœnam sustinentes*. But I wonder none have thought of interpreting Δίκην *adverbially*; for, *Instar habentes ignis æterni*, Suffering the Similitude of Eternal, that is, *Hell* Fire. So Δίκη is used *Arist de Mund.* χὴ ῥέουσι πολλαχοῦ ποταμῶν δίκαι, nay even Δίκη, the Subst. is taken sometimes in that sense, as *Homer*, *Ulyss.* ξ.

Ἡ γὰρ δμώων δίκη ἔπλετο.

For this is the *Manner* or Fashion of *Suitors*. It is not improbable, that this raining of Fire and Brimstone was nothing but extraordinary *Thunders* and *Lightnings*; for Thunder hath Sulphur in it, which (*Grotius* says) is therefore call'd Θεῖον, as it were, *Divine*, because it comes from above. Several prophane Authors make mention of this Destruction of *Sodom*; as *Tacitus*, *L.* 5. *Histor. Fulminum ictu arsisse*, &c. and by and by, *Igne cœlesti flagrasse*, &c.

31. The *Blindness* with which these Wretches were stricken, was not a total *Blindness* or *Privation* of their *Sight*, but either such a sudden Darkness in the Air as made them grope for the Door, or a sudden failing of the Sight, as when Men are ready to fall into a Trance; *Eblouissement*; or that which the Greeks term ἀορασία, when Men see other things, but not the thing they look for. For says S. *Augustine*, *De Civit. Dei Lib.* 22. *c.* 19. If they had been quite blind, they would not have sought for the Door to go into *Lot*'s House, but for Guides to conduct them back again to their own.

32. I describe her not after she was changed, but in the very Act or Moment of her changing, *Gen.* 19. 26. Our *English* says, she became a *Pillar* of *Salt*, following the Greek στήλη ἁλὸς. The *Latin* is, *Statua Salis*. Some call it *Cumulum*; others, *Columnam*. Sulpit. Sever. *Reflexit oculos, statimq; in molem conversa traditur*. It is pity *Josephus*, who says he saw the *Statue* himself, omitted the Description of it. Likely it is, that it retain'd her Form. So *Cyprian* in better Verse than is usual among the *Christian Poets*,

Stetit ipsa Sepulchrum,
Ipsaq; Imago sibi, formam sine corpore servans.

Some with much Subtlety, and some Probability, understand a *Pillar* of *Salt*, to signifie only an *Everlasting Pillar*, of what Matter soever, as *Numb.* 18. 19. A *Covenant* of *Salt*. But we may very well too understand it *Literally*; for there is a *Mineral Kind* of *Salt* which never melts, and serves for Building as well as Stone; of which *Pliny* speaks, *l.* 31. *c.* 7. besides, the Conversion into *Salt* is very proper there, where there is such abundance, mixt with *Sulphur*, and which Place God had, as it were,

sowed

sowed with Salt, in Token of Eternal Barrenness, of which this *Statue* was set up for a *Monument*. The *Targum* of *Jerusalem* is cited, to give this Reason why she look'd back; it says, she was a Woman of *Sodom*, and that made her impatient to see what became of her Friends and *Country*. The Moral of it is very perspicuous, but well express'd by S. *Augusti. Uxor Loth in Salem conversa magno admonuit Sacramento neminem in viâ liberationis suæ præterita desiderare debere.*

33. *Zippor* the Father of *Balac*, and first King of *Moab* mention'd in Scripture. Some Authors, I know, name one *Vaheb* before him, but *Zippor* is the more known, more authentical, and better sounding *Name*. Among the Ancients there was always some *Hæreditary Bowl* with which they made their *Libations* to the *Gods*, and entertain'd *Strangers*. Virg.

Hic Regina gravem gemmis auroq; popposcit
Implevitq; mero pateram, quâ Belus & omnes
A Belo soliti ——

And presently she begins to the *Gods*. So *Stat. l.* 1. *Theb.*

Signis perfectam auroq; nitentem
Lasides pateram famulos ex more popposcit;
Quâ Danaus libare Deis, seniorq; Phoroneus
Assueti ——

And then he adds the Stories engraven on the Bowl, which would not have been so proper for me in this Place, because of the *Pictures* before. *Sen. Thyest. Poculum infuso cape Gentile Baccho.* This *Libation* to the Gods at the beginning of all Feasts came from the natural Custom of paying the *First Fruits* of all things to the *Divinity* by whose Bounty they enjoy'd them.

34. This too was an ancient Custom that never fail'd at solemn Feasts, to have *Musick* there (and sometimes *Dancing* too) which *Homer* calls,

Ἀναθήματα δαιτὸς.

The *Appendixes*; or as *Heisich* interprets, κοσμήματα, the *Ornaments* of a *Feast*. And as for wise and honourable Persons, there was no time of their Life less lost, than that they spent at *Table*; for either they held then some profitable and delightful Discourses with Learned Men, or heard some remarkable Pieces of Authors (commonly *Poets*) read or repeated before them; or if they were Princes, had some eminent *Poet* (who was always then both a *Philosopher* and *Musician*) to entertain them with *Musick* and *Verses*, not upon slight or wanton, but the greatest and noblest Subjects. So does *Jopas* in *Virg.*

Cythará crinitus Iopas
Personat auratâ docuit quæ maximus Atlas
Hic canit errantem Lunam Solisq; labores, &c.

So does *Orpheus* in *Apollon.* 1. *Argonaut.*

Ἤιδεν δ' ὡς γαῖα καὶ οὐρανὸς ἠδὲ θάλασσα,
Τὸ πρὶν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι μιῇ συναρήρεθ' ἁρμονίῃ
Νείκεϊ δ' ἐξ ὁλόοιο διέκριθεν, &c.

So does *Demodocus* in *Homer*; though there the Subject, methinks, be not so well chosen.

35. See

35. See *Athen. L.* 1. *c.* 12. upon this Matter, where among other things he ſpeaks to this Senſe. The *Poets* were anciently a Race of *Wiſe Men*, both in Learning and Practice *Philoſophers*; and therefore *Agamemnon* (at his Expedition for *Troy*) leaves a *Poet* with *Clytemneſtra*, as a *Guardian* and *Inſtructer* to her, who by laying before her the Virtues of Women, might give her Impreſſions of Goodneſs and Honour, and by the Delightfulneſs of his Converſation, divert her from worſe Pleaſures. So *Ægyſtheus* was not able to corrupt her 'till he had kill'd her *Poet*. Such a one was he too who was forced to ſing before *Penelope's Lovers*, though he had them in Deteſtation. And generally all *Poets* were then had in eſpecial Reverence. *Demodocus* among the *Phæacians*, ſings the Adultery of *Mars* and *Venus*, not for the approving of the like Actions, but to divert that voluptuous People from ſuch unlawful Appetites, *&c.* The old *Scholiaſt* upon *Homer*, ſays, 3. *Odyſſ.*

Τὸ ἀρχαῖον ὅτι Ἀοιδοὶ φιλοσόφων τάξιν ἐπεῖχον.

Anciently *Poets* held the Place of *Philoſophers*. See *Quintil. l.* 1. *c.* 10. *Strab. l.* 1. *Geogr.* &c.

36. By drawing up Vapours from them, with which the Ancients believ'd that the *Stars* were nouriſh'd. *Virg.*

Polus dum ſidera Paſcit.

37. This was an ancient Faſhion among the Heathens, not unlike to our ringing of *Bells* in *Thunder*. *Juvenal* ſays of a loud ſcolding Woman that ſhe alone was able to relieve the *Moon* out of an *Eclipſe*.

Sola laboranti poterat ſuccurrere Lunæ.

This Superſtition took the Original from an Opinion, that *Witches* by muttering ſome Charms in Verſe, caus'd the *Eclipſes* of the *Moon*, which they conceiv'd to be when the *Moon* (that is, the *Goddeſs* of it) was brought down from her *Sphere* by the Virtue of thoſe Enchantments; and therefore they made a great Noiſe by the beating of Braſs, ſounding of Trumpets, whooping and hollowing, and the like, to drown the Witches Murmurs, that the *Moon* might not hear them, and ſo to render them ineffectual. *Ovid.*

Te quoq; Luna traho, quamvis Temeſina labores
Æra tuos minuant. ——

Tib. *Cantus & è curru Lunam diducere tentat,*
Et faceret, ſi non æra repulſa ſonent.

Stat. 6. Theb. —— *Attonitis quoties avellitur aſtris*
Solis opaca ſoror, procul auxiliantia gentes
Æra crepant.

Sen. in Hippol. *Et nuper rubuit, nullaq; lucidis*
Nubes ſordidior vultibus obſtitit.
At nos ſolliciti lumine turbido
Tractam Theſſalicis carminibus rati
Tinnitus dedimus.

38. The World has had this hard Opinion of *Comets* from all Ages, and not only the *vulgar*, who never ſtay for a *Cauſe* to believe any thing, but even the *Learned*, who can find no Reaſon for it, though they ſearch it,

and

and yet follow the vulgar Belief. *Ariſtotle* ſays, *Comets* naturally produce *Droughts* by the Extraction of Vapours from the Earth to generate and feed them; and Droughts more certainly produce Sickneſſes: But his Authority cannot be great concerning the Effects of *Comets*, who ſuppoſes them to be all *Sublunary*. And truly there is no way to defend this *Prediction* of *Comets*, but by making it, as *God* ſpeaks of the *Rainbow*, Gen. 9. the ſupernatural Token of a *Covenant* between *God* and *Man*; for which we have no Authority, and therefore might do well to have no Fear. However the Ancients had,

Luc. *Terris mutantem regna Cometem.*
Claud. *Et nunquam cœlo ſpectatum impunè Cometem.*
Sil. Ital. *Regnorum everſor rubuit lathale Cometes,*

39. For *Thunder* is an Exhalation hot and dry ſhut up in a cold and moiſt Cloud, out of which ſtriving to get forth, it kindles it ſelf by the Agitation, and then violently breaks it.

40. *Lambent* Fire is, a thin unctuous Exhalation made out of the Spirits of Animals, kindled by Motion, and burning without conſuming any thing but it ſelf. Call'd *Lambent*, from *Licking* over, as it were, the Place it touches. It was counted a *Good Omen*, *Virg.* deſcribes the whole Nature of it excellently in three Verſes, *Æn.* 2.

Ecce levis ſummo de vertice viſus Iüli
Fundere lumen apex, tactuq; innoxia molli
Lambere flamma comas & circum tempora paſci.

41. *Fleecy Snow*, Pſal. 147. *He giveth Snow like Wool.* *Pliny* calls *Snow* ingeniouſly for a *Poet*, but defines it ill for a *Philoſopher*. The *Foam* of *Clouds* when they hit one another. *Ariſtotle* defines it truly and ſhortly *Snow* is a *Cloud congeal'd*, and *Hail congeal'd Rain*.

42. Gen. 49. 9. *Judah is a Lyon's whelp; from the prey my Son thou art gone up, he ſtooped down, he couched as a Lyon, and as an old Lyon, who ſhall rouſe him up?*

43. 1. Sam. 17. 4. *And there went out a Champion out of the camp of the Philiſtines, named Goliah*, &c. wherein we follow the Septuagint, who render it, Δυνάϛης, a *Strong man*: But the Latine *Tranſlation* hath, *Et egreſſus eſt vir ſpurius*, a *Baſtard*. *Grotius* notes, that the *Hebrews* call'd the *Gyants* ſo; becauſe being Contemners of all Laws, they liv'd without Matrimony, and conſequently their Fathers were not known. It is probable he might be call'd ſo, as being of the Race of the *Anakims* (the Remainders of which ſeated themſelves in *Gath*) by the *Father*, and a *Gathite* by the *Mother*.

44. See *Turnus* his Shields, 7. Æn. and *Æneas* his, 8. Æn. with the Stories engraven on them.

45. For *Baal* is no other than *Jupiter*. *Baalſemen Jupiter Olympius*. But I like not in an *Hebrew* Story to uſe the *Europæan* Names of Gods. This *Baal* and *Jupiter* too of the *Græcians*, was at firſt taken for the *Sun*, which raiſing Vapours out of the Earth, out of which the *Thunder* is engendred, may well be denominated the *Thunderer*, Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης. and *Juvans Pater* fits with no God ſo much as the *Sun*. So *Plato* in *Phæd.* interprets *Jupiter*; and *Heliogabalus* is no more but *Jupiter-Sol*

The

The Fable of the *Gyants* Fight with *Gods*, was not invented by the *Grecians*, but came from the Eastern People, and arose from the true Story of the building of the Tower of *Babel*.

46. This perhaps will be accus'd by some severe Men for too swelling an *Hyperbole*; and I should not have endur'd it my self, if it had not been mitigated with the Word *Methought*; for in a great Apprehension of Fear, there is no extraordinary or extravagant Species that the Imagination is not capable of forming. Sure I am, that many Sayings of this kind, even without such Excuse or Qualification, will be found not only in *Lucan* or *Statius*, but in the most judicious and divine *Poet* himself. He calls tall young Men,

Patriis & montibus æquos.

Equal to the Mountains of their Country.

He says of *Polyphemus*,

——*Graditurq; per æquor*
Jam medium, nec dum fluctus latera ardua tingit.

That walking in the midst of the Sea, the Waves do not wet his Sides. Of *Orion*,

——*Quam magnus Orion*
Cum pedes incedit medii per maxima Nerei
Stagna viam scindens humero supereminet undas.
Aut summis referens annosam montibus ornum,
Ingredituq; solo, & caput inter nubila condit.

And in such manner (says he) *Mezentius* presented himself. He says of another, that he flung no small Part of a Mountain,

Haud partem exiguam Montis.

Of which *Seneca*, though he adds to the Greatness, he does not impudently recede from Truth. One place in him occurs; for which *Sen.* 1. *Suasor.* makes that Defence which will serve better for me,

——*Credas innare revulsas*
Cycladas, aut montes concurrere montibus altos.

That is, speaking of great Ships, but yet such as would seem very little ones, if they were near the *Soveraign*; you would think the *Cyclades* loosen'd from their Roots were floating, or that high *Mountains* encounter'd one another. *Non dicit hoc fieri, sed videri; propitiis auribus auditur quicquid incredibile est, quod excusatur antequam dicitur.* He does not say it *Is*, but *Seems* to be (for so he understands *Credas*) and any thing, though never so improbable, is favourably heard, if it be excus'd before it be spoken. Which will serve to answer for some other places in this Poem; as,

Th' Egyptian *like an Hill himself did rear;*
Like some tall Tree upon it seem'd his Spear.

Like an Hill, is much more modest than *Montibus æquus*.

47. Because *Gold* is more proper for the Ornaments of *Peace* than *War*.

48. Sen. in Thyest. *Jejuna silvis qualis in Gangeticis Inter juvencos Tygris erravit duos, Utriusq; præda cupida, quo primos ferat Incerta morsus, flectit hùc rictus suos, Illo reflectit, & famem dubiam tenet.* And the *Spots* of a *Tygre* appear more plainly when it is anger'd.

Stat.

Stat. 2. Theb. *Qualis ubi audito venantum murmure Tygris*
Horruit in Maculas, &c.——

Nay *Virgil* attributes the same Marks of Passion to *Dido*,

Sanguineam volvens aciem, Maculisq; trementes
Interfusa genas.——

49. See the like Conditions of a publick Duel in *Homer*, between *Paris* and *Menelaus*; in *Virgil*, between *Turnus* and *Æneas*; in *Livy*, between the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*.

50. The *Egyptian-Goliah*; *i.* The *Egyptian-Gyant*, whom he slew only with his *Staff*, and therefore at the sight of it might well be asham'd, that he durst not now encounter with *Goliah*. This is that Shame which *Virgil* calls *Conscia Virtus*.

51. They were 33. but *Poetry* instead of the broken Number, chuses the next intire one, whether it be more or less than the Truth.

52. It appears by this, that *David* was about twenty Years old (at least) when he slew *Goliah*; for else how can we imagine that the *Armour* and Arms of *Saul* (who was the tallest Man in *Israel*) should fit him? Neither does he complain that they were too big or heavy for him, but that he was not accustom'd to the use of them; besides he handled dextrously the Sword of *Goliah*, and not long after said, *There is none like it*. Therefore though *Goliah* calls him *Boy* and *Child*, I make *Saul* term him *Youth*.

53. For the Men who are so proud and confident of their own Strength, make that a *God* to themselves, as the human Politicians are said in the Scripture to *Sacrifice* to their own *Nets*, that is, their own *Wit*. *Virg.* of *Mezent*.

Dextra mihi Deus, & Telum quod missile libro.

And *Capaneus* is of the same Mind in *Statius*;

Illic Augur ego, & mecum quicunq; parati
Insanire manu——

54. The *Poets* made always the *Winds* either to disperse the Prayers that were not to succeed, or to carry those that were. *Virg.*

Audiit, & voti Phœbus succedere partem
Mente dedit, partem volucres dispersit in auras.

Ovid. de Trist.

Terribiliq; Notus jactat mea verba, precesque;
Ad quos mittuntur non finit ire Deos.

Virg. *Partem aliquam venti Divûm referatis ad aures*, &c.

55. *i.* To another *Angel*.

56. 1 Sam. 18. 4. *And Jonathan stript himself of the Robe that was upon him, and gave it to David, and his Garments, even to his Sword, and to his Bow, and to his Girdle.* Some understand this Gift *exclusively*, as to the *Sword*, *Bow*, and *Girdle*, believing those three to be the proper Marks of a Soldier, or *Knight*; and therefore not to be parted with. But therefore, I say, to be parted with upon this Occasion, *Girdle* was perhaps a Mark of Military Honour; for *Joab* promises to him that would kill *Absalom*, ten Shekels of Silver, and a *Girdle*, 2 *Sam.* 18. 12. But it was besides that, a necessary Part of every Man's Dress, when they did any Work,

Work, or went abroad, their under *Robe* being very long and troublesome, if not bound up. If the *Sword*, *Bow* and *Girdle* had not been given; it could not have been said, *And his Garments*; for nothing would have been given but the outward *Robe* or *Mantle*, which was a loose Garment not exactly fitted to their Bodies (for the Profession of Tailors was not so ancient, but Cloaths were made by the Wives, Mothers and Servants even of the greatest Persons) and so might serve for any Size or Stature.

57. 1 *Sam.* 18. 20. *Septuagint.* Καὶ ἠγάπησε Μιχὸλ ἡ θυγάτηρ Σαοὺλ τὸν Δαβίδ, which our *English* Translation follows, but the *Latin* Translations vary; for some have, *Dilexit autem Michol filia Saul altera David. Michol, Saul's Daughter, loved David.* And others, *Dilexit autem David Michol filiam Saul alteram. David loved Michol, Saul's Daughter.* To reconcile which, I make them both love one another.

58. The *Husband* at the *Contract* gave his *Espous'd* certain *Gifts*, as Pledges of the *Contract*. Thus *Abraham*'s Steward, in the Name of *Isaac*, gave to *Rebecca* Jewels of Silver, and of Gold, and Raiment, *Gen.* 24. 53. which Custom the *Greeks* too us'd, and call'd the Presents Ἕδνα. But at the Day of the Marriage he gave her a *Bill* of *Jointure* or *Dowre*.

59. *Josephus* says, *Saul* demanded so many *Heads* of the *Philistines*, which Word he uses instead of *Fore-skins* to avoid the Raillery of the *Romans*. *Heads*, I confess, had been a better Word for my turn too, but *Fore-skins* will serve, and sounds more properly for a *Jewish Story*. Besides the other varies too much from the *Text*; and many believe that *Saul* requir'd *Fore-skins*, and not *Heads*, that *David* might not deceive him with the Heads of *Hebrews*, instead of *Philistines*.

60. If it might have been allow'd *David* to carry with him as many Soldiers as he pleas'd, and so make an Inroad into the *Philistines* Country, and kill any hundred Men he could meet with, this had been a small *Dowre* for a Princess, and would not have expos'd *David* to that Hazard for which *Saul* chose this manner of *Jointure*. I therefore believe, that he was to kill them all with his own Hands.

61. As *Heavy Bodies* are said to move swifter, the nearer they approach to the *Centre*. Which some deny, and others give a Reason for it from the *Medium* through which they pass, that still presses them more and more; but the natural *Sympathetical* attractive Power of the *Centre* is much receiv'd, and is consonant to many other Experiments in Nature.

62. *Scandals* in the Sense of the *New Testament*, are *Stumbling-blocks*, λίθοι προσκόμματος, Stops in a Man's Way, at which he may fall, however they retard his Course.

63. *Jansenius*, in his Explication of the *Parable* of the *Virgins*, thinks it was the Custom for the *Bridegroom* to go to the *Bride*'s House, and that the Virgins came out from thence to meet him. For in that *Parable* there is no mention (in the *Greek*, though there be in the *Latin*) of meeting any but the *Bridegroom*.

Others think that *Nuptials* were celebrated neither in the *Bride's* nor *Bridegroom*'s House, but in publick Houses in the Country near the City, built on purpose for those Solemnities, which they collect out of the Circumstances of the *Marriage*, 1 *Maccab.* 9. 37. *Hos.* 2. 14. and *Cant.* 8. 5, &c. Whatever the ordinary Custom was, I am sure the Ancients in

great

great Solemnities were wont to set up Tents on purpose in the Fields for Celebration of them. See the Description of that wonderful one of *Ptolomæus Philadelphus in Athen. l. 5. c. 6.* and perhaps *Psal. 19. 4, 5.* alludes to this. He hath set a *Tabernacle* for the *Sun*, which is as a *Bridegroom* coming out of his *Chamber*.

64. Habits of divers Colours were much in fashion among the *Hebrews*. See *Judges 5. 30. Ezek. 16. 10. & 26. 16.* Such was *Joseph's* Coat, *Gen. 37. 3.* Septuagint χιτὼν ποικίλη; as *Homer* calls *Peplum Minervæ*, *vestes Polymitæ*.

65. It appears by several Places in Scripture, that *Garlands* too were in great use among the *Jews* at their Feasts, and especially *Nuptials*, Isa. 61. 10. The *Latin* reads, like a *Bridegroom* crown'd with *Garlands*, *Wis. 2. 8. Ezek. 16 12. Lam. 5. 15. Eccles. 32. 1*, &c.

66. I take the Number of *thirty Maids*, and *thirty young Men* from the Story of *Sampson's* Marriage-feast, *Judg. 14. 11.* where *thirty Companions* were sent to him, whom I conceive to have been, οἱ τῆς νυμφίε, *Children of the Bridegroom*, as they are called by St. *Matthew*.

67. *Qualis ubi Oceani perfusus Lucifer undâ,*
Quem Venus ante alios astrorum diligit ignes,
Extulit os sacrum cœlo, tenebrasque resolvit. Virg.

Which Verses *Scaliger* says, are sweeter than *Ambrosia*. *Homer* led him the Way.

Ἀστὴρ ὀπωπεύων ἐναλίγκιον, ὅστε μάλιστα
Λαμπρὸν παμφαίνησι λελουμένος Ὠκεάνοιο. And,

Οἵη δ' ἀστὴρ εἶσι μετ' ἀρτέμσι νυκτὸς ἀμολγῷ
Ἕσπερος, ὃς κάλλιστος ἐν οὐρανῷ ἵσταται ἀστήρ.

68. The *Bride* also brought a *Dowre* to her *Husband*. *Raguel* gave with his Daughter *Sara* half his Goods, Servants, Cattle and Mony, *Tob. 10. 10.* See *Exod. 22. 17*, &c.

69. The *Marriage-Song* was call'd *Hillalim*, *Praises*, and the House it self *Beth-hillula*, the *House of Praise*, Psalm 78. 63. Their Maidens were not given to Marriage; the *Chald.* Paraphras. reads, Are not celebrated, with *Epithalamiums*. So *Arias* too, and *Aquila*, οὐχ ὑμνήθης.

70. See *Gen. 29. 22. Tob. c. 7. Esth. 2. 18. Luke 14. 1. Judg. 14. 17. Apoc. 19. 9.*

71. The Custom seems to have been for the *Bridegroom* to carry home the *Bride* to his House, 2 *King. 11. 27. Judg. 12. 9. Gen. 24. 67. Cant. 3. 4.* But because *Michol* was a Princess, and *David* not likely to have any *Palace* of his own at that time, I chose rather to bring them to one of the *King's Houses* assign'd to them by the *Dowre*.

72. The *Bride*, when she was deliver'd up to her Husband, was wont to cover her self with a *Vail* (called *Radid* from *Radad*, to bear Rule) in token of her Subjection, *Gen. 24. 65*, &c.

73. See the *Parable* of the *Virgins*, Mat. *25.*

74. The Time of the *Marriage-feast* appears plainly to have been usually *seven Days*. See *Judg. 14. 10.* and *29. 27. Fulfil her Week*, &c. It was a Proverb among the *Jews*, *Septem dies ad convivium, & Septem ad Luctum.*

NOTES upon the FOURTH BOOK.

1. THAT is, He bow'd thrice towards the *Sun it self* (which Worſhip is moſt notorious to have been uſed all over the Eaſt) and thrice towards the chief *Temple* and *Image* of the *Sun* ſtanding upon the Hill *Phegor*. For I have before declared that *Baal* was the *Sun*, and *Baal Peor*, a Sirname, from a particular Place of his Worſhip. To which I meet with the Oppoſition of a great Perſon, even our *Selden*, who takes *Baal Peor* to be *Stygian Jupiter*, or *Pluto* (*De D. Syris Synt. j. c. 5.*) building it upon the Authority of the 105th (according to our *Engliſh* Tranſlation the 106th) Pſal. v. 20. *They joined themſelves to Baal-Peor, and eat the Sacrifices of the Dead*; which Sacrifices he underſtands to be *Juſta*, or *Inferias, Offerings* in Memory of the *Dead*. *Novendiales ferias*. But why by the Name of the *Dead* may not *Idols* be meant? The Sacrifices of *Idols*? it being uſual for the *Jews* to give Names of Reproach and Contempt to the Heathen *Gods*. As this very *Baal Peor* they called *Chemos*, Jer. 48. 7. and 13, *&c.* that is *Blindneſs*, in Contradiction to his *Idolaters*, who call'd him the *Eye* of the World? Or perhaps they are call'd Sacrifices of the *Dead*, in regard of the Immolation of Men to him; for *Baal* is the ſame *Deity* with *Moloch* of the *Ammonites*, and had ſometimes, tho' not ſo conſtantly, human *Sacrifices*. However theſe Verſes will agree as well with Mr. *Selden*'s Interpretation; for then the Senſe of them will be, that he bow'd firſt to the *Sun*, and next to *Baal*, another Deity of that Country.

2. *Zerith*, a Place in *Moab* near the River *Arnon*.

3. *White Horſes* were moſt in Eſteem among the Ancients; ſuch were thoſe conſecrated to the *Sun*. *Herodian* calls them Διὸς ἵπποι, *Jupiter*'s *Horſes*, which is the ſame. This was the Reaſon that *Camillus* contracted ſo much Envy for riding in Triumph with *white Horſes*, as a thing *inſolent* and *prophane*, *Maximè conſpectus ipſe eſt, curru equis albis juncto urbem invectus, parumq; id non civile modò ſed humanum etiam viſum, Jovis Soliſq; equis æquiparatum Dictatorem in Religionem etiam trahebant*. Liv.

Horace, *Barros ut equis præcurreret albis.*

Ovid. de Art. Am.

Quatuor in niveis aureus ibis equis.

Virg. 12. *Jungit equos, gaudétq; tuens ante ora frementes*
Qui candore Nives anteirent curſibus auras.

In which he imitates *Homer*,

Λευκότεροι χιόνος, θείῃ δ' ἀνέμοισιν ὁμοῖοι.

4. *Their Side*. Scal. l. 5. Poet. ſays, that none but *Apollo* and *Diana* wore their Quivers upon their *Shoulders*; others, by their *Sides*; which he collects out of ſome Places in *Virg.* 1. *Æn.* of *Diana*,

——Illa pharetram
Fert humero, gradienſq; Deas ſupereminet omnes.

Æn. 4.

Æn. 4. of *Apollo*, *Tela ſonant humeris.*

But of a *Carthaginian Virgin*, *Succinctam pharetrâ*——

Yet I am afraid the Obſervation is not ſolid; for *Æn.* 5. ſpeaking of the Troop of *Aſcanius* and the Boys, he hath,

Pars leves humero pharetras.

However *Side* is a ſafe Word.

5. Θεοειδελ☉, Like a God, is a frequent *Epithete* in *Homer* for a beautiful Perſon.

6. *Nebo* was a Part of the Mountain *Abarim* in the Land of *Moab*; but not only that Hill, but the Country about, and a City, was call'd ſo too, *Jer.* 48. 1. *Deut.* 32. 49.

7. 1 Sam. 9. 21. *And Saul anſwered and ſaid, Am not I a Benjamite, of the ſmalleſt of the Tribes of Iſrael; and my Family the leaſt of all the Families of the Tribe of Benjamin? Wherefore then ſpeakeſt thou ſo to me?*

8. Joſh. 41. 4. *From the Wilderneſs and this Lebanon, even unto the great River, the River Euphrates, all the Land of the Hittites, and unto the great Sea, towards the going down of the Sun, ſhall be your Coaſt.* This was fulfilled all ways but Eaſtward, for their Dominion never reach'd to *Euphrates*; and it was but juſt fulfilled to the Letter, Weſtward, for they had very little upon the *Mediterranean*, or *Weſtern Main*. Their own Sins were the Cauſe, which made God preſerve for Thorns in their Sides thoſe Nations, which he had conditionally promis'd to root out. It is true, they went Eaſtward beyond *Jordan*, but that was not much; and therefore, like an odd Number in Accounts (as preſently, where I ſay but *thirty Kings*) may be left out. *Jordan* is the moſt noble and notorious *Boundary*.

9. For all the Wickedneſſes and Diſorders that we read of during the time of the Judges, are attributed in Scripture to the want of a *King*. *And in thoſe Days there was no King in Iſrael.*

10. For it was the Tribe of *Benjamin* that was almoſt extirpated, from whence *Saul* the firſt King deſcended. *David* ſays, *Kings*, as ſeeming to ſuppoſe that *Saul*'s *Sons* were to ſucceed him.

11. In *Eli*, who deſcended from *Ithamar*, the youngeſt Son of *Aaron*, 'till which time the High-Prieſthood had continued in *Eleazar*, the elder Brother's Race. This was the Succeſſion, *Aaron*, *Eleazar*, *Phineas*, *Abiſua*, *Bukki*, *Uzzi*, and then *Eli* of the younger Houſe came in. In which it continu'd 'till *Solomon*'s time.

12. The *Scepter* is not appropriated to *Kings*, but to the *Supreme Magiſtrates*, as in the famous Prophecy, *Gen.* 49. 10. *The Scepter ſhall not depart from Judah, nor a Law-giver from between his Feet, 'till Shilo come.*

13. There is nothing in the whole Scripture that admits of more ſeveral Opinions than the time of *Saul*'s and *Samuel*'s Reign. This I will take in the firſt place for granted, that the forty Years aſſigned by St. *Paul* (Acts 13. 20.) to *Saul*, are to include *Samuel*'s *Judicature*; for elſe there would be found more than 480 Years from the Departure out of *Egypt* to the building of *Solomon*'s *Temple*, neither could *Saul* be a young Man when he was *elected*; beſides, *David* would not have been born at the time when he is ſaid to ſlay *Goliah*. We are therefore to ſeek how to divide

those forty Years betwen *Samuel* and *Saul*. *Josephus* gives *Saul* thirty eight Years, eighteen with *Samuel*, and twenty after his Death. Most *Chronologers* (says *Sulpit. Severus*) thirty. *Ruffin.* and divers others twenty, to wit, eighteen with *Samuel*, and two after. None of which can be true; for the Ark was carried to *Cariath-jearim* before *Saul*'s Reign, and at the end of twenty Years was removed from thence by *David* to *Jerusalem*; wherefore *Salianus* allows *Saul* eighteen Years, *Calvisius* fifteen, *Petavius* twelve, some eleven, *Bucolcer* ten. Others make *Saul* to have reigned but two Years, and these considerable Authors, as *Arias Montan. Mercator, Adricom* &c. grounding it upon a Text of Scripture, 1 *Sam.* 13. 1. *Filius unius anni erat Saul, cùm regnare cœpisset, & duobus annis regnavit super Israel*; which others understand to be three Years, to wit, two after the first. *Sulpit. Sever.* indefinitely, *parvo admodum spatio tenuit imperium*; which Opinion seems to me extremely improbable. 1. Because we cannot well croud all *Saul*'s Actions into so small a time. 2. Because *David* must then have been about twenty nine Years old when he slew *Goliah*; for he began to reign at *Hebron* at thirty. 3. Because it is hard, if that be true, to make up the twenty Years that the Ark abode at *Cariath-jearim*. 4. The Text whereon this is built, doth not import it; for it signifies no more, than that he had reigned one Year before his Confirmation at *Gilgal*, and two when he chose himself *Guards*. Our Translation hath, *Saul reigned one Year; and when he had reigned two Years over Israel, he chose him* 3000 *Men*, &c. To determine punctually how long he reigned, is impossible; but I should guess about *ten Years*, which his Actions will well require, and *David* will be a little above twenty Years old (a fit Age) when he defeated the *Giant*, and the twenty Years of the Ark's abiding at *Cariath-jearim* will be handsomely made up, to wit, three Years before *Saul*'s anointing, and ten during his Government, and seven whilst *David* was *King* at *Hebron*. So that of the forty assigned by the *Apostle* to *Samuel* and *Saul*, there will remain thirty Years for the Government of *Samuel*.

14. For first, the *Israelites* knew they were to be govern'd at last by *Kings*. And secondly, they desired it by reason of the great Disorders and Afflictions which they suffered for want of it; and it is plain, that this is not the first time that they thought of this Remedy; for they would have chosen *Gideon* King, and annexed the Crown to his Race, and did after actually chuse *Abimelech*.

15. See *Moses* his Prophecy of it, *Deut.* 17. 14. and to *Abraham God* himself says, *Gen* 17. 6. *And Kings shall come out of thee.*

16. It is a vile Opinion of those Men, and might be punished without *Tyranny*, if they teach it, who hold, that the *Right* of *King* is set down by *Samuel* in this Place. Neither did the People of *Israel* ever allow, or the *Kings* avow the Assumption of such a Power, as appears by the Story of *Ahab* and *Naboth*. Some indeed did exercise it, but that is no more a Proof of the *Right*, than their *Practice* was of the *Lawfulness* of *Idolatry*. When *Cambyses* had a mind to marry his *Sister*, he advised with the *Magi*, whether the *Laws* did allow it; who answered, that they knew of no *Law* that did allow it, but that there was a *Law* which allowed the King of *Persia* to do what he would. If this had been the case of the Kings of *Israel*, to what purpose were they enjoin'd so strictly the perpetual reading,

perusing,

perusing, and observing of the Law (*Deut.* 17.) if they had another *particular Law* that exempted them from being bound to it?

17. The *Tetragrammaton*, which was held in such Reverence among the *Jews*, that it was unlawful to pronounce it. It was called therefore ἀνεκφώνητον, *Unutterable*. For it they read *Adonai*; the Reason of the peculiar *Sanctity* of this *Name*, is, because other Names of God were appliable to other things, as *Elohim*, to Princes; but this Name *Jehovah*, or *Jave*, or *Jai* (for it is now grown *unutterable*, in that no body knows how to pronounce it) was not participated to any other thing. Wherefore *God* says, *Exod.* 3. 16. *This is my Name for ever, and this is my Memorial to all Generations.* And *Exod.* 6. 3. *But by my Name Jehovah was I not known unto them.* *Josephus* calls this *Tetragrammaton*, Τὰ ἱερὰ γράμματα, the *sacred Letters*; and, Προσηγορίαν περὶ ἧς οὐ μοι θέμις εἰπεῖν, A Name of which it is not *lawful* for me to speak; and again, Τὸ φρικτὸν ὄνομα τοῦ Θεοῦ, The *Dreadful Name* of *God*. Stat.

Triplicis mundi summum, quem Scire Nefastum est.

Whose Name it is not lawful to know.

And *Philo* relating how *Caligula* used him and his Fellow-*Ambassadors* from the *Jews*. You (said *Caligula* to them) are *Enemies* to the *Gods*, and will not acknowledge *me* to be *one*, who am received for such by all the rest of the World: But by the God that you dare not name (τὸν ἀκατανόμαστον ὑμῖν) and then lifting up his Hands to Heav'n, he spoke out the *Word*, which it is not *lawful* so much as to *hear*, &c. And the *Heathens* had something like this Custom; for the *Romans* kept secret the Name of the *Tutelar God of their City*; lest the Enemies, if they knew how to call him right, might by Charms draw him away. And in their solemn *Evocation* of *Gods* from the Cities which they besieged, for fear lest they should mistake the *Deity's proper Name*, they added always, *Sive quo alio nomine voceris.*

18. The *Tabernacle*, Exod. 39. 9. *And thou shalt take the anointing Oil, and anoint the Tabernacle, and all that is therein; and shalt hallow it, and the Vessels therein; and it shall be holy.*

19. The *Bells* upon the High-Priests Garments, *Exod.* 38. 25.

20. There want not Authors, and those no slight ones, who maintain that *Samuel* was High-Priest as well as *Judge*; as St. *Augustine*, and *Sulpit. Severus*, who says, *Admodum senex sacerdotio functus refertur.* And some make him to have succeeded *Eli*, others *Achitob*. But there is a manifest Error, for he was not so much as a *Priest*, but only a *Levite*; of the Race of *Isahar*, the younger Brother of *Amram* from whom *Aaron* came, and all the Succession of *Priests*, 1 *Chron.* 6. It will be therefore ask'd, Why I make him here perform the Office of the *High-Priest*, and dress him in the *Pontifical Habits*? For the first, it is plain by the Story that he did often do the Duty of the *High-Priest*, as here, and when *Saul* was appointed to stay for his coming to celebrate the *Sacrifice*, &c. For the latter, I know not why he might not as well wear the *Habit*, as exercise the *Function*; nay, I believe the Function could not be well exercised without the Habit. I say therefore with *Petavius*, *L.* 10. *de Doctr. Tempor.* That he was constituted of God, *High-Priest Extraordinary*, and look'd upon as such by reason of the extraordinary visible Marks of *Sanctity*, *Prophecy*, and

Miracles, without which singular Testimonies from God we know that in latter Times there were often two at once, who did execute the *High-Priests Office*, as *Annas* and *Caiphas*.

21. *Well cut Diadem*: i. The Plate of pure Gold ty'd upon the Mitre, on which was engraven, *Holiness to the Lord*, Exod. 28. 36. and Exod. 39.

22. This *Breast-Plate* is called by the *Septuagint*, τὸ λογεῖον τῆς κρίσεως, The *Oracle* of *Judgments*: Because whensoever the *High-Priest* consulted God, he was to have it upon his Breast. The Description of it, and the Stones in it, see *Exod.* 28. 15. These *Stones* so engraven, and disposed as God appointed, I conceive to be the *Urim* and *Thummim* mention'd Verse 30. the *Doctrina & Veritas*, as the *Latin*; the φωτισμοὶ καὶ τελειώσεις, *Light and Perfection*, as *Aquila*; the ἀλήθεια καὶ δήλωσις, *Truth* and *Demonstration*, as the *septuagint*: All which signifie no more than *Truth* and *Manifestation*, or, the *Manifestation of Truth by those Stones*; which some say, was by the shining of those particular *Letters* in the *Names* of the *Tribes*, that made up some Words or Word to answer the Question propounded. Others, that when the Stones shone very brightly, it imply'd an *Affirmative* to the Question; and when they look'd dimly and cloudily, a *Negative*. But when the Demands required a prolix or various Answer, that was either given by *Illumination* of the *High-Priest*'s Understanding, making him speak as Gods Organ or *Oracle* (as the *Devil* is believed to have inspired *Sybils* and *Pythian Priests*) or by an audible Voice from within the *Sanctum Sanctorum*; which latter way I take here, as most proper for *Poetry*.

23. The *Tabernacle* is called a *Temple*, 1 *Sam.* 19. 2 *Sam.* 22. 7. *Psal.* 18. 3. *Josephus* terms it ναὸν μεταφερόμενον, *A Moveable Temple*—— *The Temple's bright third Heav'n*—— The Tabernacle being God's Seat upon Earth, was made to *Figure* out the Heav'ns, which is more properly his Habitation; and was therefore divided into three Parts, to signifie the same Division of the Heav'ns in Scripture Phrase. The first was the Court of the Tabernacle, where the Sacrifices were slain and consumed by Fire, to represent the whole Space from the Earth up to the Moon (which is called very frequently *Heav'n* in the *Bible*) where all things are subject to Corruption. The second was the *Sanctum*, the *Holy Place*, wherein stood the Altar of *Incense*, to represent all that Space above which is possess'd by the *Stars*. The third was the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, the *Holiest Place*, to represent the third Heav'n (spoken of by St. *Paul*) which is the Dwelling-Place of God, and his *Cherubins* or *Angels*. Neither did the Colours of the Curtains allude to any thing but this Similitude betwixt the *Tabernacle* and *Heav'n*.

24. In all Times and in all Countries it hath been counted a certain Sign of the Displeasure of the Deity to whom they sacrific'd, if the Fire upon the Altar burnt not clear and chearfully. *Seneca in Thyest.*

Et ipse fumus tristis ac nebulâ gravis
Non rectus exit, seq; in excelsum levans
Ipsos Penates nube deformi obsidet.

And a little after,

Vix lucet ignis, &c.

25. Ac-

25. According to the old ſenſeleſs Opinion, that the Heav'ns were divided into ſeveral *Orbs* or *Spheres*, and that a particular *Intelligence* or *Angel* was aſſign'd to each of them, to turn it round (like a *Mill-horſe*, as *Scaliger* ſays) to all Eternity.

26. How came it to paſs that *Samuel* would make a ſolemn Sacrifice in a Place where the *Tabernacle* was not, which is forbid? *Deut.* 12. 8. *Grotius* anſwers, firſt, That by reaſon of the ſeveral Removes of the Tabernacle in thoſe Times, Men were allowed to ſacrifice in ſeveral Places. Secondly, That the Authority of an extraordinary *Prophet* was above that of the *Ceremonial Law*. It is not ſaid in the Text, that it was *Samuel*'s *Birth-Day*; but that is an innocent Addition, and was proper enough for *Rama*, which was the Town of *Samuel*'s uſual Reſidence.

27. A choice Part of the Meat (for we hear nothing of ſeveral *Courſes*) namely, the *Shoulder*. The *Left Shoulder* (*Grotius* obſerves) for the *Right* belonged to the *Prieſt*. Levit. 7. 32. This *Joſephus* terms μερίδα Βασιλικὴν, The *Princely Portion*. The Men over ſubtle in *Alluſions*, think this Part was choſen to ſignifie the *Burden* that was then to be laid upon his Shoulders. So *Menochius*, as *Philo* ſays that *Joſeph* ſent a Part of the *Breaſt* to *Benjamin*, to intimate his *hearty* Affection. Theſe are pitiful little things, but the Ancients did not deſpiſe ſometimes as odd *Alluſions*.

In old time, even at Feaſts, Men did not eat of Diſhes in common amongſt them, but every one had his *Portion* apart; which *Plut.* calls Ὁμηρικὰ δεῖπνα, and Ὁμηρικὰς δαῖτας, *Homerique Feaſts*; becauſe *Homer* makes always his *Heroes* to eat ſo, with whom the better Men had always the moſt Commons. *Ajax*, νώτοισι διηνεκέεσσι γεγαίρεται, hath a *Chine of Beef*, *Perpetui tergum bovis*. And *Diomedes* hath both more Meat and more Cups of Drink ſet before him; of which ſee *Athen. l.* 1. *c.* 11. who ſays likewiſe, that Δαῖς, a Feaſt, comes a Δατεῖσθαι, from dividing equally, which makes *Homer* call it ſo often, Δαῖτα ἐΐσην.

28. See Note 12. on Book 1. That *Oil* mix'd with other Liquor, ſtill gets uppermoſt, is perhaps one of the chiefeſt *Significancies* in the *Ceremony of anointing Kings* and *Prieſts*.

29. *The Kingly Day*. The Day for Election of a *King*, which cauſes a new *Æra*, or *Beginning of Chronological Accounts*. As before they were wont to reckon, from the *Going out of* Egypt, or *from the Beginning of the Government by Judges*: So now they will, *from the Entrance of their Kings*. Almoſt all great Changes in the World are uſed as *Marks* for Separation of Times.

30. In many Countries it was the Cuſtom to chuſe their Kings for the Comlineſs and Majeſty of their *Perſons*; as *Ariſtotle* reports of the *Ethiopians*; and *Heliogabalus*, though but a Boy, was choſen *Emperor* by the *Roman* Soldiers at firſt Sight of him, for his extraordinary Beauty. *Eurip.* ſays finely, Εἶδος ἄξιον τυραννίδος, a Countenance that deſerved a Kingdom.

31. *Ariſtotle* ſays, *l.* 6. *Pol.* That it was a popular Inſtitution to chuſe Governors by *Lots*. But Lots left purely in the Hand of Fortune would be ſure a dangerous way of *Electing Kings*. Here God appointed it, and therefore it was to be ſuppos'd would look to it; and no doubt all Nations who uſed this Cuſtom did it with reliance upon the Care of their Gods. *Prieſts* were likewiſe ſo choſen.

Laocoon ductus Neptuni sorte sacerdos.

32. This *Seneca* in *Th.* says, was the Case of *Ithaca.*

Et putat mergi sua posse pauper
Regna Laertes Ithacâ tremente.

33. *Jaboc*, a *River*, or *Torrent*, in the Country of *Ammon*, that runs into the River *Arnon.*

34. *Arabia* the *Stony*, *Arabia* the *Desert*, and *Arabia* the *Happy.*

35. For some conceive that the Reason of this extravagant Demand of *Nahas*, was to disable them from shooting.

36. It was *Themistius* his Saying, that the *Soul* is the *Architect* of her own Dwelling-Place. Neither can we attribute the *Formation* of the *Body* in the Womb to any thing so reasonably as to the *Soul* communicated in the Seed; this was *Aristotle*'s Opinion, for he says, *Semen est artifex*, The *Seed* is a skilful *Artificer.* And though we have no Authorities of this Nature beyond the *Grecian* time; yet it is to be suppos'd, that wise Men in and before *David*'s Days had the same kind of Opinions and Discourses in all Points of *Philosophy.*

37. In allusion to the *Lamps* burning in the *Sepulchres* of the Ancients, and going out as soon as ever the *Sepulchres* were open'd and Air let in. We read not (I think) of this Invention but among the *Romans.* But we may well enough believe (or at least say so in Verse) that it came from the *Eastern Parts*, where there was so infinite Expence and Curiosity bestow'd upon *Sepulchres.*

That *Nahas* was slain in this Battel, I have *Josephus* his Authority; that *Jonathan* slew him, is a *Stroke* of *Poetry.*

38. In Emulation of the *Virgilian* Verse,

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.

39. The Text says, *thirty thousand Chariots*; which is too many for six thousand *Horse.* I have not the Confidence to say *thirty thousand* in *Verse.* *Grotius* believes it should be read three thousand. Figures were often mistaken in old *Manuscripts*, and this may be suspected in several places of our *Bibles*, without any abatement of the Reverence we owe to Scripture.

40. I confess I incline to believe, that it was not so much *Saul*'s Invasion of the *Priestly* Office, by offering up the Sacrifice himself (for in some Cases (and the Case here was very extraordinary) it is probable he might have done that) as his Disobedience to God's Command by *Samuel*, that he should stay *seven Days*, which was the Sin so severely punish'd in him. Yet I follow here the more common Opinion, as more proper for my purpose.

41. 1 Sam. 13. 10, 27. *So it came to pass in the Day of Battel, that there was neither Sword nor Spear found in the Hands of any of the People that were with Saul and Jonathan; but with Saul and Jonathan his Son there were found*, &c. And before, *There was no Smith throughout the Land of Israel.* But for all that, it is not to be imagin'd, that all the People could be without Arms, after their late great Victories over the *Philistines* and *Ammonites*; but that these six hundred by *God*'s Appointment were unarmed, for the greater Manifestation of his Glory in the Defeat of the Enemy, by so small and so ill-provided a Party; as in the Story of *Gideon*, God so dis-

posed

posed it, that but three hundred of two and twenty thousand lapp'd the Water out of their Hands, because (says he) the People are yet too many.

42. At first Men had no other Weapons but their *Hands*, &c.

Arma antiqua, manus, ungues, dentésq; fuerunt.

Then Clubs,

Stipitibus duris agitur sudibúsq; præustis.

And at last Iron,

Tum Ferri rigor, &c.
Tum variæ venere artes, &c.
Hic torre armatus adusto,
Stipitis hic gravidi nodis, quod cuiq; repertum
Rimanti, telum ira facit.

43. The *Mediterranean*, upon the Coast of which the whole Country of the *Philistines* lyes, and contains but very few Miles in Breadth.

44. Hom. 6. Odyss.

Τὸν μὲν Ἀθηναίη θῆκεν Διὸς ἐκγεγαῦα
Μείζονα τ' εἰσιδέειν καὶ πάσσονα, κάδδε κάρητος
Οὔλας ἧκε κόμας ὑακινθίνῳ ἄνθει ὁμοίως.

Virg. *Lumenq; juventæ*
Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflârat honores.

45. Hom. 5. Il.

Οὖνε γὰρ ἀμπεδίον ποταμῶ πλήθοντι ἐοικὼς
Χειμάρρω, ὅς τ' ὦκα ῥέων ἐνέδωσε γεφύρας.
Τὸν δ' οὔτ' ἄρτι γεφύραι ἐερμέναι ἰσχανόωσιν
Οὔτ' ἄρα ἕρκεα ἰσχεῖ ἀλωάων ἐριθήλων
Ἐλθόντ' ἐξαπίνης ὅτ' ἐπιβρίσῃ διὸς ὄμβρος,
Πολλὰ δ' ὑπ' αὐτοῦ ἔργα κατήριπε καλ' ἀϊζηῶν.

And in the 13th *Il.* there is an excellent Comparison of *Hector* to a *River*, and the like too in the 11th, so that it seems he pleased himself much with the Similitude. And *Virgil* too lik'd it very well,

Non sic aggeribus ruptis cùm spumeus amnis
Exiit, &c.

And in several other Places.

46. 1 Sam. 6. 4. *Five golden Emerods, and five golden Mice, according to the Number of the Lords of the Philistines.*

47. His *Blood*. *Moses* says often, that the *Soul* is in the *Blood*, thrice in one Chapter, *Levit.* 17. and he gives that Reason for the Precept not to eat Blood. *Virg.*

Purpuream vomit ille animam.

48. See the *Cyclops* making of *Thunder* in *Virg. Æn.* 8.

49. *Brute.* That signified nothing. So Thunders from whence the Ancients could collect no Prognostications, were called *Brute Thunders*; from *Brute Beasts*, whose Sounds are inarticulate.

DAVI-

DAVIDEIDOS.

Liber Primus.

BElla cano, fatique vices, *Regémq*; potentem
Mutato qui *Sceptra pedo Solymæïa* geſſit
Rex olim & *Vates*; *duo maxima munera cœli.*
Multa priùs tulit immotâ diſcrimina mente
Et *Sauli* & *Satanæ* furiis imbellibus actus.
Multa quoque & regno; tam longa exercuit irâ
Victorem Fortuna ſuum; nec *pulſa quievit.*
Aſt illam *Virtus* tandem indefeſſa domavit
Et populos latè fudit, gentéſque rebelles
Nequicquam numeris & magno milite ſævas;
Hi *Bello*, hic ipſo *Bellorum Numine* fretus!
At Tu, *Jeſſæi* qui ſanguinis *Author* & *Hæres*,
Bethlemiæ intactâ quondam de *Virgine* natus,
Qui *Ligno*, *Clavis*, *Haſtâ*, *omnipotentibus* armis,
Ipſam (ſic viſum eſt) potuiſti *occidere Mortem*,

Ingen-

Ingentes referens per *Tartara* victa *Triumphos*,
Dum tremuit *Princeps Erebi* metuitque videre
Æternùm amissos divinæ Lucis honores:
Qui nunc ipse sedes placidi *leve pondus Olympi*,
Ad dextram *Patris*, & *gaudentia Sydera* calcas,
Frontem ibi (quam cinxit merito suffusa rubore
Spina ferox, carus de quâ cruor undique fluxit,
Ut pretiosa *humilem* decoraret *gemma Coronam*)
Frontem illam innocuæ redimitus fidere flammæ:
Tu, precor ô, sanctum dimitte in corda furorem,
Da mihi *Jessiden*, *Jessidæ* carmine magno,
Et cantu celebrare pari; tua *Flamma Ministra*,
Isacidûm longis ductrix erroribus olim,
Dirigat audaces ignoto in limite gressus,
Producátque sacræ non trita per avia *famæ*.
En sanctos manibus puris ut sumeret *Ignes*
Vestalem se *Musa* facit; benè libera curis
Libera deliciisque jocisque & amore profano
Consecrat, ecce, tibi reliquos mea *Magdalis* annos.
Ecce opus hoc solidis *numerorum* immane *Columnis*,
Templum ingens statuo, varium & multâ arte politum.
Ingredere, ô *Numen*, quò te plaudentibus alis
Musa vocat, sanctos *Cheruborum* imitata recessus.
Si facias, cedent illi *Solomonia Templa*,
Regis Idumæi cedent, sat tempore longo
Quæ finxêre sibi coluêre *Idola Camænæ*;
Sed *tu* me, *Verbum æternum*, tu voce vocâsti,
Et novus insolito percussus lumine *Paulus*,

Pro-

Prodeo *Musarum* immensos convertere *Mundos*,
Et *Cœlum* feris ignotum aperire *Poëtis*;
Ut juvat, ô, purgare suis sacra flumina monstris!
Ut vili purgare algâ, cænoque profundo,
Et liquidi ingenuos *Fontes* inducere *Veri!*

Jam pænè obductum est *Saulo* sub pectore vulnus;
Integra *Jessidæ* per tot certamina virtus
Lassatam magnis frangit successibus iram:
Assuetis superare timet concurrere *Fatis*,
Et *famam* tantæ sine viribus *invidet* illi
Invidiæ; vidit pressam sub pondere *palmam*,
Et jam pæne suæ redeuntem in viscera terræ,
Mox lætum cœlo caput ostentare propinquo,
Ipso *onere elatum*, & sua brachia ferre sub auras.
Vidit pacatis *Iordanem* currere lymphis,
Dum fovet amplexu ripas, atque oscula libat;
At siquis motos posito premit objice fluctus,
Et notum præcludit iter, mox colligit iras
Ore tumens rapido, & contorquet vortice silvas,
Tum sonitu ingenti vocat ad nova prælia fluctus,
Longus ponè ruit furiosæ *Exercitus* undæ.
Cum pecore ac natis montem petit insçius, amens
Pastor, & attonito *decrescunt* arva Colono.

Hoc metuens *Saulus* premit alto corde dolorem,
Et vultum induitur placidum, similemque *Davidi*;
Dat dextram, testémque *Deum*, amplexúsque pa-
Nec violaturum se sensit pignora tanta; [ternos;
Nequicquam; nam quid potuit, nescivit & ipse,

Ac

Ac *Dominos* intùs geſtavit victus acerbos.
Excipiunt plauſu *Abramidæ* nova fœdera læti,
Tanta in *Ieſſiden* pietas indigna ferentem
Multa diù, & ſævi reverentia tanta *Tyranni.*
Exultant homines, exultant agmina cœli
Sidera, ſidereæq; animæ; dulciſſima *Pacis*
Nomina, *Jeſſidæque* illis; at turba *Barathri*
Neutrum amat; infernos *Concordia* noſtra *Tumultus*
Progenerat, magnóſq; *quies* humana *labores.*
Subter ubi in *matris* ſecreta cubilia *Terræ*
Deſcendit *ſolis* virtus fœcunda *Mariti,*
Fatalíſq; *Auri* videt incunabula flava;
(*Auri,* quod ſuperis ſimul ac caput extulit oris,
Perſtringit mundum, nec *vi,* nec *luce* minori)
Subter ubi implumis nido jacet *Aura* profundo,
Et tener innocuo *vagit* cum murmure *Ventus.*
Subter ubi æternâ longè ſub mole repôſti
Theſauri ingentes magnarum arcentur *Aquarum,*
(*Oceanus Maris* ipſius, quo *Fluminis* inſtar
Fertur, & omnigenas inter confunditur undas)
Nulla ubi ſopitos fluctus exuſcitat aura,
Nec *Dominæ* irritat placidos vis improba *Lunæ.*
Eſt *locus* immenſum in ſpatium, immenſúmq; profundum
Porrectus, quem nox, genuinúſq; obruit horror.
Illum indefeſſum nullo objice meta coërcet,
Nec *Loca* ſe minùs extendunt quam *Tempora pœnæ.*
Non illum recreat dulcis tenuiſſima cœli

Rima

Rima, nec Eois ſcintilla excuſſa quadrigis
Perſtringit, *ſolidaſve* valet terebrare tenebras.
Non hic gemmatis ſtillantia ſidera guttis
Impugnant ſævæ jus *inviolabile Noctis*,
Lucifer hoc latè tenet illætabile regnum,
Inter *vincla minax*, inter *tormenta ſuperbus*,
Ipſo, quem patitur, crudelior *Igne Tyrannus*.
Dux quondam æthereæ præfulgentiſſimus aulæ,
Qualis ubi in curru procedens *Heſperus* aureo
Militiam æternam *ſtellarúmq;* *agmina* ducit.
Fulmine ſed cecidit correptus, *Fulminis* inſtar
Ipſe ruens, nec enim gemitum dedit ore minorem,
Ut primum ſenſit medios abſorptus in ignes.
At comites circum, conjuratæq; catervæ
(Ingens turba) cadunt; Aër crepat undiq; aduſtus,
Et denſâ *vi flammarum* prætexitur æther.
Ex illo æternæ ſolamina triſtia pœnæ,
Æternæ ſocios mortales reddere pœnæ.
Torti & *Carnifices*! *Hominem* tentamine primo
In ſe armant ipſum; magna & *cœlo æqua* voluptas!
Quos cauta & fœlix virtus ſi evaſerit hamos,
Victricem bello tandem aggrediuntur aperto,
Et malè tentatis ſuccedunt *Arma Venenis*.
Hâc vi *Jeſſiden* (neq; enim corrumpere ſperat)
Oppugnat furvus barathri noctíſq; *Tyrannus*,
Exacuítq; animos *Sauli* invidiámq; potentem.
Viderat egregio generoſam in corpore formam,
Virgineoq; maritatam cum flore virilem

Maje-

Majeſtatem oris; miracula viderat alti
Nobiliora animi, vaſtámq; in pectore mentem;
Viderat auguſtâ perfuſam aſpergine frontem,
Divinæq; novos ſpirantem lucis honores.
Condiderátq; alto ſub corde *Oracula* ſacra
Imperium *Judæ* quæ conceſſere perenne,
Venturúſq; *Shilo* ſtimulos ſubjecerat acres,
Et nimiùm *vigiles Erebi* ſufflaverat ignes.
Scit miſer incaſſum tantis ſe opponere rebus,
Nec validam fati perrumpere poſſe catenam,
Vincula ſed morſu tentat, dentéſq; fatigat,
Et *vinci certus*, gaudet tamen eſſe *rebellis*.
Seb jam converſa in melius violentia *Sauli*,
Conſiliúmq; dolóſq; & ſpes turbavit inanes.
Nam multùm *Saulo*, quem longo noverat uſu
Fidit, & erubuit *falli fraudum* ipſe *Magiſter*.
Quid faciat? quo ſe rerum hoc in cardine verſet?
Ferrati frendet ter concuſſo ordine dentis,
Ter quatit iratæ rugoſa volumina frontis,
Ter fremit horrendum exululans, oculóq; cruento
Commixtum ardenti jaculatur ſanguine lumen.
Ferrea lux terret *noctem*, *Manéſq;* peruſtos
Ignotus trepidos habet & crudelior *Ignis*.
Et jam vociferans; Nihil ergò poſſumus? inquit,
Me, me *ipſum* infœlix *puer*, & mea regna triumpho
Ducet ovans? dum vos (pudet oh!) torpetis inertes.
Innocui ludunt & adhuc per colla *Ceraſtæ*?
Nil *Furiis* dignum & populo memorabile *noſtro*

Quod

Quod timeat *Deus*, & quod vel ſtupeam *Ipſe*, paratis?
Quæ nova *Formido*, aut pejor formidine *Virtus*
Corda gelat? quondam (memini) fortiſſima corda!
Perdidi ob hoc *Cælum*?
Pectora tum longæ percellit verbere caudæ,
Iratus tantæ quod non ſuffecerit Iræ.
Deinde ſedet, vultúq; horrendum cætera profert.
Stant *Furiæ* juxtà, & ſe lumine circumſpectant,
Dum latè loca vaſta ſilent, *ſæváq; quiete*
Triſtis nativi duplicata horroris imago eſt.
Ipſi flammantes inſano ſulphure rivi
Jam tacitis ſerpunt per littora conſcia lymphis,
Vincula nulla ſonant, non Angues ſibila mittunt,
Non audent inter *tormenta* gemiſcere *Sontes*.
Tandem prorepit diræ fœdiſſima turbæ
Invidia; impexis crinem ſerpentibus atrum
It criſpata; cutis multum laxata pependit,
Oſſáq; liquit iners, oſſa aſpera longo luctu.
Dipſas (monſtrum atrox) latitat ſub pectore anhelo,
Nocte diéq; bibens nigrum inſaturata *cruorem*,
Et ne tam crebro fontem conſumeret hauſtu,
Nocte diéque ſuo compenſat damna *veneno*.
Sanguine deformatam hominum, tabóque fluentem
Pallam humeris gerit, & dextrâ rotat alta *flagellum*.
Immanem lævâ crateræ ſuſtinet orbem,
Spumantem felle atque abſynthia tetra vomentem,
Quo bibit aſſiduè, & ſeſe ebria facta flagellat.
Hoc jam torva modo, ſe pro medio agmine ſiſtit

Invidia

Invidia; ô barathro *Furiarum* maxima toto
Invidia! ô nunquam, nisi cum *se punit*, amanda!
Summe *Pater*, clamat stygii *Barathri*, & mihi *Numen*,
Se puer imbellis nostros meruisse timores
Jactabit, magnóque *Erebum* miscere tumultu,
His *Colubris*, *Méque* & *Te*, nostro *Principe*, salvis?
Te minitante tremet perterrita fabrica mundi,
Et legum errabit *Natura* oblita suarum,
Te minitante dabunt rapidæ responsa procellæ,
Et timidum horrendo resonabit fulmine cœlum.
Tunc & inauratos temerè *Sol* contrahet ignes,
Exiliétque, diémque abducet limite noto.
Fœdera dirumpet *Pontus*, supera ardua tangens,
Vicináque *undas Flammarum* elementa pavescent,
Ipse *Polus* fixam sedem & loca jussa relinquet
Sphærarúmque hilarum cessabit lubricus orbis,
Diffugient nitidi hùc illùc *picta agmina* cœli,
Ipse etiam *Deus* illorum.
Námque olim *timuit* certè cum sumpsimus arma,
Nobilia arma, & quæ meruerunt *victa triumphum!*
O laudanda dies! ô ingens gloria nostri!
O iterum talem liceat mihi cernere lucem,
Ipse licet vincat, licet in *nova tartara* trudat
Et pejora istis, possint si talia fingi.
His par concurret *pastor* rudis & *puer* armis?
Quid possunt tortæ stridentia verbera fundæ?
Quem torvus longâque fame stimulatus & irâ
Non domuit *Leo*, non infandus membra *Goliah*,

Hunc mea *vox* perdet sola, & sub tartara mittet
Multa priùs passum, & nequicquam *Numine* fisum.
Quod si *Jessiden* tantâ pietate foveret
(Sed satis est longo notus mihi tempore) *Saulus*,
Quanto nos odio premimus, quantóque furore
Ante bis exactos superis ex ordine soles,
Corde novum toto longè excutiemus amorem,
Ipsa, &, vos cari, fidissima turba, *Colubri*.
Me suadente nefas, fraterno sanguine *fecit*
Cainus, & ætatum dedit *Omina læta* sequentum.
Vidi toto ingens connixum corpora saxum
Jactantem, *fratris mortem*, & *monumenta* sepulti.
Quis potuit risus (equidem risi ipsa) tenere
Cum sua sic *primus* nutriret rura *Colonus*?
Post eadem à tergo spirans furiale venenum,
Divisum pepuli ad marmor *Pharaona* superbum,
Currúsque, clypeósque virûm, ardentésque caballos;
Me gelidam mortem suadente, & *frigida fata*
Hausérunt, avidi pestis. mentem ipsa manúmque
Dathano armavi, cum tela rebellia sumpsit,
Cum *Magicum* (cujus *nomen* detestor & *Ipsum*)
Deseruit pulchrâ pro libertate *Tyrannum*.
Hùc (vidistis enim) cava per penetralia longè
Desiluit, vasto terrarum exhaustus hiatu,
Próque *Rogo*, nostros descendit *vivus in Ignes*.
Me suadente, moras quid cesso abrumpere inanes?
Quid *nova* non agito, dum *gesta antiqua* recordor?
Jam tibi, *Jessides* (viden'?) hic *tibi sibilat anguis!*

Nil

Nil tua te pietas, nil te, *Puer*, ipſe juvabit
Cui fruſtrà inſervis, *Deus*; ô, ſi, te juvet, orbis
Latè omnis longâ compoſtus pace ſeneſcat,
Nec *Mores*, vel *Fata* hominum naſcantur *iniqua*.
Ipſa autem his meritò dilectis exul ab oris
Contempta evadam in terris, miſerandáque *Virtus*.
Dixerat, at ſimul ora premunt, & lumina verſant,
Mox fremitus currunt obſcuráque murmura circum,
Gaudentúmque & *mirantûm*; nihil illa movetur,
Sed fremit, & tantas *ſibi laudes invidet ipſi*.
Exilit ardenti ſolio *Rex Ditis* acerbi
Amplexúſque petit; ſubito cùm mota furore
Ter ſubmiſſa genu rapidâ fugit ocyor aurâ.
Murmura dant *Furiæ*, dant ſibila læta *Colubri*.
Nox erat, humanos & vaſta ſilentia ſenſus
Spargebántque *brevi Lethe*, plumbóque ligabant.
Ipſum etiam regni molem ſub corde ferentem,
Janctantémque graves curas ſopor altus habebat
Ciſſiden, ſopor *Invidiam* ſed nullus habebat.
Illa par *Iſacidûm* magnas it ſævior urbes,
Utque videt ſtructas ingenti marmore turres,
Atque ebur, & fulvi diſcrimina clara metalli,
Pergite jam clamat, propriis tumulata *ruinis*
Hæc ego tecta dabo, & *ſolâ lucentia flammâ*.
Subſtitit in curſu medio, ac ſua fræna remiſit
Pallida *Luna*, novis ſudavit floribus *Hermon*
Roribus, ipſe *Sion* trepidavit vertice toto.
Jordanes latebram in ripâ quæſivit utrâque

Territus, & multâ tandem caput abdidit algâ.
Ecce domum ingreditur *Sauli*, quæ tota tremiſcit,
Ipſáque fundamenta tremunt, tremit excita tellus;
Hic veneranda ſenis ſeſe convertit in ora
Benjamini, oculóſque graves, vultúmque ſeverum,
Brachiâque, & latos humeros, & fortia membra
Aſſimilat, pendétque ingens pro pectore barba;
Qualis ubi ſteterat ſuper atria celſa palati,
(Egregium *Sculptoris* opus) de marmore factus,
Ad portam magni lætus vigilare *nepotis*:
Hâc adſtans *Saulo* notæ ſub imagine formæ,
Formæ verba ſacræ non *reſpondentia* fundit.
Surge, age, *Rex brevis Abramidum*; ſic nempe ſepul-
Omen alis fati? Somnus tibi *ferreus* inſtat, [tus
Atque æterna quies; Si *Regem* ritè vocavi,
Si nondum tua ſceptra gerit *Paſtorculus* ille. [*lum*.
Nondum? unquámne geret? vigila, & *totum indue Sau-*
Nec tu, magna *Deus*, juſti ſiqua eſt tibi cura,
(Quod dubito, meliúſq; irent mortalia vellem)
Dedecus hoc *Saulo*, atq; *Mihi* patiaris inuſtum,
Abramidiſque tuis, ſacræque in ſecula genti.
O *Cananæa fames*! quid non me abſumpſeris ante
Quàm femur in genus exhauſiſſem fertile tantum?
Heu genus infelix nullâque in ſorte beatum,
Donatum magno in *pœnam* atque *opprobria Sceptro*!
Coctile quid fugiſtis opus, *Memphitica* juſſa,
Invito *Pharaone* trūci, auſpiciiſque ſiniſtris?
Quid *magicæ* (infandum) *virgæ* mare paruit ipſum,

Den-

Denſatumque vias nova per *divortia* duxit?
Quin, ſi me auditis, *rubri* per marmora *ponti*,
Per nemorum errores, immaniſque invia ſilvæ,
Argillam Ægypti, lateréſque requirite veſtros.
Deducus hoc quanto minus eſt *Paſtore Tyranno?*
Túne potes *Domino* contentus vivere *Servo?*
Concedent tua *Sceptra Lyræ?* jam *ſceptra* ſuperſunt
Sola tibi, titulique & regni *nomen* inane.
Illum aliæ magnâ laudant formidine gentes,
Illum omnis *Judæa* colit, Miminiſtin' ovantem
(Si quicquam in te, *Saule*, viri eſt, meminiſſe neceſſe eſt)
Cum cantu dediiſſe domum, feſtiſque choreis?
Mille viros gladio *Saulus* confoderit; eſto;
Quis dederit letho decies totidem, arduus, audax,
Pluſquam *Agmen Puer?* & vivit tamen ille, tuiſque
Perfruitur damnis; illi tua regia ſervit,
Quam non illa diù *Tua?* jam diadema capeſſit,
Conſenditque tuos thalamos, *Saulique* potentis
Jeſſidæ dabit *hæredem* (pro dedecus!) *Uxor.*
Hoc ſtruit, hoc ſperat *Samuel*; talem tibi peſtem
Molitur, cum dicta *Dei* crudelia ſpargit
Per populos paſſim, cum vana *Oracula mendax*
Quæque optat, fingit; *Deus* eſt, *Deus* illa minatus?
Sic te tractâſſet *Rex Divûm Hominúmque Baâlus?*
Aut tam averſa *ſuis Aſtarte* magna fuiſſet?
Quid queritur? ſacram te vi rapuiſſe coronam?
At magnæ proceſſerunt juſto ordine *ſortes*;
Néve aliter potuit (quid enim taceam?) *Ipſe* jubere;

Non unquam plus te *Sortive Deóve* fatebor
Quàm meritis debere *tuis*. Quid tempore ab illo
Ipſe *Deus*, populuſque dei tibi debeat, ulli
Haud reor obſcurum; tantâ tu laude coronam
(O mi chare *nepos*, ô magnæ maxime gentis)
Divinum tanto cumulâſti *munere munus*,
Nequicquam; nam quæ tantis data præmia factis?
Te *Puer*, & *Vates furioſus* & *omnia* vorſant,
Contrà Te *ſanguis tuus*, & *Natura* rebellat,
Ac vanum infidi præfertur nomen *Amici*,
(O furor, ô ſcelus infandum!) *Sceptróq*; *Patríq*;
Cui cauſæ indormis? quæ *Manes* ſuſcitat *ipſos*;
Fixa *ſepulchrorum* atq; *oculorum* clauſtra reſignat;
Nec *cineres* puer ille ſinit dormire *ſepultos*,
Sed negat æternæ jus *indubitabile Noctis*:
Quid facis? aut talem quid non interficis hoſtem,
Qui turbat *vitámq*; *tuam mortémque tuorum?*
Aude, age, nil illo reſtat tibi triſte remoto;
Solus hic objectus (ſeu *Terræ* ignobilis umbra
Auſa laboranti quæ *ſolem* avertere *Lunæ*)
Ad *te* ventura & tibi debita munera cœli
Occupat, ac ſacri radios *intercipit* ignis;
Defectum poſt hunc ſuperant tibi *candida fata*,
Formoſíque dies, & vitæ lucidus ordo.
Natales nos, *Nate*, tuos, *regaliáq*; *aſtra*,
Conſcriptámq; notis *Fortunam* vidimus aureis.
Nondum, ô, nondúmne ardeſcit tibi pectus honeſto
(Ardeſcit certè) vindictæ ac laudis amore?

Mag-

Magnum aliquid pariat. Memor esto *Tuíq*; *Meiq*;
Jamq; vale, feror ad cœlum sedesq; tuorum,
Et luce, & nutu magni revocatus *Abrami*.
Dixit, & ora viri flatu percussit iniquo;
Intrat Lethalis labefactas aura medullas;
Olli vanescit dubii nubecula somni,
Hùc illùc fert circum oculos; tremit inde repente
Dum simulacra videt formis volitantia mixtis,
Quæ confuta malè in vacuo timor aëre pingit.
Stant crines, sudor perfundit frigidus artus,
Et toto ingentes decurrunt corpore guttæ.
Jam pedibus terram, manibus jam pectora tundens
Incipit; Et verum est; oravit vera, fuíque
Israëlitis adhuc; pietas me stulta fefellit,
Me *Puer*, & *Vates furiosus* & *omnia* vorsant.
Sacrilega, heu, facta est *patientia* nostra, sepultos
Heu *violat cineres*, tumulósq; recludit avitos.
Octingentorum minus est *Mors ipsa* profunda
Annorum, quam quo torpet mea *Vita veterno*.
Indigno, tu sancte *parens*, ignosce *Nepoti*,
Quem propter placidas voluisti linquere sedes,
Mortalésq; ægros, miserúmque revisere mundum.
Sancte *parens*, tua justa libens mandata capessam,
Et *te* vincam odio, & tandem *me vivere* nosces.
Nec frustra hunc tantum capies, *MagnaUmbra*, laborem.
Non *Homines* illum nobis, non *Sidera* cœli,
Non *Deus* eripiet.
Interea in placidas, Tu *Dive*, relabere sedes,

Et repete antiquam pacatâ mente quietem
Sub terras, ubi *Jessiden* mox affore tristem
Lætus, & effuso pallentem sanguine cernes.
Post lucem hanc nostros iterùm si lædat ocellos,
A Te, magne *Pater*, perrumpere discat oportet
Naturæ Leges, & ferrea *clustra sepulchri*.

His dictis nutrit flammam, stimulátque furores.
Jessides securus abest; illum *Sopor* udus
Non jam rore levi, sed plenâ proluit *Urnâ*,
Dormiat, & *solidum* accipiat per membra soporem,
Qualem animus castus, qualem mens integra donat,
Quis metus est, *vigilante Deo*, *domire Davidem?*

Palantes nubes suprà implicitósque *labores*
Ætheris, atque *volumen inextricabile* Cœli,
Gaudia sphærarum suprà & modulamina certa,
Supra Orbem, qui perpetuo benè *pervigil* igne
Exiguis splendet *Gemmis*, *numerúmque* requirit,
Est *Locus* immensâ qui *exhaustus* luce fatiscit;
Hîc Polus excurrit longè, & *se ponè relinquit*,
Nec *proprias* lassus valet ipse attingere *Metas*.
Igne *tumet* blando, & *tranquillo fulgure* vibrat,
Gloria nec tanto in spatio *immoderata* tenetur.
Non hîc *obscuri* tremebunda *crepuscula Solis*
Nativum jubar inficiunt, *castúmque Serenum*.
Non hîc *Luna* suis *vestitur* pallida furtis,
Nec face languenti spargit per inane *Tenebras*.
Non hîc præcipiti *Tempus* super orbe rotatur,
Nec vaga partitur repetitis *Secula* gyris

Vertigo;

Vertigo; Nihil hîc *Fuit*, & nihil hîc *Erit* unquam;
Sed constans, immotúmq; æternúmq; *sedet Nunc*.
Hæc domus, hoc magni sanctum penetrale *Tonantis*;
Hîc *Labor* augusti, dulcis *Labor Infiniti*,
Occupat atq; *implet* Cœlum, sed limite cœli
Contentus nullo, Solus se *continet* Ipse.
Quondam immane fuit *Vacuum*; *Sint omnia* dixit;
Ille simul dixit, parent simul omnia *Verbo*,
Nam *Verbum* fuit *Ipse* suum. *Turgescere* cœpit
Fœcundum Nihil, & plenâ cuncta edidit alvo.
Quis vos, O *Deus*, aut quis vestra palatia pandet
Tres une!
Hîc te perfrueris *toto*, atq; has maximus arces
Æternùm colis, interèa non deseris orbem
Quem fecisti olim nostrum, sed pondera vasta
Exagitas nutu informans *molémq*; *sequacem*.
Quod si vim tacitam auferres dextramque potentem,
Extemplo turbata fides ac fœdera rerum,
Ipse die rector fusis nullo ordine habenis
Retrò ageret currus, & mundi cardo coacti
Cum sonitu rueret, laxis discurrere *stellis*,
Et sine lege hominum *confundere fata* liceret.
Ipsa etiam rationis egens *Natura* pararet
In *Nihilum* properare suum; nam *Spiritus* aptum
Tornatúmq; *exercet* opus, seq; addit ubiq;
Ni faciat, subito torperent cuncta, malóq;
Tota laborarent somno, æternóq; veterno.
Omnia *nobiscum* (qui *Nos*) *Deus* efficit, orsis

Non

Non dedignatus ſocium ſe adjungere noſtris.
Strant circùm aurati, turma officioſa, *Miniſtri*,
Atq; *Dei* juſſa expectant, gaudéntq; juberi.
Hìnc *Domini* in vultu immenſo ſine fine bibentes
Immortalem oculis lucem, fixo ore tenentur.
Unum ex his nutu vocat ipſe; ſilentia ſervat
Regia cœlorum, & reverentèr tota tremiſcit.
Ergóne tam ſubitò excidimus? (ſic infit ab alto)
Sceptra videt, nec *Nos* ſimul? imperióq; potitus
Ignorat per quem ſteterat? creditne procellas
Irrita per pontum rapuiſſe ferocia verba
Injuſtaſq; minas? *Surdine effecimus Aures?*
Falleris, O demens, audivimus omnia, *Saule*,
Atq; emptum optabis magno nil tale locutum.
Quæ mala *Jeſſidæ* intentas meliora merenti,
Cuncta tui in caput unius converſa ferentur.
Diximus: an dictis noſtris *Gens Terra* repugnet?
Ah imbelle *lutum*! non hoc tua Lingua referret,
Injuſſa in medio ſubſiſteret icta palato,
Si tibi nota dies fieret, quo tu ipſe jacebis
Gilboacos multo deformans ſanguine campos,
Ipſe miſer, *natiq; tui*, & capita illa ſuperba
Pendebunt *Templis* monumentum infame profanis,
Stultorum jocus, & ludibria ſæva *Deorum*.
Dextera *Jeſſidæ* immeritò quæ tanta minatur
Juſta aderit vindex, & te, te occiderit ipſum,
Quocum nunc iras atq; implacabile bellum
Nequicquam geris, ille tuo lucebit in auro,

Di-

Dilectóque nimis cinget diademate frontem,
Et quod tu *Solium* feciſti infame *piabit.*
Ergo age, *Jeſſidæ* inſani fer dicta *Tyranni*;
Ipſe nihil ſed enim timeat, properantior ipſam
Arceſſitus eat (nam *Rex* arceſſet) ad aulam;
Non ullum metuet, benè ſi nos noverit, hoſtem,
Incolumem (dixi) qui nunc jubeo ire, reducam.
Sic ait, inflectit ſeſe polus ipſe decenter,
Nec non turba poli famulatrix; ocyùs omnes
Interrupta iterum exercent modulamina Sphæræ,
Angelicæq, ſimul renovant *ſacra orgia Turmæ.*
At non, qui miſſus *Jeſſidæ Nuncius* ibat;
Ille vehens pennis magnum per inane citatis,
Nubila plus ſolito jam candeſcentia tranat,
Quáq; volat niveus ſignat veſtigia limes.
Aligerum cœli ſic vulnerat aera fulgur,
Plurima ſic primæ currit *ſtrictura* diei,
(Sic aut *tarda* magis) eum vixdùm *Sole relicto*
Ecce ſimul terram ferit, atq; reſurgit in altum.
Vix ipſum rapidi *Tempus* miracula *Motus*
Percipit attonitum, & menſuram non habet ullam
Tam *curtam,* excelſo ſic præpes ab æthere lapſus
Nuncius aſtabat *Jeſſidæ,* ac talia fatur.
Surge, bone, inſaníq; exaudi dicta *Tyranni*
Aſpera, nempe tuo jam mane cruore litabit;
Ipſe nihil ſed enim timeas; properantior ipſam
Arceſſitus eas (nam *Rex* arceſſet) ad aulam.
Tutum (dixit enim) qui te jubet ire, reducet

Exilit

Exilit ille toris, & circum lumina verſat
Nequicquam; nox undíque & undíque funditur aer.
Spéſque Metúſque adſunt dubii, vicibúſque recurſant.
Quos vario exagitans convolvit pectore, donec
Albeſcunt primo montana cacumina Sole,
Cum *Rex Jeſſiden* arceſſit ſævus, ut ægram
(Incautum ſpecie ſi fallere poſſet honeſtâ)
Solatur fidibus mentem, curáſque ſoporet.

Dic mihi, *Muſa*, ſacri quæ tanta potentia *Verſûs*?
(Nam tibi *ſcire* datum, & *verſu memorare potenti*,
Cuncta vides, nec te poterit res tanta latere
In *regno*, *Regina*, *tuo*) vim *Diva* recluſam
Carminis, & latè penetralia ditia pande,
Theſauróſque, & opes, & inenarrabile *Sceptrum*.
Quæ ſprevere homines, tandèm ut mirentur anéntque,
Diviſque accedat reverentia juſta *Poetis*.

Ut ſacri primúm fœcundo in pectore *Vatis*
Indigeſta operis ſurgunt *Elementa* futuri,
Materies donec paulatìm ſumere *formas*
Incipiat, juſſóque incedant ordine verba,
Ac benè diſpoſitus leni fluat agmine verſus:
Talis erat *Naturæ* olim *naſcentis Imago*,
Sic magnum *Mundi* divino ex ore *Poema*
Prodiit, *artificiſque* informis maſſa ſupremam
Imploravit opem, longo impatienter amore.
Indociles nondùm ſubierunt *fœdere Partes*
Fraterno commune jugum; bellúmque ſine arte
Geſſerunt diſcurrentes nullo ordine *Motus*.

Æterni

Æterni *Ratio* quos tandèm *Muſica* verbi
Diſcrevítq; locis, & *vincula dulcia victis*
Impoſuit; *Numeróſq;* pios, facilémq; tenorem
Elicuit; *Medios Aer* atque *Unda Sonores*
Conſentu referunt *muto*; levis *Ignis acutos*,
Terra graves, rapidę *Lunam* diverberat ictu,
At lentam *Saturni* operoſo pollice *Chordam*.
Sic *celeres Motus* cum *tardis* intertexti,
Jam feſtum *Recti*, *Curvi*, *Longiq*; *Breveſq*;
Exercent *Ludum*, & docto diſcrimine plaudunt,
Ut peccent magnæ veſtigia nulla *Choreæ*.
Hæc eſt quæ *Menti* auditur *Symphonia* dulcis,
Ornatu cernendam alio ſeſe exhibet *Auri*,
Dives opum, varióq; ſuperba *Scientia* cultu.
Hæc habitat vatum liberis, hæc *carmine in iſto*
Harmonia eſt; non *Cantoris*, non illa *Legentis*
Indiget, in charta multùm *facunda ſilenti*.
Hæc agilis *Magni* percurrit corpora *Mundi*,
Hæc Parvi toto ſe miſcet corpore *Mundi*.
Totus Homo Harmonia eſt; omnes *Symmetria* cenſus
Congerit hìc, omnis *Naturæ Archiva* tenentur.
Ipſe *Chorum* facit *Unus*, & eſt *Deus ipſe Choragus*.
Hinc in nos nata eſt *Numerorum* ſancta poteſtas,
Nam ſimul ac portas humani corporis intrant
Inveniunt *Fratréſque*, ſuos, charóſq; *Sodales*,
E pariles numeros, & reſpondentia metris
Metra ſuis; jungunt dextras, reddúntq; ſalutem.
Nec nos vi victos capiunt, bellóq; ſubactos,

Stant

Stant *Cives* intùs dilecti à partibus *Hoſtis*,
Et ſeſe dedunt ſine *Proditione violentes*.
Hoc rerum ingenio mirâ medicatus ab arte
Effuſus *Sanguis* diſtantia vulnera quærit
Ignotum per iter, quámq; accipit ipſe ſalutem
Abſenti gaudet *gratus* tranſmittere *Fonti*.
Haud aliter parili tentis conamine *Chordis*
Fraterno hæc trepidat, cum tangitur altera, motu.
Illa ſuo, hæc *ſolo Naturæ vivida pulſu*.
Sic *Lyra Jeſſidæ*, tum dulci callida furto,
Ægra ſubintravit miſeri præcordia *Regis*,
Placavítq; æſtus animi, ſævóſq; tumultus.

Pſalmus 114.

CUM ſacra ſævis *Iſacidum* manus
Exiret oris, terribilem procul
Audivit, aſpexitq; gentem,
Et refluum trepidavit æquor.
Ut qui ſequentes antevolans fugâ
Evaſit hoſtes, ſtat procul arduo
De monte reſpectans, & omnes
Aure ſonos bibit inquietâ.
Erexit undas ſic *Mare* turbidum,
Ut ſigna vidit prætereuntia,
Fluctúſq; pendentes utrímq;
Ut *Scopuli* ſteterunt acuti.
Chryſtallini non *mœnia lympida*

Mundi

Mundi figurâ plus ſtabili manent,
Ex elaborato nitentûm
Marmore conſolidata aquarum.
Non audet *Amnis* ad mare progredi,
Fontem reviſit mentis inops ſuum.
Nato latebroſos receſſus
Fons aperit, gremiúmq; *victo.*
Circùm tremiſcunt culmina *Montium,*
Multúſq; *Collis Montibus* adſilit,
Ut matris abſcondunt ſub alis
Se teneri *trepidántq;* *Pulli.*
Gaudere viſum fluctivagum *mare,*
Gaudere *Flumen* nobile, nec fuit
Fugiſſe, poſt *Montes fugaces,*
Mobilibus pudor ullus *Undis.*
Nobis nocebit nil *fuga Montium,*
Verſi nocebit nil *fuga Fluminis.*
I *Flumen,* î *formidoloſum,*
Et pavidi procùl ite *Montes.*
Æquare ſummis ima valet *Deus.*
Diſcent in *altum plana* tumeſcere,
Valleſq; *turgeſcent,* feréntq;
Attonito capita alta cœlo.
Fontemq; *Flumen* ſi repetis tuum,
Fontem refundet dura *ſilix* novum;
Nec ſaxa ceſſabunt, nec ipſæ
Flumina ſuppeditare *rupes.*

Sic

Sic cecinit ſanctus *Vates*, digitóſq; volantes
Innumeris per fila modis trepidantia movit,
Intimáq; elicuit *medici* miracula plectri.
Audivêre ſonum, & victi ceſſêre furores.
At non *Invidiæ Sauli* de pectore ceſſit
Indomitus *Serpens*; vocem nihil ille ſalubrem,
Incantatoris nihil irrita carmina curat.
Fiugit adhùc morbum, & ſpumas agit ore *Tyrannus*,
Et verum falſo ſcelus excuſare furore
(Heu nimiùm ingratus tantæ oblitúſq; ſalutis!)
Sperat, adhùc miſer, & nequicquam mente receptâ.
Jamq; inopinatam ſuſtollens fervidus *haſtam*
(Quam caram ſibi pro *Sceptro* geſtare ſolebat)
Dentibus infrendens, oculíſq; immane minatus,
Pectora *Jeſſidæ* crudeli deſtinat ictu,
Dulcia dum ſacræ renovat medicamina vocis,
Nil meritus metuenſve mali; volat illa per auras,
Stridens, oppoſitoq; dat irrita vulnera muro.
Námq; polo lapſus *Miles cœleſtis* ab alto
Detorſitq; manu, *juſtoq; errore* fefellit.
O cæcas hominum vires, fruſtráq; ſuperbas!
Arma ſui dextram *Domini* mandatáq; fallunt,
Ni jubeat *Deus* infirmúmq; impellat acumen.
Vulneris ille tui jam *fæliciſſimus error*,
Tam benè *Gilboacis* non deluderis in arvis!
Indè tuam excipiet gentem, & *fatâlia* ſceptra
Jeſſides, manéſq; tuos ea fama (ſub imo
Siquid res hominum merſos *Acheronte* movebunt)

Semper

Semper morte novâ & *fœcundo vulnere* rodet.
Hinc *Deus* ipſe tuas dedit illi evadere fauces
Incolumen, hinc *Parcas* jam fila extrema legentes
Inſtaurare opus, & telam producere juſſit.
Ille fugam celerans vix duro elapſus ab hoſte
Sentit adhùc; ſed & arma ſequi, ſed & agmina credit
A tergo; creditque haſtam exaudire volantem.
Nec fruſtrà; tantos cauſa urget honeſta timores,
Ipſáque *Formido* illius *divina futuri* eſt.
Nam ſuperaccenſa eſt fato violentia *Regis*,
Et quæ *Jeſſiden* non fixit lancea, *Saulum*
Vulnerat hæc ipſum; ſalvo jam neſcit *honore*
Exuere inſanam mentem, nec judicat eſſe
Regis, inexpletum *crudúmque* relinquere crimen.
Ergo manum lectam juvenum quos ipſe furentes
Impulerat monitis, ſcelerúmque incoxerat uſu,
Vi, ferro, jubet incantum ſuperare *Davidem*,
Erroréque ſuum ſucceſſu abolere *nefaſto*.
Sic animo *Saulus*, contrà *Deus* omnia volvit.
Intereà *Michole Jeſſides* multa timenti,
Multáque ploranti *curiſque decentibus* ægræ,
(Námque oculis plus illa ſuis, plus lumine cœli
Dilexit, non *ipſa* minùs dilecta, *Maritum*)
Facta refert, & parva ſui diſcrimina lethi.
Forte ſuper *Micholes* dotalia tecta, ubi & *Hortus*
Æthereus mirâ florebat *penſilis* arte,
Parvum ubi multa nemus pandebat citrea malus,
Quamque dedit lucem cœli vicinia, flavis

Reddebat pomis, ut *Solis lumina Stellæ*;
Lenti incedebant manibúsque oculísque plicatis,
Plurimaque alloquio lenibant triſtia dulci. [tûm eſt)
Cum *Michole* (viſus nam pluſquam *aquilinus* aman-
Heu veniunt diri, veniunt, exterrita clamat,
Carnifices; equitum video agmen, equóſq; frementes
Audio; clareſcunt mediis in frondibus arma,
Sævaque per denſam tranſmittunt fulgura ſilvam.
Tolle gradum citus, & propera, fuge quolibet, inquit,
Ne morere, O *Conjux*; fuge dictis ocyus; adſunt;
Quid nos, quid vinclo junxit pater ipſe jugali,
Voce vocans in ſacra *Deum*, populúmque libentem?
Bis centum meruiſſe nihil præputia credit?
Ingratus! Sudor, ſanguis, bellíque labores
Dos tibi noſter erant. Tum pleno uberrima fonte
Diſcurrit, vocíſque vicem pia lacryma ſervat.
Mox iterùm; Nihil efficiet; per aperta feneſtræ
Hinc te demittam incolumen; tu quà via ceca,
Arripe iter; fuge mî *Conjux*; non hæc tibi dico
More meo, *inviſa* eſt tua jam *præſentia* primùm.
Ille refert contra; O cunctis præſtantior una
Conjugibus!——*Michole* dicturum plurima molli
Occupat amplexu, & raptìm multa oſcula turbat.
Dum lacrymas *Luctûs*, ac gaudia miſcet *Amoris*.
Parce, ait, incaſsùm pretioſa effundere verba,
Aſpice quanta tuæ triſtis *vicinia mortis*.
Ergò alacer paret dictis; hæc callida lecto
Jeſſidæ Statuam, mirà factam arte reponit;

Jamque

Jamq; manus juvenum ſeſe in penetralia fundit
Dedignata moram ſceleris, jámq; enſibus ipſum
Illum ipſum expoſcunt, & verba haùd mollia jactant.
At *Michole* laudanda parat mendacia contrà,
Docta *piam fraudem*, ac dives mulieribus armis,
Flet ſcindítq; comas, & luctiſono ululatu
Tecta replet; tum ſic bene fícto pectore fatur.
Quid facitis? quem vos prohibetis *vivere*, duri,
Huic ipſam miſero *mortem*, & *ſua fata* negatis?
Quæritis exitium *Jeſſidæ?* parcite *Vobis*;
Nil opus eſt *Scelere*; ardentis vis improba morbi
Jamdúdùm inſervit Patri, & vos eſſe nocentes
Non ſinit; ecce illum jamdudùm *Lingua Oculiq;*
Deficiunt; tantam fruſtrà quid *perditis* iram?
Non *Mortem*, nec *Vos*, nec veſtros ſentiet *Enſes*.
Si vos innocui ſitis urget tanta cruoris;
(Me miſeram!) facite ut lubet, & ſatiate furorem.
Nec faciet *brevis hora* minus; nec tempore longo
Reſtabo infelix; Tum lumina juſſa decoro
Imbre madent, miróſq; oculis dolor afflat honores.
O quem non *Luctus* dominæq; potentia *Formæ*
Viribus admixtis frangent? turba impia diſcit
Credere jamprimùm & *miſereſcere*; linquere mœſtam
Triſtis & ipſa domum properat; Statua ipſa recumbit
Faſciolíſq; voluta caput, ſtratóq; Sepulta
Purpureo, atq; refert *morientis mortua* vultum.
Lugentes famuli circùm tacitíq; miniſtrant,
Et medicinalis panduntur fercula pompæ,

Triſte ornamentum menſæ; dat & arte locata
Horrorem obſcurum non clara lucerna cubili;
Scilicet iſta *favent fraudi*; at ſupra omnia *Numen*,
Suffudit ſpectantum oculos caligine *ſacrâ*.
O tandem nullo *fœlix* in crimine, ceſſa
Virtutem imbelli fruſtrà tentare duello,
O *manibus* decepte tuis, *oculiſq; tuorum*!
Saulus, ut hæc audit, Quis talia crederet, inquit?
Illum igitur, *bis quinque virûm qui millia fudit*
Illum, animam ſegni tandèm deponere letho?
Nimirùm *Deus* hunc fertur defendere fontem;
Sonſve inſonſve ſuat, defendat; ſit precor illi
Talis membrorum modus & concordia juſta
Qualis erat primis olim mortalibus, ante
Quam *Scelus*, aut ſceleris *Morbi* digniſſima merces
Robora fregiſſent ſubito nativa veneno;
Noſtrum immane odium eſt, totúmq; explere *Davides*
Integer haud poterit; quid ſe laudem addit in iſtam
Adjutrix Fortuna mihi? memorabile nil eſt
Partitâ in pœnâ. Pereuntem extinguere lucem
Quid juvat? exhauſtæ quid *fœcem* emittere vitæ,
Et pænè *attritum* feriendo abrumpere filum?
Uſq; adeóne humilem mea vera & nobilis ira
Se dabit? Ah meliùs! *ſolennis victima* nobis
Jeſſidæ vita eſt, & non niſi *opima*, litabit.
Nondùm vindictæ maturus, *creſcat* in iram
Pingueſcátq; meam; tunc ipſe libidine quantâ
Singultantem animâ multùm luctanto videbo,

Pug-

Pugnantémq; diù & *productâ* morte cadentem?
Quid loquor? aut quò nunc vindictam differo ſeram
Cunctator?
Forſitan & pietas ſtulta & clementia ſegnis
Juratúſq; meo *Samuel* malus hoſtis honori,
Quæ mihi nunc fixa eſt, mutabunt deniq; mentem.
Adde quod & noſtræ vindex *Fortuna* querelæ
Implicitum tenet, & fugiendi copia nulla eſt;
Haſta impunè erret, jam ſæpè ferire licebit,
Et geminare ictus, totúmq; haurire cruorem.
Si fato oppetere, & placidâ jam morte neceſſe eſt;
At videam extremos trepidanti pectore ſenſus
Fundentem, atq; oculos optato funere paſcam.
Ergo agite hûc, juvenes, *Jeſſiden* ſiſtite nobis,
Expirantem animam licet, & ſuprema gementem.
Jam pulchræ apparent latè veſtigia fraudis;
At *Michole* irati juſſa incuſare *Mariti*,
Crudeléſq; minas, & vim prætendere facto.
Saulus ut hæc; vix immodicâ ſe ſuſtinet irâ,
Volventéſq; premit luctanti pectore curas,
Amens, & rubris ſuffectus lumina flammis.
Sic olim *Hircanæ* metuenda *potentia ſilvæ*,
Indomitus *Leo*, cui rabiem jejunia longa
Addiderant, ſiquem Incautum procul ire juvencum
Aſpicit, ille jubam quaſſat, dapibúſque futuris
Accingit ſeſe lætus, tum cæca viarum
Speratam ſi fortè tegunt erroribus eſcam,
Deluduntq; famem, torquet flammantia circum

Lumina, & irato tellurem vulnerat ungue,
Horrendúmque fremens ſilvas rimatur opertas;
Nil opus eſt *vento*, trepidant *formidine* frondes,
Speluncíſq; feras timor *abdit* & *urget* in ipſis.
Mœſtus ubíque horror, nemorúmq; ſilentia vaſta,
Non audet turbata rugitum imitarier *Eccho*.
In medio ſilvæ immenſæ quæ proxima *Ramam*
Obtegit, *illuſtátq*; verendi nominis umbrâ,
Inclita ſanctorum ſita ſunt *Collegia Vatum*,
Sub magnis juvenum fervens ubi turba *Magiſtris*,
Ad ſacros effuſa pedes didicere ſilentes,
Cordáq; cœleſti ſtiparunt cerea melle.
Succreſcunt palmo veluti radicibus alta
Germina, rore *Dei*, & materno lacte repaſta,
Nunc parva, haud umbras olìm factura minores.
Non tam *mole* ſuâ quam *fundatore* ſuperbit
Grata *Domus*, nollet *Samuelis* nomine marmor
Aut mutare aurum; tantum decus addidit *author*.
Hanc pius extruxit *Vates*; modicóſq; & honeſtos
Suffecit reditus, paupertatémq; *decoram*.
Nec ſeſe tantum *dextræ* tamen illa benignæ,
Quam *Linguæ* debere putat, quæ prodiga ſacros
Explicuit cenſus, magníq; æraria cœli.
Doctores illic *Samuel* cunctóſq; *Prophetas*
Sub pedibus lætos vidit; nec gloria tanta
Quod *docuêre* alios, quàm quod *didicêre* ſub illo.
Quadrata exiguis includitur area tectis;
Nam non illa *Artis* fabricavit inepta libido,

Sed

Sed *Naturæ* usus, quæ gaudet *maxima parvo*.
Intus quadratæ viridis stat porticus umbræ,
Et densæ *Solis* propellunt spicula *Laurus*,
Securæ cœli, rapidósque ad fulguris ictus
Impavidæ; in medióque argentea vena salubris
Exiliebat aquæ, violatæ carcere nullo
Marmoris, aut tristi plangentis vincla susurro,
Sed lætæ topho viridi, argutísque lapillis.
Non minùs illa tamen, corpus purgare, levare
Apta sitim, aut *sacros* accedere *pauper* ad usus.
Hic sua cuique data est *cella*, & sua cuique *supellex*
(*Lautities* veterum *Sanctorum* & *copia dives*)
Sponda brevis, scamnum, necnon ex abiete eodem
Mensa tripes; portam clausissent plura volenti
Inferre; antiqui *pomæria justa Necessi*
Servantes, pulchréque *ausi contemnere Vana*. [dunt,
Fallimur heu! nec magna opulentum aut plurima red-
Sed forma, ac generi benè respondentia vitæ.
Impedit, atque *onerat* dominum *numerosa supellex*,
In *parvâ* congesta *domo*. Ponè altera surgit
Altior, atque usu cultúque augustior ædes.
Ad latus hîc lævum se pandunt *Aula*, *Scholæque*.
Bibliotheca tenet dextrum, & *Synagoga*, precantum
Nunquam muta choro. Stat plurima fagina mensa
Ornamentum Aulæ; non invidiosa, nec impar
Pellibus instratis, quibus est circumdata, *Lectis*.
Accumbunt primi capitísque comæque verendæ
Doctores, *Socii* in gremiis jacuêre recepti

At *Juvenes* infra benè læti rebus egenis
Graminibus ſuper aggeſtis, ulvâq; paluſtri
Decumbunt; *Lectos*, *Menſáſque* *Dapéſque* miniſtrat
Terra ferax, & *Sole Coquo* convivia gaudent.
Bibliotheca fuit paucis decorata libellis,
Non onerata malis; nondum inſatiata libido
Scribendi (peſtis jucunda) invaſerat orbem,
Nec *Medicina Artes* curandis mentibus aptæ
In *morbum* fuerant *ipſæ* ſcabiémque pudendam
Converſæ, quæ nunc latè *contagia* ſerpunt.
Scilicet hos importunos excluſit *Amantes*
Virgo Muſa, novæ gemmanti in flore juventæ
Spectari pavida, & vultum velata modeſtum.
Nunc fugit amplexus *Meretrix* deperdita nullos,
Garrula, vana, procax, *cultu mendica ſuperbo*,
Et *populo* compreſſa (nefas) parit horrida *Monſtra*.
Quis furor hic tanto fruſtrâ ſudare *labore*
Deſidiam, miſeróque inſanæ more *Sibyllæ*
Scribere, quæ volitent vacuis ludibria *Ventis*?
Diverſas illic artéſque modóſque videres,
Queis brevis atque fugax *Verborum Natio vitam*
Exuit *aeriam*, & firmum ſibi vindicat ævum.
Teſſerulis quædam leviter commiſſa caducis,
Aſt alia in ſolido depoſta fideliter *ære*,
Palmarum hæc foliis vano mandota labore
Ni cognata *Oleum* præberet *Cedrus* amicum
Hîc longa arboreis ſcribuntur carmina *libris*,
Tam bene florenti non *vixit* in arbore cortex;

Illic

Illic *Pictoris* ſignata *elementa* videres,
Hic *Textoris* acu, doctæque volumina veſtis.
Illic ceratáſque ſtilo perarante tabellas,
Aſt hic membranas tenues, biblónque paluſtrem,
Tunc rudia, atque artis nova tentamenta futuræ,
Nec non & paries perfungitur ipſe *Scholarum*
Munere *librorum*; totus deſcribitur orbis,
Æquoreæque viæ, ſparſæque per æquora terræ,
Ætheriæque Plagæ, palantéſque æthere *Stellæ*.
Adduntur *Sententiolæ*, monitúſque verendi,
Hiſtoriæque breves; pars clara & aperta legenti,
At pars *Niliacis* animantum obſcura *figuris*.
Hic ſociatorum *ſacra Conſtellatio Vatum*
(Quos felix virtus evexit ad æthera, *nubes*
Luxuriæ ſuprà, *Tempeſtatéſque Laborum*)
Diſperſit latè radios, tenebráſque fugavit,
Doctrinæ effundens *Lucem Influxúmque* benignum.
Aſtrorum *Nathanus* viréſque viáſque latentes,
Aureáque explicuit ſuperi penetralia mundi,
Haud magico cœlis deducens Sydera verſu;
Sol ut utróſque *polos* converſâ luce ſalutat
Gaudentes; ſequitúrque volubilis *Annus* euntem.
Quam gravibus numeris *argentea Scena* ſupernè
Procedit, quantáque coercita *lege* vagatur
Ipſe quidem *Vates*, ſed enim nil debuit *Aſtris*;
Contemnens *Rivos*, & *Fonte* repletus ab ipſo
Materiam ingenti *Mahol* infectatur amore,
Per gyros, per mæandros, per cæca viarum

Venator,

Venator, fugit illa levis, premit ille fugacem,
Oráque vertentem, & tentantem evadere furto.
At solidas signare notas in *pulvere docto*
Gaddus, & *æternas* gaudet *turbare figuras*.
Necnon & longe *Numeros* sine fine vagantes
Producit *patiens Comes*; exuperabile nunquam
Tentat adire jugum, *punctóque* ascendit ab *Uno*,
Pyramidem inversam, & crescentem semper acervum.
Defunctis victura struit monumenta *Seraias*,
Condit aromaticâ prohibéque putrescere laude.
Et quos præteriti vastum *Mare temporis* annos
Absorpsit, fundo petit *Urinator* ab imo.
Quam celer *occasus*, tardúmque sit *incrementum*
Imperiis; & quæ fabricat solertia *Fatum*
Edocet; at *Samuel* divina oracula fidus
Explicat interpres; nec cæcos more ferarum
Sed lætos parere homines jubet, atque scientes.
Sæpè etiam abreptus mentis violentibus alis,
Temporis ingreditur penetralia celsa futuri,
Implumésque videt *nidis* cœlestibus *annos*.
He reliquæque Artes hic excipiuntur amico
Hospitio tantùm; poterat sed sancta *Poesis*
Hoc nata atque educta loco, & regnare videri.
Non magis assiduo resonat domus aurea cantu
Angelici cœli; nullo non spirat ab ore
Carmen; dulcisonúmque chorum moderantur *Asaphus*
Hemanúsque, ambo genio excellente *Poetæ*,
Voce pares liquidâ, digitisque *loquacibus* ambo.

Parte

Parte aliâ *Synagoga* pio pulcherrima luxu
Splendebat (nam sunt illic *dispendia frugi*)
Perstringunt oculos auro laquearia fulvo,
Spectantum; sed quos recreant aulæa vicissim
Cœruleo, *sacróq*; colore; illic prece forti
Térq; die soliti *vim cœlo* inferre *volenti*,
Térq; die sanctum *Mosis* versare volumen,
Térq; piis, totisq; *Deum* resonantibus *Hymnis*,
Exercent lætam stadio *septemplice* vocem.
Talis erat quondam, tam celso *Musa* volatu
Sprevit humum, *generis* memor, atq; *superba decenter*.
Carmen erat, *Deus* hunc *Mundum* quâ *voce loquutus*;
Námq; priùs tenebræ diffundebantur inanes,
Immensúmq; *Nihil*, *Vacuíq*; informis hiatus.
Plenus ubíq; sui, propria *ipse Palatia* sedit
Omnipotens, sese contentus & *Omnia solus*.
Ille autem totus *Bonitas*, *Sapientia* totus,
Totus *Amor*, voluit *gratis* producere cuncta;
Cuncta *Voluntati*, nondùm *producta* gerebant
Artifici morem, & latè capita alta ferebant.
Antè alia imperio citiùs sese extulit ingens
Immane, indigestum *Aliquid*; sine lumine formæ,
Et sine honore jacens; (*Monogramma Exordia* mundi!)
Festinasse illud scires, dum sancta capescit
Jussa libens, rebúsq; aliis præcurrere gaudet.
Hoc tamen in gremio, & *nil promittente* recessu,
Ditia cunctarum glomerantur semina rerum.
Emicat hinc subitò lucenti vortice *Flamma*,

Ascen-

Aſcendítque *Polum*, & multo ſeſe implicat orbe;
Olli ſe jungit comitem & veſtigia tentat
Fuſus circùm *Aer*; *Tellus* oneroſa graviſque
Ad *Mundi* medium nativo pondere ſe dat
Merſa mari; ſed mox denſæ penetralia terræ
Vaſta aperit *Pater*, & magnum deſcendere *Pontum*,
Voce jubet, penitúſque cavis habitare latebris.
At timidi contra non audent hiſcere fluctus,
Inque uterum terræ ſine murmure delabuntur.
Convexa accendit cœli meliore metallo,
Jámque nova arcano prorumpit *gloria* fonte,
Atque implet *Solem* exundans; hinc flumine vivo
Lucis inexhauſtæ mundum ſe ſpargit in omnem
Magnum, quo facta eſt, *Numen* ſtudioſa referre.
Inde rudem *Lunæ* maſſam, ſimpléxque polivit
Voce opus, & radios aurato *pectine* compſit.
Surge, ait, & mœſtæ regnum vigil accipe noctis;
Surrexit, traxítque ſacræ vaga Syrmata lucis.
Attollunt famulas hinc atque hinc *ſidera* tædas,
Et pulchram cingunt *Dominam*, & comitantur euntem.
Turget humus fœcunda, & pubeſcentibus herbis
Miratur riſúmque ſuum, inſolitóſque colores.
Jámque iter aerium radunt impunè volantes,
Exultantque alacres paſſim formidine nullâ,
Nondum *luxuries* illis *humana* minata eſt,
Nondum læthalis modulamina rupit arundo.
Tum magnum tenui cecinerunt gutture *Numen*
Securæ fraudum; *Numen* námque omnia laudant,

Fluctí-

Fluctigavi *Pisces*, *mutum genus*; illius ipsi
Munus erant, *Montésq*; maris, volventia *Cete*,
Quiq; suas parvo superant vix corpore arenas.
Inde feræ immissæ silvis, cœlestia jussa;
Quidnam ultrà potuit; *Cœli Terræq*; *catenam*,
Ipsum *Hominem* potuit; quo miscuit omnia in uno:
Admirandum opus, & *compendia ditia Mundi*.
Tum verò magni *monitrix clementia* Patris
Carmen erat, *raræq*; *iræ*, fulménq; *coactum*,
Impia cum *sacras* damnassent crimina terras,
Unda ruens victrix magno sonitúq; ruinâq;
Omnia vasta dedit; frondentia tecta volucrum
Implicuêre hilares frustrà, *nova retia*, pisces.
Naufragium passa est *Natura*; os *Phœbus* ab alto
Extulit, & solos percussit lumine fluctus.
Non tamen hæc homines memori sub pectore condunt
Insani, fervétq; iterùm furiosa libido;
Cum subitò ardescunt nubes, incendia cœlo
Tetra micant, totúsq; *in pœnam* excandet *Olympus*.
Mox *Sodomas* tabescentes, liquefactáq; tecta
Corripuit rapidis flammanti sulphure nimbus,
Senserunt *vivi* membris crepitantibus ignem
Qui nunc æternùm miseros post funera torret.
Longè alia implicuit pestis *Pharaona* superbum.
Cum fluctus *conjurati*, & *commilito* ventus
Auxilium *Abramidis* tulerant; pecus omne profundi
Miratur, *Regúmq*; sedent in curribus aureis
Regum corporibus satiati; in gurgite toto

Apparent

Apparent ſemeſi artus, natat unda cruore,
Nec *Mare* jam *vano* cenſetur nomine *Rubrum*.
Plurimus ipſe etiam in carmen veniebat *Abramus*,
Cujus *iter* genti manſurum in ſæcula nomen
Hebrææ dedit, & *Moſes*, *Nunniq*; propago
Bellipotens; quantóſq; illi fregere Tyrannos,
Sihonem, membríſq; ſuperbum ingentibus *Oggum*,
Zipporidemq; *Hohamúnq*; trucem, fortémq; *Debirum*,
Quos dextrâ *Iſacidum* divina potentia ſtravit.
Sic fragilis vitæ fugientia tempore prendunt,
Pacatíſq; animis cœlum *labuntur* in ipſum.
Non illos aurum perſtringit fulgure ſacro
Dulce malum, ignotum ſæclis quibus *Aurea Nomen*.
Cujus nunc ergo ſudore ad tartara multo
Heu non à miſeris tantùm *effoſſoribus* itur.
Quantum ô ſtultorum turbam ſuperabat avaram
Dives opum contemptus, & ingens *copia mentis!*
Non illos *Bombyx* pretioſo ſedulus ornat
Funere, nec Tyrio deformant corpora fuco,
Gloria, nunc animis æternóq; empta dolore,
Aura illic viſa eſt levis, & ſine pondere nomen.
Accipit ingenuum feſſos durúmq; cubile,
Quódq; benè extremi jubeat meminiſſe *ſepulchri*.
In medium facilis per ſilvam quæritur eſca,
Nec populant fluvios crudeli, aut æra ventre,
Nec crudo heſternas accuſant pectore cœnas.
Conturbat nunquam tali *Natura* paratu,
Hæc bona *mundities* animi eſt; *rubigine* nullâ

Infi-

Inficitur vitii, nitidum sic sordibus ævum
Deterget miseris, puróque incedit amictu.
Hinc Deus intrat agens sacro præcordia motu,
Nec propriam cœli *præsentior* incolit ædem.
Hinc alacres justo funguntur munere *Sensus*,
Nec titubant, revocántve gradum, *Ratione* magistrâ.
Hinc simulacra animo depingit mystica *Somnus*
Molliter in victos simul ac defluxit ocellos.
Transilit admisso præsentia *Tempora* saltu,
Ætatúmque inter *silvas*, & amœna vireta
Ambulat, atque *annos* jam nunc exire parantes,
Frænáque mordentes cernit; micat undíque fati
Ordo ingens, valæque patent, longíque recessus.
O fortunatos nimium, & bona qui sua norunt!
O quàm præcelso despectant culmine mundum!
Et nubes rerum, & jactatum turbine *Saulum!*
Hæc domus hospitio *Jessiden* læta recepit
Solantem curas, & densa pericula cantu,
At manus hùc jubenum (quò non penetraverit *ira*
Invidiæque oculus?) *Regisque suoque* furore
Sæva venit; votis *damnati* immanibus omnes.
Segnis erat qui non pestem *juraverat* amens
Jessidæ, membrúmque aliquod *promiserat* ensi.
Sic *absens* totum partita est *Ira* cadaver.
Jámque adsunt, subitóque afflantur corda sereno,
Ignotum insinuat sese per pectora cœlum.
Lascivit paulatim horror, vultúsque recedit
Fulgur atrox; & jam pacato sidere vernat.

Vena-

Venarum casto gaudentes flumine rivi,
Lenè micant; signat, divinus tempora candor.
Mira *dies* frontis, sacro quæ fusa *pudore*
Prima rubet; ponit belli cædísque cupido,
Dum Numen pacis celebrant, & carmina fundunt
Pacis opus; bis jámque alios, bis lusus eisdem
Miserat exemplis, ipsum jam plena *Tyrannum*
Ire lubet rabies læsámque ulcisci iram.
Cum melior subitò furor implet mentem animúmque
Pérque omnes sensus, pé que intima pertinet ossa.
Tum chlamidem illusam gemmis, auróque rigentem
Exuit, & capitis deponit nobile pondus.
Ah puduit regni decus atque insignia ferre
Turpe jugum vitii, & servilia jura ferentem;
Tum primùm *Rex Saulus* erat; *lux una* beatæ
Instar habet *vitæ*, & longum præponderat ævum.
Miratur populus, dictúmque emanat ubíque,
Ipsum etiam vatum turbæ se adjungere *Saulum*.
Balamus sic *Beorides Moabitida* venit,
Ut *benedictam* ageret diris & carmine gentem,
Et pretio infælix *fatalia* venderet ora,
Sic secum; at didicit tandèm (mirabile dictu)
Ipso *Asino sapere*, ac *fari* meliora *magistro*.
O magnum *Isacidum* decus! ô pulcherrima castra!
O arma ingentes olim paritura triumphos!
Non sic herbarum vario subridet amictu,
Planities pictæ vallis, montísve supini
Clivus, perpetuis *cedrorum* versibus altus.

Non

Non ſic æſtivo quondam nitet *hortus* in anno,
Frondéſque fructúſque ferens, formoſa ſecundum
Flumina, mollis ubi viridiſque ſupernatat umbra.
Quid video? *mortem Iſacidum* ſuper arma ſedentem!
Læta ſedet, prædámque expectat avara futuram.
Plures *Iſacidæ* gladios, plura arma parate;
Scilicet hæc crebro *Victoria conteret* uſu.
Cum *Leo* ſe attollit *Judæ*, torvúmque tuetur,
Omnia diffugient preſſis animalia longè
Auribus; & medio ſi fortè recumbit in antro,
Murmura tum ponent ſilvæ, metuendáque *Tigris*
Prætereuns ipſo vel *dormitante* tremiſcet.
Quæ mala, q' *Judæ* vel proſpera fata precatur,
Omnia in ipſius caput ingeminata ferentur.

VERSES

Written on

Several Occasions

CHRIST's PASSION,

Taken out of a Greek *Ode, written by Mr.* Masters *of* New-College *in* Oxford.

I.

ENough, my Muse, of Earthly things,
And Inspirations but of Wind,
Take up thy Lute, and to it bind
Loud and everlasting Strings;
And on 'em play, and to 'em sing,
The happy mournful Stories,
The lamentable Glories,
Of the great Crucified King.
Mountainous Heap of Wonders! which dost rise
'Till Earth thou joinest with the Skies!
Too large at Bottom, and at Top too high,
To be half seen by Mortal Eye.

How

How shall I grasp this boundless thing?
What shall I say? What shall I sing?
I'll sing the mighty Riddle of mysterious Love,
Which neither wretched Men below, nor blessed Spirits
With all their Comments can explain; [above,
How all the whole World's Life to die did not disdain.

II.

I'll sing the searchless Depths of the Compassion Divine,
The Depths unfathom'd yet
By Reason's Plummet, and the Line of Wit,
Too light the Plummet, and too short the Line,
How the Eternal Father did bestow
His own Eternal Son as Ransom for his Foe,
I'll sing aloud, that all the World may hear,
The Triumph of the bury'd Conqueror.
How Hell was by its Pris'ner Captive led,
And the great Slayer Death slain by the Dead.

III.

Methinks I hear of murther'd Men the Voice,
Mix'd with the Murtherers confused Noise,
Sound from the Top of *Calvary*;
My greedy Eyes fly up the Hill, and see
Who 'tis hangs there the midmost of the three;
Oh how unlike the others he! [the Tree!
Look how he bends his gentle Head with Blessings from
His gracious Hands, ne'er stretch'd but to do Good,
Are nail'd to the infamous Wood:

And sinful Man does fondly bind
The Arms, which he extends t'embrace all human Kind.

IV.

Unhappy Man, canst thou stand by, and see
All this as patient, as he?
Since he thy Sins does bear,
Make thou his Sufferings thine own,
And weep, and sigh, and groan,
And beat thy Breast, and tear
Thy Garments, and thy Hair,
And let thy Grief, and let thy Love
Through all thy bleeding Bowels move.
Dost thou not see thy Prince in Purple clad all o'er,
Not Purple brought from the *Sidonian* Shore,
But made at home with richer Gore?
Dost thou not see the Roses, which adorn
The thorny Garland, by him worn?
Dost thou not see the livid Traces
Of the sharp Scourges rude Embraces?
If yet thou feelest not the Smart
Of Thorns and Scourges in thy Heart,
If that be yet not crucify'd,
Look on his Hands, look on his Feet, look on his Side

V.

Open, oh! open wide the Fountains of thine Eyes,
And let 'em call
Their Stock of Moisture forth, where-e'er it lyes,
For this will ask it all.

'Twould

'Twould all (alas) too little be,
Though thy ſalt Tears came from a Sea:
Canſt thou deny him this, when he
Has open'd all his vital Springs for thee?
Take heed; for by his Side's myſterious Flood
May well be underſtood,
That he will ſtill require ſome Waters to his Blood.

O D E. *On* Orinda's *Poems.*

WE allow'd you Beauty, and we did ſubmit
To all the Tyrannies of it;
Ah! Cruel Sex, will you depoſe us too in Wit?
Orinda does in that too reign,
Does Man behind her in proud Triumph draw,
And cancel great *Apollo*'s *Salick* Law.
We our old Title plead in vain,
Man may be Head, but Woman's now the Brain.
Verſe was Love's Fire-Arms heretofore,
In Beauty's Camp it was not known,
Too many Arms beſides that Conqu'ror bore:
'Twas the great Cannon we brought down
T'aſſault a ſtubborn Town;
Orinda firſt did a bold Sally make,
Our ſtrongeſt Quarter take,
And ſo ſucceſsful prov'd, that ſhe
Turn'd upon Love himſelf his own Artillery.

II.

Women as if the Body were their Whole,
Did that, and not the Soul
Tranſmit to their Poſterity;
If in it ſometime they conceiv'd,
Th' abortive Iſſue never liv'd.
'Twere Shame and Pity' *Orinda*, if in thee
A Spirit ſo rich, ſo noble, and ſo high
Should unmanur'd, or barren lye.
But thou induſtriouſly haſt ſow'd and till'd
The fair, and fruitful Field;
And 'tis a ſtrange Increaſe, that it does yield.
As when the happy Gods above
Meet altogether at a Feaſt,
A ſecret Joy unſpeakably does move,
In their great Mother *Cybele*'s contented Breaſt:
With no leſs Pleaſure thou methinks ſhouldſt ſee,
This thy no leſs immortal Progeny.
And in their Birth thou no one Touch doſt find
Of th'ancient Curſe to Woman-kind,
Thou bring'ſt not forth with Pain,
It neither Travel is, nor Labour of the Brain,
So eaſily they from thee come,
And there is ſo much Room
In th'exhauſted and unfathom'd Womb,
That like the *Holland* Counteſs thou may'ſt bear
A Child for ev'ry Day of all the fertile Year.

III. Thou

III.

Thou doſt my Wonder, would'ſt my Envy raiſe,
If to be prais'd I lov'd more than to praiſe,
Where-e'er I ſee an Excellence,
I muſt admire to ſee thy well knit Senſe,
Thy Numbers gentle, and thy Fancies high, [Eye.
Thoſe as thy Forehead ſmooth, theſe ſparkling as thine
'Tis ſolid, and 'tis manly all,
Or rather 'tis Angelical,
For as in Angels, we
Do in thy Verſes ſee
Both improv'd Sexes eminently meet, [ſweet.
They are than Man more ſtrong, and more than Woman

IV.

They talk of nine, I know not who,
Female *Chimera*'s that o'er Poets reign,
I ne'er could find that Fancy true,
But have invok'd them oft I'm ſure in vain:
Thy talk of *Sappho*, but alas, the Shame!
Ill Manners ſoil the Luſtre of her Fame:
Orinda's inward Virtue is ſo bright,
That like a Lanthorn's fair incloſed Light,
It through the Paper ſhines where ſhe does write.
Honour and Friendſhip, and the gen'rous Scorn
Of things, for which we were not born,
(Things that can only by a fond Diſeaſe,
Like that of Girls, our vicious Stomachs pleaſe)
Are the inſtructive Subjects of her Pen,

And as the *Roman* Victory
Taught our rude Land, Arts, and Civility,
At once ſhe overcomes, enſlaves, and betters Men.

V.

But *Rome*, with all her Arts, could ne'er inſpire
A Female Breaſt with ſuch a Fire.
The warlike *Amazonian* Train,
Who in *Elyſium* now do peaceful Reign,
And Wit's mild Empire before Arms prefer,
Hope 'twill be ſettled in their Sex by her.
Merlin the Seer, (and ſure he would not lie,
In ſuch a ſacred Company,)
Does Prophecies of Learn'd *Orinda* ſhow,
Which he had darkly ſpoke ſo long ago.
Ev'n *Boadicia*'s angry Ghoſt,
Forgets her own Misfortune, and Diſgrace,
And to her injur'd Daughters now does boaſt,
That *Rome*'s o'ercome at laſt, by a Woman of her Race.

ODE. *Upon occaſion of a Copy of Verſes of my Lord* Broghill's.

BE gone (ſaid I) Ingrateful Muſe, and ſee
What others thou canſt fool as well as me.
Since I grew Man, and wiſer ought to be,
By Buſineſs and my Hopes I left for thee:
For thee (which was more hardly giv'n away)
I left, even when a Boy, my Play.

But ſay, Ingrateful Miſtreſs, ſay,
What for all this, what didſt thou ever pay?
Thou'lt ſay, perhaps, that Riches are
Not of the Growth of Lands, where thou doſt Trade,
And I, as well my Country might upbraid,
Becauſe I have no Vineyard there.
Well: But in Love thou doſt pretend to Reign,
There thine the Power and Lordſhip is,
Thou bad'ſt me write, and write, and write again;
'Twas ſuch a Way as could not miſs.
I like a Fool, did thee Obey.
I wrote, and wrote, but ſtill I wrote in vain,
For after all my 'Expence of Wit and Pain,
A rich, unwriting Hand, carry'd the Prize away.

II.

Thus I complain'd, and ſtraight the Muſe reply'd,
That ſhe had given me Fame.
Bounty Immenſe! And that too muſt be try'd,
When I my ſelf am nothing but a Name.
Who now, what Reader does not ſtrive
T'invalidate the Gift whilſt w'are alive?
For when a Poet now himſelf doth ſhow,
As if he were a common Foe,
All draw upon him, all around,
And ev'ry Part of him they wound,
Happy the Man that gives the deepeſt Blow:
And this is all, kind Muſe, to thee we owe.

Then

Then in a Rage I took
And out at Window threw
Ovid and *Horace*, all the chiming Crew,
Homer himself went with them too,
Hardly escap'd the Sacred *Mantuan* Book:
I my own Off-spring, like *Agave*, tore,
And I resolv'd, nay, and I think, I swore,
That I no more the Ground would Till and Sow,
Where only flow'ry Weeds instead of Corn did grow.

III.

When (see the subtle ways which Fate does find,
Rebellious Man to bind,
Just to the Work for which he is assign'd)
The Muse came in more chearful than before,
And bad me quarrel with her now no more.
Lo thy Reward! Look here and see,
What I have made (said she)
My Lover, and belov'd, my *Broghill* do for thee.
Though thy own Verse no lasting Fame can give,
Thou shalt at least in his for ever live.
What Criticks, the great *Hectors* now in Wit,
Who Rant and Challenge all Men that have writ,
Will dare t' oppose thee, when
Broghill in thy Defence, has drawn his conqu'ring Pen?
I rose and bow'd my Head,
And Pardon ask'd for all that I had said,
Well satisfy'd and proud,
I strait resolv'd, and solemnly I vow'd,

That

That from her Service now I ne'er would part,
So ſtrongly, large Rewards work on a grateful Heart.

IV.

Nothing ſo ſoon the drooping Spirits can raiſe,
As Praiſes from the Men, whom all Men praiſe.
'Tis the beſt Cordial, and which only thoſe
Who have at home th'Ingredients, can compoſe,
A Cordial, that reſtores our fainting Breath,
And keeps up Life even after Death.
The only Danger is, leſt it ſhould be
Too ſtrong a Remedy:
Leſt, in removing Cold, it ſhould beget
Too violent a Heat,
And into Madneſs turn the Lethargy.
Ah! Gracious God! That I might ſee
A time when it were dangerous for me
To be o'er-heat with Praiſe!
But I within me bear (alas) too great Allays.

V.

'Tis ſaid, *Apelles*, when he *Venus* drew,
Did naked Women for his Pattern view,
And with his powerful Fancy did refine
Their Human Shapes into a Form Divine;
None who had ſet could her own Picture ſee,
Or ſay, one Part was drawn for me:
So, though this nobler Painter when he writ,
Was pleas'd to think it fit,

That

That my Book ſhould before him ſit,
Not as a Cauſe, but an Occaſion to his Wit:
Yet what have I to boaſt, or to apply
To my Advantage out of it, ſince I,
Inſtead of my own Likeneſs, only find
The bright *Idea* there, of the great Writer's Mind

O D E.

Mr. Cowley's *Book preſenting it ſelf to the Univerſity Library of* Oxford.

HAil Learning's *Pantheon*! Hail the ſacred Ark,
Where all the World of Science does imbark!
Which ever ſhall withſtand, and haſt ſo long withſtood,
Inſatiate Time's devouring Flood.
Hail Tree of Knowledge, thy Leaves Fruit! which well
Doſt in the midſt of Paradiſe ariſe,
Oxford the Muſes Paradiſe,
From which may never Sword the Bleſs'd expel.
Hail Bank of all paſt Ages! where they lye
T'inrich with Intereſt Poſterity!
Hail Wit's Illuſtrious Galaxy!
Where thouſand Lights into one Brightneſs ſpread;
Hail living Univerſity of the Dead!

II.

Unconfus'd *Babel* of all Tongues, which e'er
The mighty Linguiſt Fame, or Time the mighty Traveller,
That could ſpeak, or this could hear.

Maje-

Majeſtick Monument and Piramide,
Where ſtill the Shapes of parted Souls abide,
Embalm'd in Verſe, exalted Souls, which now
Enjoy thoſe Arts they woo'd ſo well below,
Which now all Wonders plainly ſee,
That have been, are, or are to be,
In the myſterious Library,
The Beatifick *Bodley* of the Deity.

III.

Will you into your Sacred Throng admit
The meaneſt *Britiſh* Wit?
You Gen'ral Council of the Prieſts of Fame,
Will you not Murmur and Diſdain,
That I a Place among you claim,
The humbled Deacon of her Train?
Will you allow me th'honourable Chain?
The Chain of Ornament which here
Your noble Priſoners proudly wear,
A Chain which will more pleaſant ſeem to me
Than all my own Pindarick Liberty:
Will ye to bind me with thoſe mighty Names ſubmit,
Like an Apocrypha with Holy Writ?
What ever happy Book is chained here,
No other Place or People need to fear;
His Chain's a Paſsport to go ev'ry where.

IV.

As when a Seat in Heav'n,
Is to an unmalicious Sinner giv'n,

Who

Who caſting round his wondring Eye,
Does none but Patriarchs and Apoſtles there eſpy;
Martyrs who did their Lives beſtow,
And Saints who Martyrs liv'd below;
With Trembling and Amazement he begins,
To recollect his Frailties paſt and Sins,
He doubts almoſt his Station there,
His Soul ſays to it ſelf, How came I here?
It fares no otherwiſe with me,
When I my ſelf with conſcious Wonder ſee,
Amidſt this purify'd elected Company.
With Hardſhip they, and Pain,
Did to this Happineſs attain:
No Labour I, nor Merits can pretend,
I think Predeſtination only was my Friend.

V.

Ah, that my Author had been ty'd like me
To ſuch a Place, and ſuch a Company!
Inſtead of ſev'ral Countries, ſev'ral Men,
And Buſineſs which the Muſes hate,
He might have then improv'd that ſmall Eſtate,
Which Nature ſparingly did to him give,
He might perhaps have thriven then,
And ſettled, upon me his Child, ſomewhat to live.
'T had happier been for him, as well as me,
For when all, (alas) is done,
We Books, I mean, you Books, will prove to be
The beſt and nobleſt Converſation.

For

For though ſome Errors will get in,
Like Tinctures of Original Sin:
Yet ſure we from our Fathers Wit
Draw all the Strength and Spirit of it:
Leaving the groſſer Parts for Converſation,
As the beſt Blood of Man's imploy'd in Generation.

O D E.

itting and Drinking in the Chair made out of the Reliques of Sir FRANCIS DRAKE's *Ship.*

I.

Hear up my Mates, the Wind does fairly blow,
Clap on more Sail, and never ſpare;
Farewel all Lands, for now we are
In the wide Sea of Drink, and merrily we go.
leſs me, 'tis hot! Another Bowl of Wine,
And we ſhall cut the Burning Line:
ey Boys! She ſcuds away, and by my Head I know,
We round the World are ſailing now.
/hat dull Men are thoſe who tarry at home,
/hen abroad they might wantonly rome,
And gain ſuch Experience, and ſpy too
Such Countries, and Wonders as I do?
ıt prithee good *Pilot* take heed what you do,
And fail not to touch at *Peru*;

With

With Gold, there the Vessel we'll store,
And never, and never be poor,
No never be poor any more.

II.

What do I mean? What Thoughts do me misguide?
As well upon a Staff may Witches ride
Their fancy'd Journies in the Air,
As I sail round the Ocean in this Chair:
'Tis true; but yet this Chair which here you see,
For all its Quiet now, and Gravity,
Has wander'd, and has travell'd more,
Than ever Beast, or Fish, or Bird, or ever Tree before.
In ev'ry Air, and ev'ry Sea't has been, [seen.
'T has compass'd all the Earth, and all the Heav'ns 't has
Let not the Pope's it self with this compare,
This is the only universal Chair.

III.

The pious Wand'rer's Fleet, sav'd from the Flame,
(Which did the Relicks still of *Troy* pursue,
And took them for its Due)
A Squadron of Immortal Nymphs became:
Still with their Arms they row about the Seas,
And still make new and greater Voyages;
Nor has the first Poetick Ship of *Greece*,
(Though now a Star she so triumphant show,
And guide her sailing Successors below,
Bright as her ancient Freight, the shining Fleece;)

Yet

Yet to this Day a quiet Harbour found,
The Tide of Heav'n ſtill carries her around,
Only *Drake*'s ſacred Veſſel, which before
Had done, and had ſeen more,
Than thoſe have done, or ſeen,
Ev'n ſince thy Goddeſſes, and this a Star has been;
As a Reward for all her Labour paſt,
Is made the Seat of Reſt at laſt.
Let the Caſe now quite alter'd be,
And as thou went'ſt abroad the World to ſee;
Let the World now come to ſee thee.

IV.

The World will do't; for Curioſity
Does, no leſs than Devotion, Pilgrims make;
And I my ſelf, who now love Quiet too,
As much almoſt as any Chair can do,
Would yet a Journey take,
An old Wheel of that Chariot to ſee,
Which *Phaeton* ſo raſhly brake: [*Drake?*
Yet what could that ſay more, than theſe Remains of
Great Relick! thou too, in this Port of Eaſe,
Haſt ſtill one Way of making Voyages;
The Breath of Fame, like an auſpicious Gale,
(The great Trade-Wind which ne'er does fail,)
Shall drive thee round the World, and thou ſhalt run,
As long around it as the Sun.
The Straights of Time too narrow are for thee,
Lanch forth into an indiſcover'd Sea,

And steer the endless Course of vast Eternity,
Take for thy Sail this Verse, and for thy *Pilot* me.

Upon the Death of the Earl of Balcarres.

I.

'TIS Folly all, that can be said
By living Mortals of th'immortal Dead,
And I'm afraid they laugh at the vain Tears we shed.
'Tis as if we, who stay behind
In Expectation of the Wind,
Should pity those who pass'd this Straight before,
And touch the universal Shore.
Ah happy Man, who art to sail no more!
And, if it seem ridiculous to grieve,
Because our Friends are newly come from Sea,
Though ne'er so fair and calm it be;
What would all sober Men believe,
If they should hear us sighing say,
Balcarres, who but th'other Day
Did all our Love, and our Respect command,
At whose great Parts we all amaz'd did stand,
Is from a Storm, alas! cast suddenly on Land?

II.

If you will say: Few Persons upon Earth
Did, more than he, deserve to have
A Life exempt from Fortune, and the Grave;
Whether you look upon his Birth,

And

And Anceſtors, whoſe Fame's ſo widely ſpread,
But Anceſtors, alas, who long ago are dead!
Or whether you conſider more
The vaſt Increaſe, as ſure you ought,
Of Honour, by his Labour bought,
And added to the former Store.
All I can anſwer, is, that I allow
The Privilege you plead for; and avow
That, as he well deſerv'd, he doth enjoy it now.

III.

Though God for great and righteous Ends,
Which his unerring Providence intends
Erroneous Mankind ſhould not underſtand,
Would not permit *Balcarres* Hand,
That once, with ſo much Induſtry and Art,
Had clos'd the gaping Wounds of ev'ry Part,
To perfect his diſtracted Nation's Cure,
Or ſtop the fatal Bondage, 'twas t' endure;
Yet for his Pains he ſoon did him remove,
From all th' Oppreſſion, and the Woe,
Of his frail Body's native Soil below,
To his Soul's true and peaceful Country' above:
So God-like Kings, for ſecret Cauſes, known
Sometimes, but to themſelves alone,
One of their ableſt Miniſters elect,
And ſend abroad to Treaties, which th' intend
Shall never take effect.
But, though the Treaty wants a happy End,

The happy Agent wants not the Reward,
For which he labour'd faithfully and hard;
His juſt and righteous Maſter calls him home,
And gives him near himſelf ſome honourable Room.

IV.

Noble and great Endeavours did he bring
To ſave his Country, and reſtore his King;
And whilſt the Manly Half of him, which thoſe
Who know not Love, to be the Whole ſuppoſe,
Perform'd all Parts of Virtue's vigorous Life;
The beauteous Half, his lovely Wife,
Did all his Labours and his Cares divide;
Nor was a lame, nor paralitick Side.
In all the Turns of Human State,
And all th' unjuſt Attacks of Fate,
She bore her Share and Portion ſtill;
And would not ſuffer any to be ill.
Unfortunate for ever let me be,
If I believe that ſuch was he,
Whom, in the Storms of bad Succeſs,
And all that Error calls Unhappineſs,
His Virtue, and his virtuous Wife did ſtill accompany.

V.

With theſe Companoi ns, 'twas not ſtrange
That nothing could his Temper change.
His own and Country's Ruin, had not Weight
Enough to cruſh his mighty Mind.
He ſaw around the Hurricanes of State,

Fix'd

D. Harvey.

Fix'd as an Iſland 'gainſt the Waves and Wind.
Thus far the greedy Sea may reach,
All outward Things are but the Beach;
A great Man's Soul it doth aſſault in vain.
Their God himſelf the Ocean doth reſtrain
With an imperceptible Chain,
And bid it to go back again:
His Wiſdom, Juſtice, and his Piety,
His Courage both to ſuffer and to die,
His Virtues, and his Lady too
Were Things Celeſtial. And we ſee
In ſpight of quarrelling Philoſophy,
How in this Caſe 'tis certain found,
That Heav'n ſtands ſtill, and only Earth goes round.

ODE. *Upon Dr.* Harvey.

I.

COY Nature, (which remain'd, tho' aged grown,
A beauteous Virgin ſtill, enjoy'd by none,
Nor ſeen unveil'd by any one)
When *Harvey*'s violent Paſſion ſhe did ſee,
Began to tremble, and to flee,
Took Sanctuary, like *Daphne*, in a Tree:
There *Daphne*'s Lover ſtopp'd, and thought it much
The very Leaves of her to touch;
But *Harvey*, our *Apollo*, ſtopp'd not ſo,
Into the Bark, and Root, he after her did go:

No ſmalleſt Fibres of a Plant,
For which the Eye-beams Point doth Sharpneſs want,
His Paſſage after her withſtood.
What ſhould ſhe do? thro' all the moving Wood,
Of Lives indow'd with Senſe, ſhe took her Flight,
Harvey purſues, and keeps her ſtill in Sight.
But as the Deer long hunted takes a Flood,
She leap'd at laſt into the winding Streams of Blood;
Of Man's *Meander* all the Purple Reaches made,
'Till at the Heart ſhe ſtay'd,
Where turning Head, and at a Bay,
Thus, by well-purged Ears, was ſhe o'er-heard to ſay.

II.

Here ſure ſhall I be ſafe (ſaid ſhe)
None will be able ſure to ſee
This my Retreat, but only he,
Who made both it and me.
The Heart of Man, what Art can e'er reveal?
A Wall impervious between,
Divides the very Parts within,
And doth the Heart of Man ev'n from it ſelf conceal.
She ſpoke, but e'er ſhe was aware,
Harvey was with her there,
And held this ſlippery *Proteus* in a Chain,
'Till all her mighty Myſteries he deſcry'd,
Which from his Wit th'Attempt before to hide,
Was the firſt thing that Nature did in vain.

III. He

III.

He the young Practice of new Life did ſee,
Whilſt to conceal its toilſome Poverty,
It for a Living wrought, both hard, and privately.
Before the Liver underſtood
The noble Scarlet Dye of Blood,
Before one Drop was by it made,
Or brought into it, to ſet up the Trade;
Before the untaught Heart began to beat
The tuneful March to vital Heat,
From all the Souls that living Buildings rear,
Whether imply'd for Earth, or Sea, or Air,
Whether it in the Womb or Egg be wrought,
A ſtrict Account to him is hourly brought,
How the Great Fabrick does proceed,
What Time and what Materials it does need.
He ſo exactly does the Work ſurvey,
As if he hir'd the Workers by the Day.

IV.

Thus *Harvey* ſought for Truth in Truth's own Book,
The Creatures, which by God himſelf was writ;
And wiſely thought 'twas fit,
Not to read Comments only upon it,
But on th'Original it ſelf to look.
Methinks in Arts great Circle others ſtand
Lock'd up together, Hand in Hand,
Ev'ry one leads as he is led,
The ſame bare Path they tread,

And dance, like Fairies, a fantaſtick Round,
But neither change their Motion, nor their Ground:
Had *Harvey* to this Road confin'd his Wit,
His noble Circle of the Blood, had been untrodden yet.
Great Doctor! Th'Art of Curing's cur'd by thee,
We now thy Patient Phyſick ſee,
From all inveterate Diſeaſes free,
Purg'd of old Errors by thy Care,
New dieted, put forth to clearer Air,
It now will ſtrong and healthful prove;
It ſelf before Lethargick lay, and could not move.

V.

Theſe uſeful Secrets to his Pen we owe,
And thouſands more 'twas ready to beſtow;
Of which, a barb'rous War's unlearned Rage,
Has robb'd the ruin'd Age;
O cruel Loſs! As if the Golden Fleece,
With ſo much Coſt, and Labour bought,
And from afar by a Great *Heroe* brought,
Had ſunk ev'n in the Ports of *Greece*.
O curſed War! Who can forgive thee this?
Houſes and Towns may riſe again,
And ten times eaſier it is
To re-build *Pauls*, than any Work of his.
That mighty Task none but himſelf can do,
Nay, ſcarce himſelf too now;
For though his Wit the Force of Age withſtand,
His Body, alas! and Time it muſt command,

And

And Nature now, ſo long by him ſurpaſs'd,
Will ſure have her Revenge on him at laſt.

O D E.

Acme *and* Septimius *out of* Catullus.

Acmen Septimius *ſuos Amores*
Tenens in gremio, &c.

WHilſt on *Septimius* panting Breaſt,
(Meaning nothing leſs than Reſt)
Acme lean'd her loving Head,
Thus the pleas'd *Septimius* ſaid.

My deareſt *Acme*, if I be
Once alive, and love not thee,
With a Paſſion far above
All that e'er was called Love,
In a *Lybian* Deſart may
I become ſome Lion's Prey;
Let him, *Acme*, let him tear
My Breaſt, when *Acme* is not there.

The God of Love, who ſtood to hear him,
(The God of Love was always near him)
Pleas'd and tickl'd with the Sound,
Sneez'd aloud; and all around
The little Loves, that waited by,
Bow'd, and bleſs'd the Augury.

Acme

Acme, enflam'd with what he ſaid,
Rear'd her gently-bending Head,
And her purple Mouth with Joy,
Stretching to the delicious Boy,
Twice (and twice could ſcarce ſuffice)
She kiſs'd his drunken, rolling Eyes.

My little Life, my All (ſaid ſhe)
So may we ever Servants be
To this beſt God, and ne'er retain
Our hated Liberty again;
So may thy Paſſion laſt for me,
As I a Paſſion have for thee,
Greater and fiercer much than can
Be conceiv'd by thee a Man.
Into my Marrow is it gone,
Fix'd and ſettled in the Bone,
It reigns not only in my Heart,
But runs, like Life, through ev'ry Part.

She ſpoke; the God of Love aloud
Sneez'd again, and all the Croud
Of little Loves, that waited by,
Bow'd, and bleſs'd the Augury.

This good Omen, thus from Heav'n,
Like a happy Signal giv'n,

Their

M.V. Gucht Sculp.

King Charles the Second.

Their Loves and Lives (all four) embrace,
And Hand in Hand run all the Race.
To poor *Septimius* (who did now
Nothing elſe but *Acme* grow)
Acme's Boſom was alone,
The whole World's Imperial Throne,
And to faithful *Acme*'s Mind
Septimius was all Human kind.

If the Gods would pleaſe to be
But adviſ'd for once by me,
I'd adviſe 'em, when they ſpy
Any illuſtrious Piety,
To reward her, if it be ſhe,
To reward him, if it be he,
With ſuch a Husband, ſuch a Wife,
With *Acme*'s and *Septimius*' Life.

ODE. *Upon his MAJESTY's Reſtoration and Return.*

Virg.——*Quod optanti Divûm promittere nemo*
Auderet, volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro.

I.

NOW *Bleſſings* on you all, ye peaceful *Stars*,
Which meet at laſt ſo kindly, and diſpence
Your univerſal gentle *Influence*,
To calm the ſtormy *World*, and ſtill the rage of *Wars*.

Nor

Nor whilst around the Continent,
Plenipotentiary Beams ye sent,
Did your *Pacifick Lights* disdain,
In their large *Treaty* to contain
The World apart, o'er which do raign
Your seven fair *Brethern* of Great *Charles his Wane*
No *Star* amongst ye all did, I believe,
Such vigorous Assistance give,
As that which thirty Years ago,
At * *Charles* his *Birth*, did, in despight
Of the proud *Sun*'s Meridian Light,
His future *Glories*, and this *Year* foreshow,
No less Effects than these we may
Be assur'd of from that powerful *Ray*,
Which could out-face the *Sun*, and overcome the *Day*.

II.

Auspicious *Star* again arise,
And take thy *Noon-tide Station* in the Skies,
Again all *Heav'n* prodigiously adorn;
For lo! thy *Charles* again is *Born*.
He then was *Born with*, *and to*, *Pain*:
With, and *to Joy* he's *born* again.
And wisely for this *second Birth*,
By which thou certain wert to bless
The Land with full and flourishing *Happiness*,
Thou

* The Star that appeared at Noon, the Day of the King's Birth, just as the King his Father was riding to St. *Pauls* to give Thanks to God for that Blessing.

Thou mad'ſt of that fair *Month* thy Choice,
In which *Heav'n*, *Air*, and *Sea*, and *Earth*,
And all that's in them all does *ſmile*, and does *rejoice*.
'Twas a right *Seaſon*, and the very *Ground*
Ought with a Face of *Paradiſe* to be found,
Then when we were to entertain
Felicity and *Innocence* again.

III.

Shall we again (good Heav'n!) that *bleſſed Pair* behold,
Which the abuſed *People* fondly ſold
For the bright *Fruit* of the *forbidden Tree*,
By ſeeking all like *Gods* to be?
Will *Peace* her *Halcyon Neſt* venture to build
Upon a *Shore* with *Shipwracks* fill'd?
And truſt that *Sea*, where ſhe can hardly ſay,
Sh'has known theſe twenty Years one *calmy Day*:
Ah! mild and gaulleſs *Dove*,
Which doſt the *Pure* and *Candid* Dwellings love,
Canſt thou in *Albion* ſtill delight?
Still canſt thou think it *White?*
Will ever fair *Religion* appear
In theſe deformed *Ruins?* Will ſhe clear
Th' *Augæan Stables* of her *Churches* here?
Will *Juſtice* hazard to be ſeen,
Where a *High-Court* of *Juſtice* e'er has been?
Will not the Tragick Scene,
And *Bradſhaw*'s bloody *Ghoſt* affright her there,
Her who ſhall never fear?

Then

Then may *White-hall* for *Charles* his *Seat* be fit,
If *Juſtice* ſhall endure at *Weſtminſter* to ſit.

IV.

Of all, methinks, we leaſt ſhould ſee
The chearful Looks again of *Liberty*.
That *Name* of *Cromwell*, which does freſhly ſtill
The Curſes of ſo many Sufferers fill,
Is ſtill enough to make her ſtay,
And jealous for a while remain,
Leſt as a *Tempeſt* carried him away,
Some *Hurricane* ſhould bring him back again.
Or ſhe might juſtlier be afraid
Leſt that great *Serpent*, which was all a *Tail*,
(And in his pois'nous Folds whole *Nations Pris'ners* [made]
Should a third time perhaps prevail
To join again, and with worſe Sting ariſe,
As it had done, when cut in Pieces twice.
Return, return, ye *Sacred Four*,
And dread your periſh'd Enemies no more,
Your Fears are cauſeleſs all, and vain,
Whilſt you return in *Charles*'s Train,
For *God* does *him*, that *he* might *you* reſtore;
Nor ſhall the World him only call,
Defender of the *Faith*, but of *ye all*.

V.

Along with you *Plenty* and *Riches* go,
With a full Tide to ev'ry Port they flow,
With a warm fruitful *Wind* o'er all the Country blow

Honour

Honour does, as ye march, her *Trumpet* ſound,
The *Arts* encompaſs you around,
And againſt all *Alarms* of *Fear*,
Safety it ſelf brings up the *Rear*.
And in the Head of this *Angelick Band*,
Lo, how the *Goodly Prince* at laſt does ſtand
(Oh righteous *God!*) on his *own happy Land*.
'Tis *happy* now, which could, with ſo much Eaſe,
Recover from ſo deſp'rate a *Diſeaſe*;
A various complicated *Ill*,
Whoſe ev'ry *Symptome* was enough to *kill*,
In which one Part of three *Frenzy* poſſeſs'd,
And *Lethargy* the reſt.
'Tis *happy*, which no *Bleeding* does indure,
A *Surfeit* of ſuch *Blood* to cure.
'Tis *happy*, which beholds the *Flame*,
In which by hoſtile Hands it ought to burn,
Or that which, if from *Heav'n* it came,
It did but well deſerve, all into *Bonfire* turn.

VI.

We *fear'd* (and almoſt touch'd the black Degree
Of inſtant *Expectation*)
That the three dreadful *Angels* we, [ſee;
Of *Famine*, *Sword* and *Plague* ſhould here eſtabliſh'd
(*God*'s great *Triumvirate* of *Deſolation*)
To ſcourge and to deſtroy the ſinful *Nation*.
Juſtly might *Heav'n*, *Protectors* ſuch as thoſe,
And ſuch *Committees* for their *Safety* impoſe,
Upon a *Land* which ſcarcely *better choſe*.

We

We fear'd that the *Fanatick War*,
Which Men againſt *God*'s *Houſes* did declare,
Would, from th' *Almighty Enemy*, bring down
A ſure Deſtruction on our *own*.
We read th' *Inſtructive Hiſtories*, which tell
Of all thoſe endleſs Miſchiefs, that befel
The *Sacred Town* which *God* had lov'd ſo well,
After that *fatal Curſe* had once been ſaid,
His Blood be upon ours, and on our Childrens Head.
We knew, though there a *greater Blood* was ſpilt,
'Twas ſcarcely done with *greater Guilt*.
We know thoſe Mis'ries did befall,
Whilſt they rebell'd againſt that *Prince*, whom all
The reſt of *Mankind* did the *Love*, and *Joy*, of *Mankind* call.

VII.

Already was the *ſhaken Nation*
Into a wild and deform'd *Chaos* brought,
And it was haſting on (we thought)
Ev'n to the laſt of *Ills*, *Annihilation*.
When in the midſt of this confuſed Night,
Lo, the bleſs'd *Spirit* mov'd, and *there was Light*.
For in the glorious *General*'s previous Ray,
We ſaw a new created *Day*.
We by it ſaw, though yet in *Miſts* it ſhone,
The *beauteous Work* of *Order* moving on.
Where are the Men who bragg'd that God did bleſs,
And with the Marks of good *Succeſs*,
Sign his Allowance of their *Wickedneſs*?

Vain

Vain Men! who thought the Divine Power to find
In the fierce *Thunder*, and the violent *Wind:*
God came not 'till the Storm was paſt,
In the *ſtill Voice* of *Peace* he came at laſt.
The cruel Buſineſs of *Deſtruction*,
May by the *Claws* of the great *Fiend* be done.
Here, here we ſee th' *Almighty*'s *Hand* indeed,
Both by the *Beauty* of the *Work*, we ſee't, and by the *Speed*

VIII.

He who had ſeen the noble *Britiſh Heir*,
Even in that ill diſadvantageous *Light*,
With which Misfortune ſtrives t'abuſe our Sight;
He who had ſeen him in his *Cloud* ſo bright:
He who had ſeen the double *Pair*
Of *Brothers* heav'nly good, and *Siſters* heav'nly fair,
Might have perceiv'd (methinks) with Eaſe,
(But *wicked Men* ſee only what they pleaſe)
That God had no Intent t' extinguiſh quite
The *pious King's eclipſed Right.*
He who had ſeen how, by the Power Divine,
All the young *Branches* of this Royal Line
Did in their *Fire*, without *conſuming*, *ſhine*;
How through a *rough Red-Sea* they had been led,
By *Wonders* guarded, and by *Wonders* fed.
How many Years of Trouble and Diſtreſs,
They'd wander'd in their fatal *Wilderneſs*,
And yet did never *murmur* or *repine*;

Might (methinks) plainly underſtand,
That after all theſe conquer'd Trials paſt,
Th' *Almighty Mercy* would, at laſt,
Conduct them, with a ſtrong unerring Hand,
To their own *promis'd Land.*
For all the Glories of the *Earth*
Ought to be *'entail'd* by Right of *Birth,*
And all *Heav'n*'s *Bleſſings* to come down
Upon *his Race,* to whom alone was giv'n
The double *Royalty* of *Earth* and *Heav'n,*
Who *crown'd* the *Kingly* with the *Martyrs Crown.*

IX.

The *Martyrs Blood* was ſaid of old to be
The *Seed* from whence the *Church* did grow.
The *Royal Blood* which dying *Charles* did ſow,
Becomes no leſs the *Seed* of *Royalty.*
'Twas in *Diſhonour ſown,*
We find it now in *Glory grown,*
The *Grave* could but the *Droſs* of it devour;
'Twas *ſown* in *Weakneſs,* and 'tis *rais'd* in *Pow'r.*
We now the *Queſtion* well decided ſee,
Which *Eaſtern Wits* did once conteſt
At the *Great Monarch*'s Feaſt,
Of all on Earth what Things the ſtrongeſt be:
And ſome for *Women,* ſome for *Wine* did plead;
That is, for *Folly* and for *Rage,*
Two things which we have known, indeed,
Strong in this latter *Age.*

But

But as 'tis prov'd by *Heav'n* at length,
The *King* and *Truth* have greateſt *Strength*;
When they their ſacred Force unite,
And twine into one *Right*,
No frantick *Common-wealths* or *Tyrannies*,
No *Cheats*, and *Perjuries*, and *Lies*,
No *Nets* of Human *Policies*;
No Stores of *Arms* or *Gold* (though you could join
Thoſe of *Peru* to the great *London Mine*)
No *Towns*, no *Fleets* by Sea, or *Troops* by Land,
No deeply entrench'd *Iſlands* can withſtand,
Or any ſmall Reſiſtance bring,
Againſt the *naked Truth*, and the *unarmed King*.

X.

The *fooliſh Lights* which *Travellers* beguile,
End the ſame Night when they begin;
No *Art* ſo far can upon *Nature* win
As e'er to *put out Stars*, or long keep *Meteors in*.
Where's now that *Ignis Fatuus*, which e'er while
Miſs-led our *wand'ring Iſle?*
Where's the *Impoſtor Cromwell* gone?
Where's now that *Falling-Star*, his *Son?*
Where's the *large Comet* now, whoſe raging Flame
So fatal to our *Monarchy* became?
Which o'er our Heads in ſuch proud Horrour ſtood,
Inſatiate with our *Ruin* and our *Blood?*
The *fiery Tail* did to vaſt Length extend;
And twice, for want of *Fuel*, did expire,

And twice renew'd the diſmal *Fire*;
Though long the *Tail*, we ſaw at laſt its End.
The Flames of one triumphant Day,
Which like an Anti-Comet here
Did fatally to that appear,
For ever frighted it away;
Then did th'allotted Hour of *dawning Right*
Firſt ſtrike our raviſh'd Sight,
Which *Malice* or which *Art* no more could ſtay,
Than *Witches Charms* can a Retardment bring
To the *Reſuſcitation* of the *Day*,
Or *Reſurrection* of the *Spring*.
We welcome both, and with improv'd Delight
Bleſs the *preceding Winter* and the *Night*.

XI.

Man ought his *future Happineſs* to fear,
If he be always *happy here*,
He wants the *bleeding Mark of Grace*,
The *Circumciſion of the choſen Race*.
If no one *Part* of him ſupplies
The Duty of a *Sacrifice*,
He is (we doubt) reſerv'd *entire*,
As a whole *Victim* for the *Fire*.
Beſides, ev'n in this *World* below,
To thoſe who never did *ill Fortune* know,
The *Good* does *nauſeous* or *inſipid* grow.
Conſider Man's *whole Life*, and you'll confeſs,
The ſharp *Ingredient* of ſome *bad Succeſs*,

Is that which gives the *Taſte* to all his *Happineſs.*
But the true *Method* of *Felicity,*
Is when the worſt
Of human *Life,* is plac'd the firſt,
And when the *Child's Correction* proves to be
The Cauſe, of *perfecting* the *Man.*
Let our *weak Days* lead up the *Van,*
Let the brave *Second* and *Triarian Band,*
Firm againſt all Impreſſion ſtand;
The firſt we may *defeated* ſee;
The *Virtue* and the *Force* of theſe, are ſure of *Victory.*

XII.

Such are the *Tears* (great *Charles*) which now we ſee
Begin their *glorious March* with *Thee:* [be.
Long may their *March* to *Heav'n,* and ſtill *triumphant*
Now thou art gotten once before,
Ill Fortune never ſhall *o'ertake* thee more.
To ſee't again, and Pleaſure in it find,
Caſt a diſdainful Look *behind:*
Things which *offend,* when preſent, and *affright,*
In *Memory,* well *painted,* move Delight.
Enjoy then all thy' *Afflictions* now;
Thy *Royal Father*'s came at laſt:
Thy *Martyrdom*'s already paſt,
And *different Crowns* to both ye owe;
No *Gold* did e'er the *Kingly Temples* bind,
Than thine more *try'd,* and more *refin'd.*

As a choice *Medal* for *Heav'n*'s *Treasury*,
God did *stamp* first, upon one Side of *thee*,
The *Image* of his *suffering Humanity:*
On th'other Side, turn'd now to Sight, does shine
The *glorious Image* of his *Power Divine.*

XIII.

So when the wisest *Poets* seek,
In all their livelicst Colours, to set forth
A *Picture* of *Heroick* Worth,
(The *Pious Trojan*, or the *Prudent Greek*)
They chuse some *comely Prince* of *heav'nly Birth*,
(No proud *Gigantick Son* of *Earth*,
Who strives t'usurp the *Gods forbidden Seat*)
They feed him not with *Nectar*, and the *Meat*
That cannot without *Joy* be eat;
But in the *Cold* of *Want*, and *Storms* of *adverse Chance*,
They *harden* his *young Virtue* by degrees;
The *beauteous Drop* first into *Ice* does *freeze*,
And into *solid Chrystal* next advance.
His *murder'd Friends* and *Kindred* he does see,
And from his *flaming Country* flee.
Much is he *toss'd* at *Sea*, and much at *Land*,
Does long the Force of *angry Gods* withstand.
He does long *Troubles* and long *Wars* sustain,
E'er he his *fatal Birth-right* gain.
With no less *Time* or *Labour* can
Destiny build up such a *Man*,

Who's

Who's with ſufficient Virtue fill'd,
His *ruin'd Country* to *rebuild.*

XIV.

Nor, without Cauſe, are *Arms* from *Heav'n*
To ſuch a *Hero* by the *Poets* giv'n.
No *human Metal* is of Force t'oppoſe
So many and ſo violent Blows.
Such was the *Helmet*, *Breaſt-plate*, *Shield*,
Which *Charles* in all Attacks did wield:
And all the *Weapons Malice* e'er could try,
Of all the ſeveral *Makes* of wicked *Policy*,
Againſt this *Armour* ſtruck, but at the Stroke,
Like *Swords* of *Ice*, in thouſand Pieces broke.
To *Angels* and their *Brethren Spirits* above,
No Show on Earth can ſure ſo pleaſant prove,
As when they *great Misfortunes* ſee
With *Courage* born, and *Decency.*
So were they *born*, when *Worc'ſter*'s diſmal *Day*
Did all the Terrors of *black Fate* diſplay.
So were they born, when no *Diſguiſes Cloud*
His *inward Royalty* could *ſhrowd:*
And one of th'*Angels* whom juſt *God* did ſend,
To guard him in his noble Flight,
(A *Troop* of *Angels* did him then attend)
Aſſur'd me in a *Viſion* th'other Night,
That *he*, (and who could better judge than *he*?)
Did then more *Greatneſs* in him ſee,

More *Luſtre* and more *Majeſty*,
Than all his *Coronation Pomp* can ſhew to *human Eye*.

XV.

Him and his *Royal Brothers* when I ſaw,
New Marks of *Honour* and of *Glory*,
From their *Affronts* and *Sufferings* draw,
And look like *Heav'nly Saints* ev'n in their *Purgatory*,
Methoughts I ſaw the *three Judæan Youths*,
(Three *unhurt Martyrs* for the *nobleſt Truths*)
In the *Chaldæan Furnace* walk;
How chearfully and unconcern'd they talk!
No *Hair* is ſing'd, no ſmalleſt *Beauty* blaſted;
Like *painted Lamps* they ſhine *unwaſted*.
The greedy *Fire* it ſelf dares not be fed
With the bleſt *Oil* of an *Anointed Head*.
The honourable *Flame*
(Which rather *Light* we ought to name)
Does, like a *Glory* compaſs them around,
And their *whole Bodies crown'd*.
What are thoſe *Two Bright Creatures*, which we ſee
Walk with the Royal *Three*
In the ſame *Ordeal Fire*,
And *mutual Joys* inſpire?
Sure they the *beauteous Siſters* are,
Who whilſt they ſeek to bear their Share,
Will ſuffer no *Affliction* to be there.
Leſs Favour to thoſe *Three* of old was ſhown;
To ſolace with their Company,

The

The *fiery Trials* of *Adverſity*,
Two Angels join with *theſe*, the *others* had but *One*.

XVI.

Come forth, come forth, ye *Men of God belov'd*,
And let the *Pow'r* now of that *Flame*,
Which againſt you ſo *impotent* became,
On all your *Enemies* be prov'd.
Come, mighty *Charles*, *Deſire of Nations*, come;
Come, *you triumphant Exile*, home.
He's come, he's ſafe at Shore; I hear the Noiſe
Of a whole *Land*, which does at once rejoice,
I hear th'united *People's ſacred Voice*.
The *Sea* which circles us around,
Ne'er ſent to *Land* ſo loud a *Sound*;
The mighty *Shout* ſends to the *Sea* a *Gale*,
And ſwells up ev'ry *Sail*;
The *Bells* and *Guns* are ſcarcely heard at all;
The *Artificial Joy*'s drown'd by the *Natural*.
All *England* but one *Bonfire* ſeems to be,
One *Ætna* ſhooting *Flames* into the *Sea*.
The *Starry Worlds* which ſhine to us afar,
Take *ours* at this time for a *Star*.
With *Wine* all *Rooms*, with *Wine* the *Conduits* flow.
And *we*, the *Prieſts* of a *Poetick* Rage,
Wonder that, in this *Golden Age*,
The *Rivers* too ſhould not do ſo.
There is no *Stoick* ſure, who would not now
Ev'n ſome *Exceſs* allow;

And

And grant, that one *wild Fit* of *chearful Folly*,
Should end our twenty Years of *dismal Melancholy*.

XVII.

Where's now the *Royal Mother*, where,
To take her mighty *Share*
In this so ravishing Sight,
And with the *Part* she *takes*, to *add* to the *Delight*?
Ah! Why art *thou* not here,
Thou always *Best*, and now the *Happiest Queen*,
To *see* our *Joy*, and with new *Joy* be *seen*?
God has a *bright Example* made of *thee*,
To shew that *Woman-kind* may be
Above that *Sex*, which her Superior seems,
In wisely managing the wide *Extreams*
Of great *Affliction*, great *Felicity*.
How well those different *Virtues thee* become,
Daughter of *Triumphs*, *Wife* of *Martyrdom*!
Thy *Princely Mind*, with so much *Courage*, bore
Affliction, that it dares return no more;
With so much *Goodness* us'd *Felicity*,
That it cannot refrain from coming back to *thee*;
'Tis come, and seen to Day, in all its *Bravery*.

XVIII.

Who's that *Heroick Person* leads it on,
And *gives* it, like a glorious *Bride*,
(Richly adorn'd with *Nuptial Pride*)
Into the Hands now of thy *Son*?

'Tis

'Tis the good *General*, the *Man* of *Praiſe*,
Whom *God* at laſt in gracious Pity
Did to th'*enthrall'd Nation* raiſe,
Their great *Zerubbabel* to be,
To looſe the *Bonds* of long *Captivity*,
And to *rebuild* their *Temple* and their *City*.
For ever bleſs'd may *he* and *his* remain,
Who, with a *vaſt*, though leſs-appearing Gain,
Preferr'd the *ſolid Great* above the *Vain*,
And to the World this *Princely Truth* has ſhown,
That more 'tis to *Reſtore*, than to *Uſurp* a *Crown*.
Thou worthieſt Perſon of the *Britiſh Story*,
(Though 'tis not *ſmall* the *Britiſh Glory*)
Did I not know my *humble Verſe* muſt be
But ill-proportion'd to the *Height* of *thee*,
Thou and the *World* ſhould ſee,
How much my *Muſe*, the *Foe* of *Flattery*,
Does make *true Praiſe* her *Labour* and *Deſign*;
An *Iliad* or an *Æneid* ſhould be *thine*.

XIX.

And ill ſhould we deſerve this happy Day,
If no Acknowledgments we pay
To you, *great Patriots*, of the *Two*
Moſt *truly Other Houſes* now,
Who have redeem'd from *Hatred*, and from *Shame*,
A *Parliament*'s once *venerable Name*;
And now the Title of a *Houſe* reſtore,
To that, which was but *Slaughter-houſe* before.

If

If my Advice, ye *Worthies*, might be ta'en,
Within those reverend Places,
Which now your *living Presence* graces,
Your Marble-*Statues* always should remain,
To keep alive your useful *Memory*,
And to your *Successors* th'*Example* be
Of *Truth*, *Religion*, *Reason*, *Loyalty*.
For though a firmly settled *Peace*,
May shortly make your publick Labours cease,
The grateful *Nation* will with Joy consent,
That in *this Sense* you should be said,
(Tho' yet the *Name* sounds with some Dread)
To be the *Long*, the *Endless Parliament*.

On the Queen's Repairing Somerset-*House*.

When God (the Cause to me and Men unknown)
Forsook the Royal Houses, and his Own,
And both abandon'd to the Common Foe;
How near to Ruin did my Glories go?
Nothing remain'd t'adorn this Princely Place,
Which covetous Hands could Take, or rude Deface.
In all my Rooms and Galleries I found
The richest Figures torn, and all around
Dismember'd Statues of great Heroes lay;
Such *Naseby*'s Field seem'd on the fatal Day:
And me, when nought for Robbery was left,
They starv'd to Death; the gasping Walls were cleft,
The

The Pillars ſunk, the Roofs above me wept,
No Sign of Spring, or Joy, my Garden kept;
Nothing was ſeen which could content the Eye,
'Till Dead the impious Tyrant here did lye.

See how my Face is chang'd, and what I am,
Since my true Miſtreſs, and now Foundreſs, came.
It does not fill her Bounty, to reſtore
Me as I was (nor was I ſmall) before.
She imitates the Kindneſs to her ſhown;
She does, like Heav'n, (which the dejected Throne
At once reſtores, fixes, and higher rears.)
Strengthen, Enlarge, Exalt what ſhe Repairs.
And now I dare, (though proud I muſt not be,
Whilſt my great Miſtreſs I ſo humble ſee,
In all her various Glories) now I dare
Ev'n with the proudeſt Palaces compare;
My Beauty, and Convenience will (I'm ſure)
So juſt a Boaſt with Modeſty endure.
And all muſt to me yield, when I ſhall tell,
How I am plac'd, and Who does in me dwell.

Before my Gate a Street's broad Channel goes,
Which ſtill with Waves of crouding People flows,
And ev'ry Day there paſſes by my Side,
Up to its Weſtern Reach, the *London* Tide,
The Spring-Tides of the Term; my Front looks down
On all the Pride, and Buſineſs of the Town.
My other Front (for as in Kings we ſee
The livelieſt Image of the Deity,

We

We in their Houses should Heav'n's Likeness find,
Where nothing can be said to be Behind)
My other Fair, and more Majestick Face,
(Who can the Fair to more Advantage place?)
For ever gazes on it self below,
In the best Mirrour that the World can show.
And here, behold, in a long bending Row,
How two joint Cities make one glorious Bow:
The Midst, the noblest Place, possess'd by me;
Best to be seen by all, and all o'ersee.
Which Way soe'er I turn my joyful Eye,
Here the great Court, there the rich Town, I spy;
On either Side dwells Safety and Delight;
Wealth on the Left, and Pow'r upon the Right.
T'assure yet my Defence, on either Hand,
Like mighty Forts, in equal Distance stand,
Two of the best and stateliest Piles, which e'er
Man's lib'ral Piety of old did rear,
Where the two Princes of th'Apostles Band,
My Neighbours and my Guards, watch and command.
My warlike Guard of Ships, which farther lye,
Might be my Object too, were not the Eye
Stopp'd by the Houses of that wond'rous Street
Which rides o'er the broad River, like a Fleet.
The Stream's eternal Siege they fix'd abide,
And the swoln Stream's Auxiliary Tide,
Though both their Ruin with joint Pow'r conspire,
Both to out-brave, they nothing dread but Fire.

And

And here my *Thames*, though it more gentle be
Than any Flood, ſo ſtrengthen'd by the Sea,
Finding by Art his natural Forces broke,
And bearing, Captive-like, the Arched Yoke,
Does roar, and foam, and rage at the Diſgrace,
But recompoſes ſtrait, and calms his Face,
Is into Reverence and Submiſſion ſtrook,
As ſoon as from afar he does but look
Tow'rds the White Palace, where that King does reign,
Who lays his Laws and Bridges o'er the Main.
Amidſt theſe louder Honours of my Seat,
And two vaſt Cities, troubleſomely Great,
In a large various Plain, the Country too
Opens her gentler Bleſſings to my View;
In me the Active and the Quiet Mind,
By different Ways, equal Content may find.
If any prouder Vertuoſo's Senſe
At that Part of my Proſpect take Offence,
By which the meaner Cabanes are deſcry'd,
Of my Imperial River's humbler Side,
If they call that a Blemiſh, let them know,
God, and my God-like Miſtreſs, think not ſo;
For the diſtreſs'd and the afflicted lye
Moſt in their Care, and always in their Eye.
And thou, fair River, who ſtill pay'ſt to me
Juſt Homage, in thy Paſſage to the Sea,
Take here this one Inſtruction as thou goeſt;
When thy mix'd Waves ſhall viſit ev'ry Coaſt,

When

When round the World their Voyage they shall make
And back to thee some secret Channels take,
Ask them what nobler Sight they e'er did meet,
Except thy mighty Master's Sov'raign Fleet,
Which now triumphant o'er the Main does ride,
The Terror of all Lands, the Ocean's Pride.

From hence his Kingdoms, happy now at last,
(Happy, if Wise by their Misfortunes past)
From hence may Omens take of that Success,
Which both their future Wars and Peace shall bless:
The Peaceful Mother on mild *Thames* does build,
With her Son's Fabricks the rough Sea is fill'd.

The COMPLAINT.

I.

IN a deep Vision's intellectual Scene,
Beneath a Bow'r for Sorrow made,
Th' uncomfortable Shade,
Of the black Yew's unlucky Green,
Mix'd with the mourning Willow's careful Gray,
Where reverend *Cham* cuts out his famous Way,
The Melancholy *Cowley* lay:
And lo! a Muse appear'd to' his closed Sight,
(The Muses oft in Lands of Vision play)
Body'd, array'd, and seen, by an internal Light,
A Golden Harp, with Silver Strings she bore,
A wond'rous Hieroglyphick Robe she wore,

In

In which all Colours, and all Figures were,
That Nature or that Fancy can create,
That Art can never imitate;
And with looſe Pride it wanton'd in the Air.
In ſuch a Dreſs, in ſuch a well-cloath'd Dream,
She us'd, of old, near fair *Iſmenus* Stream,
Pindar her *Theban* Favourite to meet;
A Crown was on her Head, and Wings were on her Feet.

II.

She touch'd him with her Harp, and rais'd him from the Ground;
The ſhaken Strings melodiouſly reſound.
Art thou return'd at laſt, ſaid ſhe,
To this forſaken Place and me?
Thou Prodigal, who didſt ſo looſely waſte,
Of all thy Youthful Years, the good Eſtate;
Art thou return'd, here to repent too late?
And gather Husks of Learning up at laſt,
Now the rich Harveſt-time of Life is paſt,
And *Winter* marches on ſo faſt?
But, when I meant t'adopt thee for my Son,
And did as learn'd a Portion aſſign,
As ever any of the mighty Nine
Had to their deareſt Children done;
When I reſolv'd t'exalt thy' anointed Name,
Among the Spiritual Lords of peaceful Fame;
Thou, Changling thou, bewitch'd with Noiſe and Show,
Wouldſt into Courts and Cities from me go;

Wouldſt ſee the World abroad, and have a Share
In all the Follies, and the Tumults there;
Thou wouldſt, forſooth, be ſomething in a State,
And Buſineſs thou wouldſt find, and wouldſt create:
Buſineſs! the frivolous Pretence
Of human Luſts, to ſhake off Innocence;
Buſineſs! the grave Impertinence;
Buſineſs! the thing which I of all things hate,
Buſineſs! the Contradiction of thy Fate.

III.

Go, Renegado, caſt up thy Account,
And ſee to what amount
Thy fooliſh Gains, by quitting me:
The Sale of Knowledge, Fame, and Liberty,
The Fruits of thy unlearn'd Apoſtacy.
Thou thought'ſt, if once the publick Storm were paſt,
All thy remaining Life ſhould Sun-ſhine be:
Behold the publick Storm is ſpent at laſt,
The Soveraign is toſs'd at Sea no more,
And thou, with all the Noble Company,
Art got at laſt to Shore.
But whilſt thy Fellow-Voyagers I ſee,
All march'd up to poſſeſs the promis'd Land,
Thou ſtill alone (alas) doſt gaping ſtand,
Upon the naked Beach, upon the barren Sand.

IV.

As a fair Morning of the bleſſed Spring,
After a tedious ſtormy Night;

Such

Such was the glorious Entry of our King,
Enriching Moiſture dropp'd on ev'ry thing;
Plenty he ſow'd below, and caſt about him Light.
But then (alas) to thee alone,
One of old *Gideon*'s Miracles was ſhown,
For ev'ry Tree, and ev'ry Herb around,
With Pearly Dew was crown'd,
And upon all the quicken'd Ground,
The fruitful Seed of Heav'n did brooding lye,
And nothing but the Muſes Fleece was dry.
It did all other Threats ſurpaſs,
When God to his own People ſaid,
(The Men whom thro' long Wand'rings he had led)
That he would give them ev'n a Heav'n of Braſs:
They look'd up to that Heav'n in vain,
That Bounteous Heav'n, which God did not reſtrain,
Upon the moſt unjuſt to ſhine and rain.

V.

The *Rachel*, for which twice ſeven Years and more,
Thou didſt with Faith and Labour ſerve,
And didſt (if Faith and Labour can) deſerve,
Though ſhe contracted was to thee,
Giv'n to another thou didſt ſee,
Giv'n to another, who had ſtore
Of fairer, and of richer Wives before,
And not a *Leah* left, thy Recompence to be.
Go on, twice ſev'n Years more, thy Fortune try,
Twice ſev'n Years more, God in his Bounty may

Give thee, to fling away
Into the Court's deceitful Lottery.
But think how likely 'tis, that thou
With the dull Work of thy unweildy Plough,
Shouldst in a hard and barren Season thrive,
Shouldst even able be to live;
Thou, to whose Share so little Bread did fall,
In the miraculous Year, when *Manna* rain'd on all.

VI.

Thus spake the Muse, and spake it with a Smile,
That seem'd at once to pity and revile.
And to her thus, raising his thoughtful Head,
The Melancholy *Cowley* said:
Ah wanton Foe, dost thou upbraid
The Ills which thou thy self hast made?
When in the Cradle, Innocent I lay,
Thou, wicked Spirit, stolest me away,
And my abused Soul didst bear
Into thy new-found Worlds, I know not where,
Thy Golden *Indies* in the Air;
And ever since I strive in vain
My ravish'd Freedom to regain;
Still I rebel, still thou dost reign,
Lo, still in Verse against thee I complain.
There is a sort of stubborn Weeds,
Which, if the Earth but once, it ever breeds,
No wholsom Herb can near them thrive,
No useful Plant can keep alive:

The

The fooliſh Sports I did on thee beſtow,
Make all my Art and Labour fruitleſs now;
Where once ſuch Fairies dance, no Graſs doth ever grow.

VII.

When my new Mind had no Infuſion known,
Thou gav'ſt ſo deep a Tincture of thine own,
That ever ſince I vainly try
To waſh away th'inherent Dye:
Long Work perhaps may ſpoil thy Colours quite,
But never will reduce the Native White:
To all the Ports of Honour and of Gain,
I often ſteer my Courſe in vain,
Thy Gale comes croſs, and drives me back again.
Thou ſlacken'ſt all my Nerves of Induſtry,
By making them ſo oft to be
The tinkling Strings of thy looſe Minſtrelſie.
Whoever this World's Happineſs would ſee,
Muſt as entirely caſt off thee,
As they who only Heav'n deſire,
Do from the World retire.
This was my Error, this my groſs Miſtake,
My ſelf a Demy-Votary to make.
Thus with *Saphira*, and her Husband's Fate,
(A Fault which I, like them, am taught too late)
For all that I gave up, I nothing gain,
And periſh for the Part which I retain.

VIII.

Teach me not then, O thou fallacious Muſe,
The Court, and better King t' accuſe;
The Heaven under which I live is fair;
The Fertile Soil will a full Harveſt bear;
Thine, thine is all the Barrenneſs; if thou
Mak'ſt me ſit ſtill and ſing, when I ſhould plough,
When I but think, how many a tedious Year
Our patient Sov'raign did attend
His long Misfortunes fatal End;
How chearfully, and how exempt from Fear,
On the Great Sov'raign's Will he did depend:
I ought to be accurs'd, if I refuſe
To wait on his, O thou fallacious Muſe!
Kings have long Hands (they ſay) and tho' I be
So diſtant, they may reach at length to me.
However, of all Princes, thou
Shouldſt not reproach Rewards, for being ſmall or ſlow;
Thou, who rewardeſt but with Popular Breath,
And that too after Death.

The Adventures of Five Hours.

AS when our Kings (Lords of the ſpacious Main)
Take, in juſt Wars, a rich Plate-Fleet of *Spain*;
The rude unſhapen Ingots they reduce
Into a Form of Beauty, and of Uſe;

On

Mrs.
Catherine
Philips

On which the Conqueror's Image now does ſhine,
Not his whom it belong'd to in the Mine;
So in the mild Contentions of the Muſe
(The War which Peace it ſelf loves and purſues)
So have you home to us in Triumph brought,
This Cargazon of *Spain* with Treaſures fraught.
You have not baſely gotten it by Stealth,
Nor by Tranſlation borrow'd all its Wealth,
But by a pow'rful Spirit made it your own,
Metal before, Mony by you 'tis grown.
'Tis current now, by your adorning it
With the fair Stamp of your Victorious Wit:
But though we praiſe this Voyage of your Mind,
And though our ſelves enrich'd by it we find,
We're not contented yet, becauſe we know
What greater Stores at home within it grow,
We've ſeen how well you foreign Ores refine,
Produce the Gold of your own Nobler Mine.
The World ſhall then our Native Plenty view,
And fetch Materials for their Wit from you,
They all ſhall watch the Travels of your Pen,
And *Spain* on you ſhall make Repriſals then.

On the Death of Mrs. Katherine Philips.

I.

CRuel Diſeaſe! Ah, could it not ſuffice,
Thy old and conſtant Spight to exerciſe

Againſt the gentleſt and the faireſt Sex,
Which ſtill thy Depredations moſt do vex?
Where ſtill thy Malice, moſt of all,
(Thy Malice or thy Luſt) does on the Faireſt fall,
And in them, moſt aſſault the faireſt Place,
The Throne of Empreſs Beauty, ev'n the Face.
There was enough of that here to aſſuage,
(One would have thought) either thy Luſt or Rage;
Was't not enough, when thou, profane Diſeaſe,
Didſt on this Glorious Temple ſeize:
Was't not enough, like a wild Zealot, there,
All the rich outward Ornaments to tear,
Deface the Innocent Pride of beauteous Images?
Was't not enough thus rudely to defile,
But thou muſt quite deſtroy the goodly Pile?
And thy unbounded Sacrilege commit
On th'inward Holieſt Holy of her Wit?
Cruel Diſeaſe! There thou miſtook'ſt thy Power;
No Mine of Death can that devour,
On her embalmed Name it will abide
An everlaſting Pyramide,
As high as Heav'n the Top, as Earth, the Baſis wide.

II.

All Ages paſt, record, all Countries now,
In various kinds ſuch equal Beauties ſhow,
That ev'n Judge *Paris* would not know
On whom the Golden Apple to beſtow,

Though

Though Goddeſſes to'his Sentence did ſubmit,
Women and Lovers would appeal from it:
Nor durſt he ſay, of all the Female Race,
This is the Sovereign Face.
And ſome (though theſe be of a kind that's rare,
That's much, ah, much leſs frequent than the Fair)
So equally renown'd for Virtue are,
That it the Mother of the Gods might poſe,
When the beſt Woman for her Guide ſhe choſe.
But if *Apollo* ſhould deſign
A Woman *Laureat* to make,
Without Diſpute he would *Orinda* take,
Though *Sappho* and the famous Nine
Stood by, and did repine.
To be a Princeſs or a Queen
Is great; but 'tis a Greatneſs always ſeen;
The World did never but two Women know,
Who, one by Fraud, th'other by Wit did riſe
To the two Tops of Spiritual Dignities,
One Female Pope of old, one Female Poet now.

III.

Of Female Poets, who had Names of old,
Nothing is ſhown, but only told,
And all we hear of them perhaps may be
Male-Flatt'ry only, and Male-Poetry.
Few Minutes did their Beauties Lightning waſte,
The Thunder of their Voice did longer laſt,
But that too ſoon was paſt.

The

The certain Proofs of our *Orinda*'s Wit,
In her own lasting Characters are writ,
And they will long my Praise of them survive,
Though long perhaps too that may live.
The Trade of Glory manag'd by the Pen
Though great it be, and every where is found,
Does bring in but small Profit to us Men;
'Tis by the Number of the Sharers drown'd.
Orinda on the Female Coasts of Fame,
Ingrosses all the Goods of a Poetick Name.
She does no Partner with her see,
Does all the Business there alone, which we
Are forc'd to carry on by a whole Company.

IV.

But Wit's like a Luxuriant Vine;
Unless to Virtue's Prop it join,
Firm and Erect towards Heav'n bound;
Tho' it with beauteous Leaves and pleasant Fruit be crown'd,
It lyes deform'd, and rotting on the Ground.
Now Shame and Blushes on us all,
Who our own Sex superior call!
Orinda does our boasting Sex out-do,
Not in Wit only, but in Virtue too.
She does above our best Examples rise,
In hate of Vice, and scorn of Vanities.
Never did Spirit of the Manly Make,
And dipp'd all o'er in Learning's Sacred Lake,
A Temper more Invulnerable take.

No

No violent Paſſion could an Entrance find,
Into the tender Goodneſs of her Mind;
Through Walls of Stone thoſe furious Bullets may
Force their impetuous Way,
When her ſoft Breaſt they hit, powerleſs and dead they [lay.

V.

The Fame of Friendſhip which ſo long had told
Of three or four illuſtrious Names of old,
'Till hoarſe and weary with the Tale ſhe grew,
Rejoices now t'have got a new,
A new, and more ſurprizing Story,
Of fair *Leucaſia*'s and *Orinda*'s Glory.
As when a prudent Man does once perceive
That in ſome Foreign Country he muſt live,
The Language and the Manners he does ſtrive
To underſtand and practiſe here,
That he may come no Stranger there;
So well *Orinda* did her ſelf prepare,
In this much different Clime, for her Remove,
To the glad World of Poetry and Love.

HYMN. To LIGHT.

I.

FIrſt-born of *Chaos*, who ſo fair didſt come
From the old *Negro*'s darkſome Womb!
Which when it ſaw the lovely Child,
The melancholly Maſs put on kinds Look and ſmil'd.

II. Thou

II.

Thou Tide of Glory, which no Rest dost know,
But ever Ebb, and ever Flow!
Thou golden Shower of a true *Jove*! [Love!
Who does in thee descend, and Heav'n to Earth make

III.

Hail active Nature's watchful Life and Health!
Her Joy, her Ornament, and Wealth!
Hail to thy Husband Heat, and thee! [groom he!
Thou the World's beauteous Bride, the lusty Bride-

IV.

Say from what Golden Quivers of the Sky,
Do all thy winged Arrows fly?
Swiftness and Power by Birth are thine:
From thy great Sire they came, thy Sire the Word Divine.

V.

'Tis, I believe, this Archery to show,
That so much Cost in Colours thou,
And Skill in Painting dost bestow,
Upon thy ancient Arms, the gaudy Heav'nly Bow.

VI.

Swift as light Thoughts their empty Career run,
Thy Race is finish'd, when begun;
Let a Post-Angel start with thee,
And thou the Goal of Earth shalt reach as soon as he.

VII.

Thou in the Moon's bright Chariot proud and gay,
Dost thy bright Wood of Stars survey;

And

And all the Year doth with thee bring
O thouſand flowry Lights thine own Nocturnal Spring.

VIII.

Thou *Scythian*-like doſt round thy Lands above
The Sun's gilt Tent for ever move,
And ſtill as thou in Pomp doſt go,
The ſhining Pageants of the World attend thy Show.

IX.

Nor amidſt all theſe Triumphs doſt thou ſcorn
The humble Glow-Worms to adorn,
And with thoſe living Spangles gild,
(O Greatneſs without Pride!) the Bluſhes of the Field.

X.

Night, and her ugly Subjects thou doſt fright,
And Sleep, the lazy Owl of Night;
Aſham'd and fearful to appear,
They skreen their horrid Shapes, with the black Hemiſphere.

XI.

With 'em there haſtes, and wildly takes th'Alarm,
Of painted Dreams, a buſie Swarm,
At the firſt opening of thine Eye,
The various Cluſters break, the antick Atomes fly.

XII.

The guilty Serpents, and obſcener Beaſts,
Creep conſcious to their ſecret Reſts:
Nature to thee does Reverence pay,
Ill Omens, and ill Sights removes out of thy way.

XIII. At

XIII.

At thy Appearance, Grief it ſelf is ſaid,
To ſhake his Wings, and rouze his Head;
And Cloudy Care has often took
A gentle beamy Smile, reflected from thy Look.

XIV.

At thy Appearance, Fear it ſelf grows bold;
Thy Sun-ſhine melts away his Cold:
Encourag'd at the Sight of thee,
To the Cheek Colour comes, and Firmneſs to the Knee.

XV.

Even Luſt, the Maſter of a harden'd Face,
Bluſhes if thou be'ſt in the Place,
To Darkneſs' Curtains he retires,
In Sympathizing Night he rolls his ſmoaky Fires.

XVI.

When, Goddeſs, thou lift'ſt up thy waken'd Head,
Out of the Morning's Purple Bed,
Thy Quire of Birds about thee play,
And all the joyful World ſalutes the riſing Day.

XVII.

The Ghoſts, and Monſter Spirits, that did preſume
A Bodies Priv'lege to aſſume,
Vaniſh again inviſibly,
And Bodies gain again their Viſibility.

XVIII.

All the World's Bravery that delights our Eyes,
Is but thy ſev'ral Liveries,

Thou

Thou the rich Dye on them beſtow'ſt,
Thy nimble Pencil Paints this Landskip as thou go'ſt.

XIX.

A Crimſon Garment in the Roſe thou wear'ſt;
A Crown of ſtudded Gold thou bear'ſt,
The Virgin Lillies in their White,
Are clad but with the Lawn of almoſt naked Light.

XX.

The Violet, Spring's little Infant, ſtands,
Girt in thy purple Swadling-Bands:
On the fair Tulip thou doſt Dote;
Thou cloath'ſt it in a gay and party-colour'd Coat.

XXI.

With Flame condens'd thou doſt the Jewels fix,
And ſolid Colours in it mix:
Flora her ſelf, envies to ſee
Flowers fairer than her own, and durable as ſhe.

XXII.

Ah, Goddeſs! would thou could'ſt thy Hand with-hold,
And be leſs Liberal to Gold;
Didſt thou leſs Value to it give,
Of how much Care (alas) might'ſt thou poor Man [relieve!

XXIII.

To me the Sun is more delightful far,
And all fair Days much fairer are;
But few, ah wondrous few there be,
Who do not Gold prefer, O Goddeſs, ev'n to thee.

XXIV. Through

XXIV.

Through the ſoft Ways of Heav'n, and Air, and Sea,
Which open all their Pores to thee,
Like a clear River thou doſt glide, [ſlide.
And with thy living Stream though the cloſe Channels

XXV.

But where firm Bodies thy free Courſe oppoſe,
Gently thy Source the Land o'erflows;
Takes there Poſſeſſion, and does make,
Of Colours mingled, Light, a thick and ſtanding Lake.

XXVI.

But the vaſt Ocean of unbounded Day
In th'*Empyræan* Heav'n does ſtay;
Thy Rivers, Lakes, and Springs below, [flow.
From thence took firſt their Riſe, thither at laſt muſt

To the ROYAL SOCIETY.

I.

PHiloſophy, the great and only Heir
Of all that Human Knowledge, which has been
Unforfeited by Man's rebellious Sin,
Though full of Years he do appear,
(Philoſophy, I ſay, and call it, he,
For whatſoe'er the Painter's Fancy be,
It a Male-Virtue ſeems to me)
Has ſtill been kept in Nonage 'till of late,
Nor manag'd or enjoy'd his vaſt Eſtate:

Three

Three or four thouſand Years, one would have thought
To Ripeneſs and Perfection might have brought
A Science ſo well bred and nurſt,
And of ſuch hopeful Parts too at the firſt.
But, oh, the Guardians and the Tutors then,
(Some negligent, and ſome ambitious Men)
Would ne'er conſent to ſet him free,
Or his own Natural Powers to let him ſee,
Leſt that ſhould put an end to their Authority.

II.

That his own Buſineſs he might quite forget;
They 'amus'd him with the Sports of wanton Wit,
With the Deſſerts of Poetry they fed him,
Inſtead of ſolid Meats t'encreaſe his Force;
Inſtead of vigorous Exerciſe they led him
Into the pleaſant Labyrinths of ever-freſh Diſcourſe:
Inſtead of carrying him to ſee
The Riches which do hoorded for him lye,
In Nature's endleſs Treaſury,
They choſe his Eye to entertain
(His curious but not covetous Eye)
With painted Scenes, and Pageants of the Brain.
Some few exalted Spirits this latter Age has ſhown,
That labour'd to aſſert the Liberty
(From Guardians, who were now Uſurpers gr own)
Of this old *Minor* ſtill, captiv'd Philoſophy;
But 'twas Rebellion call'd, to fight
For ſuch a long-oppreſſed Right.

Bacon at last, a mighty Man, arose,
Whom a wise King and Nature chose,
Lord-Chancellor of both their Laws,
And boldy undertook the injur'd Pupil's Cause.

III.

Authority, which did a Body boast,
Though 'twas but Air condens'd, and stalk'd about,
Like some old Giant's more Gigantick Ghost,
To terrifie the learned Rout
With the plain Magick of true Reason's Light,
He chac'd out of our Sight;
Nor suffer'd living *Men* to be mis-led
By the vain Shadows of the Dead: [tom fled.
To Graves, from whence it rose, the conquer'd Phan-
He broke that Monstrous God which stood
In midst of th'Orchard, and the whole did claim,
Which with a useless Sith of Wood,
And something else not worth a Name,
(Both vast for Shew, yet neither fit
Or to Defend, or to Beget;
Ridiculous and senseless Terrors!) made
Children and superstitious Men afraid.
The Orchard's open now, and free;
Bacon has broke that Scar-Crow Deity;
Come, enter, all that will,
Behold the ripen'd Fruit, come gather now your Fill.
Yet still, methinks, we fain would be
Catching at the forbidden Tree,
We would be like the Deity. When

When Truth and Falſhood, Good and Evil, we
Without the Senſes Aid within our ſelves would ſee;
For 'tis God only who can find
All Nature in his Mind.

IV.

From Words, which are but Pictures of the Thought,
(Though we our Thoughts from them perverſly drew)
To Things, the Mind's right Object, he it brought,
Like fooliſh Birds to painted Grapes we flew;
He ſought and gather'd for our uſe the True;
And when on heaps the choſen Bunches lay,
He preſs'd them wiſely the Mechanick way,
'Till all their Juice did in one Veſſel join,
Ferment into a Nouriſhment Divine,
The thirſty Soul's refreſhing Wine.
Who to the Life an exact Piece would make,
Muſt not from other's Work a Copy take;
No, not from *Rubens* or *Vandike*;
Much leſs content himſelf to make it like
Th' Idæas and the Images which lye
In his own Fancy, or his Memory..
No, he before his Sight muſt place
The natural and living Face;
The real Object muſt command
Each Judgment of his Eye, and Motion of his Hand.

V.

From theſe and all long Errors of the Way,
In which our wandring Predeceſſors went,

And like th'old *Hebrews* many Years did ſtray,
In Deſarts but of ſmall Extent,
Bacon, like *Moſes*, led us forth at laſt,
The barren Wilderneſs he paſt,
Did on the very Border ſtand
Of the bleſs'd promis'd Land,
And from the Mountains Top of his exalted Wit,
Saw it himſelf, and ſhew'd us it.
But Life did never to one Man allow
Time to diſcover Worlds, and conquer too;
Nor can ſo ſhort a Line ſufficient be
To fathom the vaſt Depths of Nature's Sea:
The Work he did we ought t'admire,
And were unjuſt if we ſhould more require
From his few Years, divided 'twixt th' Exceſs
Of low Affliction, and high Happineſs.
For who on things remote can fix his Sight,
That's always in a Triumph, or a Fight?

VI.

From you, great Champions, we expect to get
Theſe ſpacious Countries but diſcover'd yet;
Countries where yet inſtead of Nature, we
Her Images and Idols worſhipp'd ſee:
Theſe large and wealthy Regions to ſubdue,
Though Learning has whole Armies at Command,
Quarter'd about in every Land,
A better Troop ſhe ne'er together drew.
Methinks, like *Gideon*'s little Band,

God

God with Deſign has pickt out you,
To do theſe noble Wonders by a few:
When the whole Hoſt he ſaw, They are (ſaid he)
Too many to o'ercome for me;
And now he chuſes out his Men,
Much in the Way that he did then:
Not thoſe many, whom he found
Idlely extended on the Ground,
To drink, with their dejected Head,
The Stream, juſt ſo as by their Mouths it fled:
No, but thoſe few who took the Waters up,
And made of their laborious Hands the Cup.

VII.

Thus you prepar'd; and in the glorious Fight
Their wondrous Pattern too you take:
Their old and empty Pitchers firſt they brake,
And with their Hands then lifted up the Light:
Io! Sound too the Trumpets here!
Already your victorious Lights appear;
New Scenes of Heav'n already we eſpy,
And Crouds of golden Worlds on high;
Which from the ſpacious Plains of Earth and Sea,
Could never yet diſcover'd be,
By Sailers or *Chaldæans* watchful Eye.
Nature's great Works no Diſtance can obſcure.
No Smalneſs her near Objects can ſecure,
Y' have taught the curious Sight, to preſs
Into the privateſt Receſs

Of her imperceptible Littleneſs.
Y' have learn'd to read her ſmalleſt Hand,
And well begun her deepeſt Senſe to underſtand.

VIII.

Miſchief and true Diſhonour fall on thoſe,
Who would to Laughter or to Scorn expoſe
So virtuous and ſo noble a Deſign,
So Human for its Uſe, for Knowledge ſo Divine.
The things which theſe proud Men deſpiſe, and call
Impertinent, and vain, and ſmall,
Thoſe ſmalleſt things of Nature let me know,
Rather than all their greateſt Actions do.
Whoever would depoſed Truth advance
Into the Throne uſurp'd from it,
Muſt feel at firſt the Blows of Ignorance,
And the ſharp Points of envious Wit.
So when, by various Turns of the Celeſtial Dance,
In many thouſand Years,
A Star, ſo long unknown, appears,
Tho' Heav'n it ſelf more beauteous by it grow,
It troubles and alarms the World below,
Does to the Wiſe a Star, to Fools a Meteor ſhow.

IX.

With Courage and Succeſs you the bold Work begin;
Your Cradle has not idle been:
None e'er but *Hercules* and you could be
At five Years Age worthy a Hiſtory.
And ne'er did Fortune better yet
Th' Hiſtorian to the Story fit:

As

As you from all old Errors free
And purge the Body of Philoſophy;
So from all Modern Follies he
Has vindicated Eloquence and Wit.
His candid Stile like a clean Stream does ſlide,
And his bright Fancy all the way
Does, like the Sun-ſhine, in it play;
It does like *Thames*, the beſt of Rivers, glide,
Where the God does not rudely overturn,
But gently pour the Chryſtal Urn,
And with judicious Hand does the whole Current guide.
'Tis has all the Beauties Nature can impart,
And all the comely Dreſs, without the Paint of Art.

Upon the Chair made out of Sir Francis Drake's *Ship, Preſented to the Univerſity Library in* Oxford, *by* John Davis *of* Deptford, *Eſq;*.

TO this great Ship, which round the Globe has run,
And match'd in Race the Chariot of the Sun,
This *Pythagorean* Ship (for it may claim,
Without Preſumption, ſo deſerv'd a Name,
By Knowledge once, and Transformation now)
In her new Shape this ſacred Port allow.
Drake and his Ship could not have wiſh'd from Fate,
A more bleſs'd Station, or more bleſs'd Eſtate.
For lo! a Seat of endleſs Reſt is giv'n,
To her in *Oxford*, and to him in Heav'n.

A

PROPOSITION

For the Advancement of

Experimental Philoſophy.

The COLLEGE.

THAT the *Philoſophical College* be ſituated within one, two, or (at fartheſt) three Miles of *London*, and, if it be poſſible to find that Convenience, upon the Side of the River, or very near it.

That the Revenue of this College amount to four thouſand Pounds a Year.

That the Company receiv'd into it be as follows. 1. Twenty Philoſophers or Profeſſors. 2. Sixteen young Scholars, Servants to the Profeſſors. 3. A Chaplain. 4. A Baily for the Revenue. 5. A Manciple or Purveyor for the Proviſions of the Houſe. 6. Two Gardeners. 7. A Maſter-Cook. 8. An Under-Cook. 9. A Butler. 10. An Under-Butler. 11. A Chirurgeon. 12. Two Lungs, or Chymical Servants. 13. A Library-keeper, who is likewiſe to be Apothecary, Druggiſt, and Keeper of Inſtruments, Engines, *&c.* 14. An Officer to feed and take Care

of

of all Beasts, Fowl, *&c.* kept by the College. 15. A Groom of the Stable. 16. A Messenger to send up and down for all Uses of the College. 17. Four old Women to tend the Chambers, keep the House clean, and such like Services.

That the annual Allowance for this Company be as follows. 1. To every Professor, and to the Chaplain, one hundred and twenty Pounds. 2. To the sixteen Scholars twenty Pounds a piece, ten Pounds for their Diet, and ten Pounds for their Entertainment. 3. To the Baily thirty Pounds, besides Allowance for his Journeys. 4. To the Purveyor or Manciple, thirty Pounds. 5. To each of the Gardeners, twenty Pounds. 6. To the Master-Cook, twenty Pounds. 7. To the Under-Cook, four Pounds. 8. To the Butler, ten Pounds. 9. To the Under-Butler, four Pounds. 10. To the Chirurgeon, thirty Pounds. 11. To the Library-keeper, thirty Pounds. 12. To each of the Lungs, twelve Pounds. 13. To the Keeper of the Beasts, six Pounds. 14. To the Groom, five Pounds. 15. To the Messenger, twelve Pounds. 16. To the four necessary Women, ten Pounds. For the Manciples Table at which all the Servants of the House are to eat, except the Scholars, an hundred and sixty Pounds. For three Horses for the Service of the College, thirty Pounds.

All which amounts to three thousand two hundred eighty five Pounds. So that there remains for keeping of the House and Gardens, and Operatories, and Instruments, and Animals, and Experiments of all sorts, and all other Expences, seven hundred and fifteen Pounds.

Which were a very inconsiderable Sum for the great Uses to which it is design'd, but that I conceive the Indu-

Induſtry of the College will in a ſhort time ſo enrich it ſelf, as to get a far better Stock for the Advance and Enlargement of the Work, when once it is begun; neither is the Continuance of particular Mens Liberality to be deſpaired of, when it ſhall be encourag'd by the Sight of that publick Benefit which will accrue to all Mankind, and chiefly to our Nation, by this Foundation. Something likewiſe will ariſe from Leaſes, and other Caſualties; that nothing of which may be diverted to the private Gain of the Profeſſors, or any other Uſe beſides that of the Search of Nature, and by it the general Good of the World; and that Care may be taken for the certain Performance of all things ordained by the Inſtitution, as likewiſe for the Protection and Encouragement of the Company, it is propoſed.

That ſome Perſon of Eminent Quality, a Lover of ſolid Learning, and no Stranger in it, be choſen Chancellor or Preſident of the College, and that eight Governors more, Men qualify'd in the like manner, be joined with him, two of which ſhall yearly be appointed Viſiters of the College, and receive an exact Account of all Expences, even to the ſmalleſt, and of the true Eſtate of the Publick Treaſure, under the Hands and Oaths of the Profeſſors Reſident.

That the Choice of the Profeſſors, in any Vacancy, belong to the Chancellor and the Governors, but that the Profeſſors (who are likelieſt to know what Men of the Nation are moſt proper for the Duties of their Society) direct their Choice, by recommending two or three Perſons to them at every Election. And that if any learned Perſon within His Majeſty's Dominions diſcover or eminently improve any uſeful Kind of Knowledge, he may upon that ground,

ground, for his Reward, and the Encouragement of others, be preferr'd, if he pretend to the Place, before any body else.

That the Governors have Power to turn out any Professor, who shall be proved to be either scandalous or unprofitable to the Society.

That the College be built after this, or some such manner: That it consist of three fair Quadrangular Courts, and three large Grounds, enclos'd with good Walls behind them. That the first Court be built with a fair Cloyster, and the Professors Lodgings, or rather little Houses, four on each Side, at some Distance from one another, and with little Gardens behind them, just after the manner of the *Chartreux* beyond Sea. That the inside of the Cloyster be lin'd with a Gravel-walk, and that Walk with a Row of Trees, and that in the middle there be a Parterre of Flowers, and a Fountain.

That the second Quadrangle just behind the first, be so contriv'd, as to contain these Parts. 1. A Chappel. 2. A Hall, with two long Tables on each Side, for the Scholars and Officers of the House to eat at, and with a Pulpit and Forms at the End for the publick Lectures. 3. A large and pleasant Dining-Room within the Hall for the Professors to eat in, and to hold their Assemblies and Conferences. 4. A publick School-house. 5. A Library. 6. A Gallery to walk in, adorn'd with the Pictures or Statues of all the Inventers of any thing useful to Human Life; as Printing, Guns, *America*, *&c.* and of late in Anatomy, the Circulation of the Blood, the Milky Veins, and such like Discoveries in any Art, with short Elogies under the Portraitures: As likewise the Figures of all sorts of Creatures, and the stuff'd Skins of as many

ny ſtrange Animals as can be gotten. 7. An Anatomy Chamber adorned with Skeletons and Anatomical Pictures, and prepar'd with all Conveniences for Diſſection. 8. A Chamber for all manner of Drugs, and Apothecaries Materials. 9. A Mathematical Chamber furniſh'd with all Sorts of Mathematical Inſtruments, being an Appendix to the Library. 10. Lodgings for the Chaplain, Chirurgeon, Library-Keeper and Purveyor, near the Chappel, Anatomy Chamber, Library and Hall.

That the third Court be on one Side of theſe, very large, but meanly built, being deſigned only for Uſe and not for Beauty too, as the others. That it contain the Kitchen, Butteries, Brew-houſe, Bake-houſe, Dairy, Lardry, Stables, *&c.* and eſpecially great Laboratories for Chymical Operations, and Lodgings for the Under-Servants.

That behind the ſecond Court be plac'd the Garden, containing all ſorts of Plants that our Soil will bear, and at the End a little Houſe of Pleaſure, a Lodge for the Gardener, and a Grove of Trees cut out into Walks.

That the ſecond encloſed Ground be a Garden, deſtin'd only to the Trial of all manner of Experiments concerning Plants, as their Melioration, Acceleration, Retardation, Conſervation, Compoſition, Tranſmutation, Coloration, or whatſoever elſe can be produced by Art, either for Uſe or Curioſity, with a Lodge in it for the Gardener.

That the third Ground be employ'd in convenient Receptacles for all ſorts of Creatures which the Profeſſors ſhall judge neceſſary for their more exact Search into the Nature of Animals, and the Improvement of their Uſes to us.

Tath

That there be likewise built in some place of the College, where it may serve most for Ornament of the whole, a very high Tower for Observation of Celestial Bodies, adorned with all sorts of Dials and such like Curiosities; and that there be very deep Vaults under Ground for Experiments most proper to such Places, which will be undoubtedly very many.

Much might be added, but truly I am afraid this is too much already for the Charity or Generosity of this Age to extend to; and we do not design this after the Model of *Solomon*'s House in my Lord *Bacon* (which is a Project for Experiments that can never be Experimented) but propose it within such Bounds of Expence as have often been exceeded by the Buildings of private Citizens.

Of the Professors, Scholars, Chaplain, and other Officers.

THAT of the twenty Professors four be always travelling beyond Seas, and sixteen always Resident, unless by Permission upon extraordinary Occasions, and every one so absent, leaving a Deputy behind him to supply his Duties.

That the four Professors Itinerant be assigned to the four Parts of the World, *Europe*, *Asia*, *Africa*, *America*, there to reside three Years at least, and to give a constant Account of all things that belong to the Learning, and especially Natural Experimental Philosophy of those Parts.

That the Expence of all Dispatches, and all Books, Simples, Animals, Stones, Metals, Minerals, *&c.* and

and all Curiosities whatsoever, Natural or Artificial, sent by them to the College, shall be defray'd out of the Treasury, and an additional Allowance (above the 120 *l.*) made to them as soon as the College's Revenue shall be improved.

That at their going abroad they shall take a solemn Oath never to write any thing to the College, but what after very diligent Examination, they shall fully believe to be true, and to confess and recant it as soon as they find themselves in an Error.

That the sixteen Professors Resident shall be bound to study and teach all sorts of Natural, Experimental Philosophy, to consist of the Mathematicks, Mechanicks, Medicine, Anatomy, Chymistry, the History of Animals, Plants, Minerals, Elements, *&c.* Agriculture, Architecture, Art Military, Navigation, Gardening: The Mystery of all Trades and Improvement of them; the Facture of all Merchandizes, all Natural Magick or Divination; and briefly all things contained in the Catalogue of Natural Histories annex'd to my Lord *Bacon*'s *Organon.*

That once a Day from *Easter* till *Michaelmas*, and twice a Week from *Michaelmas* to *Easter*, at the Hours in the Afternoon most convenient for Auditors from *London*, according to the time of the Year, there shall be a Lecture read in the Hall, upon such Parts of Natural Experimental Philosophy, as the Professors shall agree on among themselves, and as each of them shall be able to perform usefully and honourably.

That two of the Professors by daily, weekly, or monthly turns shall teach the Publick Schools, according to the Rules hereafter prescrib'd.

That

That all the Professors shall be equal in all Respects (except Precedency, choice of Lodging, and such like Privileges, which shall belong to Seniority in the College) and that all shall be Masters and Treasurers by annual Turns, which two Officers for the Time being shall take place of all the rest, and shall be *Arbitri duarum Mensarum.*

That the Master shall command all the Officers of the College, appoint Assemblies or Conferences upon occasion, and preside in them with a double Voice, and in his Absence the Treasurer, whose Business is to receive and disburse all Monies by the Master's Order in Writing, (if it be an extraordinary) after Consent of the other Professors.

That all the Professors shall sup together in the Parlour within the Hall every Night, and shall dine there twice a Week (to wit, *Sundays* and *Thursdays*) at two round Tables for the convenience of Discourse, which shall be for the most part of such Matters as may improve their Studies and Professions, and to keep them from falling into loose or unprofitable Talk shall be the Duty of the two *Arbitri Mensarum*, who may likewise command any of the Servant-Scholars to read to them what he shall think fit, whilst they are at Table: That it shall belong likewise to the *Arbitri Mensarum* only, to invite Strangers, which they shall rarely do, unless they be Men of Learning or great Parts, and shall not invite above two at a time to one Table, nothing being more vain and unfruitful than numerous Meetings of Acquaintance.

That the Professors Resident shall allow the College twenty Pounds a Year for their Diet, whether they continue there all the time or not.

That

That they ſhall have once a Week an Aſſembly or Conference concerning the Affairs of the College, and the Progreſs of their Experimental Philoſophy.

That if any one find out any thing which he conceives to be of Conſequence, he ſhall communicate it to the Aſſembly to be examined, experimented, approv'd or rejected.

That if any one be Author of an Invention that may bring in Profit, the third Part of it ſhall belong to the Inventor, and the two other to the Society; and beſides, if the thing be very conſiderable, his Statue or Picture with an Elogy under it, ſhall be placed in the Gallery, and made a Deniſon of that Corporation of famous Men.

That all the Profeſſors ſhall be always aſſigned to ſome particular Inquiſition (beſides the ordinary Courſe of their Studies) of which they ſhall give an account to the Aſſembly, ſo that by this means there may be every Day ſome Operation or other made in all the Arts, as Chymiſtry, Anatomy, Mechanicks, and the like, and that the College ſhall furniſh for the Charge of the Operation.

That there ſhall be kept a Regiſter under Lock and Key, and not to be ſeen but by the Profeſſors, of all the Experiments that ſucceed, ſigned by the Perſons who made the Trial.

That the popular and received Errors in Experimental Philoſophy (with which, like Weeds in a neglected Garden, it is now almoſt all over-grown) ſhall be evinced by trial, and taken notice of in the publick Lectures, that they may no longer abuſe the Credulous, and beget new ones by Conſequence or Similitude.

That

That every third Year (after the full Settlement of the Foundation) the College shall give an Account in Print, in proper and ancient *Latin*, of the Fruits of their triennial Industry.

That every Professor Resident shall have his Scholar to wait upon him in his Chamber and at Table, whom he shall be oblig'd to breed up in Natural Philosophy, and render an Account of his Progress to the Assembly, from whose Election he receiv'd him, and therefore is responsible to it, both for the Care of his Education, and the just and civil Usage of him.

That the Scholar shall understand *Latin* very well, and be moderately initiated in the *Greek*, before he be capable of being chosen into the Service, and that he shall not remain in it above seven Years.

That his Lodging shall be with the Professor whom he serves.

That no Professor shall be a married Man, or a Divine, or Lawyer in Practice, only Physick he may be allow'd to prescribe, because the Study of that Art is a great part of the Duty of his Place, and the Duty of that is so great, that it will not suffer him to lose much time in mercenary Practice.

That the Professors shall, in the College, wear the Habit of ordinary Masters of Art in the Universities, or of Doctors, if any of them be so.

That they shall all keep an inviolable and exemplary Friendship with one another, and that the Assembly shall lay a considerable pecuniary Mulct upon any one who shall be proved to have enter'd so far into a Quarrel as to give uncivil Language to his Brother-Professor; and that the Perseverance in any Enmity shall be punished by the Governors with Expulsion.

That the Chaplain shall eat at the Master's Table, (paying his twenty Pound a Year as the others do) and that he shall read Prayers once a Day at least, a little before Supper-time; that he shall Preach in the Chappel every *Sunday* Morning, and Catechize in the Afternoon the Scholars and School-boys; that he shall every Month administer the Holy Sacrament; that he shall not trouble himself and his Auditors with the Controversies of Divinity, but only Teach God in his just Commandments, and in his wonderful Works.

The SCHOOL.

THAT the School may be built so as to contain about two hundred Boys.

That it be divided into four Classes, not as others are ordinarily into six or seven, because we suppose that the Children sent hither to be initiated in Things as well as Words, ought to have pass'd the two or three first, and to have attained the Age of about thirteen Years, being already well advanc'd in the *Latin* Grammar, and some Authors.

That none, though never so rich, shall pay any thing for their teaching; and that if any Professor shall be convicted to have taken any Mony in Consideration of his Pains in the School, he shall be expell'd with Ignominy by the Governors; but if any Persons of great Estate and Quality, finding their Sons much better Proficients in Learning here, than Boys of the same Age commonly are at other Schools, shall not think fit to receive an Obligation of so near Concernment without returning some Marks of Acknow-

knowledgment, they may, if they pleaſe (for nothing is to be demanded) beſtow ſome little Rarity or Curioſity upon the Society in Recompence of their Trouble.

And becauſe it is deplorable to conſider the Loſs which Children make of their Time at moſt Schools, employing, or rather caſting away ſix or ſeven Years in the learning of Words only, and that too very imperfectly:

That a Method be here eſtabliſh'd for the infuſing Knowledge and Language at the ſame time into them; and that this may be their Apprenticeſhip in Natural Philoſophy. This we conceive may be done, by breeding them up in Authors, or Pieces of Authors, who treat of ſome Parts of Nature, and who may be underſtood with as much Eaſe and Pleaſure, as thoſe which are commonly taught; ſuch are in *Latin Varro*, *Cato*, *Columella*, *Pliny*, Part of *Celſus*, and of *Seneca*, *Cicero de Divinatione*, *de Naturâ Deorum*, and ſeveral ſcatter'd Pieces, *Virgil*'s *Georgicks*, *Grotius*, *Nemeſianus*, *Manilius*; and becauſe the Truth is we want good Poets (I mean, we have but few) who have purpoſely treated of ſolid and learned, that is, Natural Matters (the moſt Part indulging to the Weakneſs of the World, and feeding it either with the Follies of Love, or with the Fables of Gods and Heroes) we conceive that one Book ought to be compil'd of all the ſcatter'd little Parcels among the ancient Poets that might ſerve for the Advancement of Natural Science, and which would make no ſmall or unuſeful or unpleaſant Volume. To this we would have added the Morals and Rhetoricks of *Cicero*, and the Inſtitutions of *Quintilian*; and for the Comœdians, from whom almoſt all that neceſſary Part of com-

mon Discourse, and all the most intimate Proprieties of the Language are drawn, we conceive the Boys may be made Masters of them, as a Part of their Recreation and not of their Task, if once a Month, or at least once in two, they act one of *Terence*'s Comœdies, and afterwards (the most advanc'd) some of *Plautus*'s; and this is, for many Reasons, one of the best Exercises they can be enjoin'd, and most innocent Pleasures they can be allow'd. As for the *Greek* Authors, they may study *Nicander*, *Oppianus* (whom *Scaliger* does not doubt to prefer above *Homer* himself, and place next to his adored *Virgil*) *Aristotle*'s History of Animals, and other Parts, *Theophrastus* and *Dioscorides* of Plants, and a Collection made out of several both Poets, and other *Grecian* Writers. For the Morals and Rhetorick *Aristotle* may suffice, or *Hermogenes* and *Longinus* be added for the latter; with the History of Animals they should be shew'd Anatomy as a Divertisement, and made to know the Figures, and Natures of those Creatures which are not common among us, disabusing them at the same time of those Errors, wich are universally admitted concerning many. The same Method should be us'd to make te m acquainted with all Plants; and to this must be added a little of the ancient and modern Geography, the understanding of the Globes, and the Principles of Geometry, and Astronomy. They should likewise use to declaim in *Latin* and *English*, as the *Romans* did in *Greek* and *Latin*; and in all this Travel be rather led on by Familiarity, Encouragement, and Emulation, than driven by Severity, Punishment, and Terror. Upon Festivals and Play-times they should exercise themselves in the Fields by Riding, Leaping, Fencing, Mustering

ing and Training after the manner of Soldiers, *&c.* And to prevent all Dangers, and all Diſorder, there ſhould always be two of the Scholars with them to be as Witneſſes and Directors of their Actions; In foul Weather it would not be amiſs for them to learn to dance, that is, to learn juſt ſo much (for all beyond is ſuperfluous, if not worſe) as may give them a graceful Comportment of their Bodies.

Upon *Sundays*, and all Days of Devotion, they are to be a Part of the Chaplain's Province.

That for all theſe Ends the College ſo order it, as that there may be ſome convenient and pleaſant Houſes thereabouts, kept by Religious, Diſcreet, and Careful Perſons, for the lodging and boarding of young Scholars, that they have a conſtant Eye over them, to ſee they be bred up there Piouſly, Cleanly, and Plentifully, according to the Proportion of their Parents Expences.

And that the College, when it ſhall pleaſe God either by their own Induſtry and Succeſs, or by the Benevolence of Patrons, to enrich them ſo far, as that it may come to their Turn and Duty to be charitable to others ſhall at their own Charges erect and maintain ſome Houſe or Houſes for the Entertainment of ſuch poor Mens Sons, whoſe good Natural Parts may promiſe either Uſe or Ornament to the Common-wealth, during the time of their Abode at School, and ſhall take Care that it ſhall be done with the ſame Conveniences as are enjoy'd even by rich Mens Children (though they maintain the fewer for that Cauſe) there being nothing of eminent and illuſtrious to be expected from a low, ſordid, and Hoſpital-like Education.

CONCLUSION.

IF I be not much abus'd by a natural Fondneſs to my own Conceptions (that στοργὴ of the *Greeks*, which no other Language has a proper Word for) there was never any Project thought upon, which deſerves to meet with ſo few Adverſaries as this; for who can without impudent Folly oppoſe the Eſtabliſhment of twenty well ſelected Perſons in ſuch a Condition of Life, that their whole Buſineſs and ſole Profeſſion, may be to ſtudy the Improvement and Advantage of all other Profeſſions from that of the higheſt General even to the loweſt Artiſan? Who ſhall be oblig'd to employ their whole Time, Wit, Learning, and Induſtry, to theſe four, the moſt uſeful that can be imagined, and to no other Ends; Firſt, to weigh, examine, and prove all things of Nature delivered to us by former Ages, to detect, explode, and ſtrike a Cenſure through all falſe Monies with which the World has been paid and cheated ſo long, and (as I may ſay) to ſet the Mark of the College upon all true Coins, that they may paſs hereafter without any farther Trial. Secondly, to recover the loſt Inventions, and, as it were, Drown'd Lands of the Ancients. Thirdly, to improve all Arts which we now have; And laſtly, to diſcover others which we yet have not. And who ſhall, beſides all this (as a Benefit by the by) give the beſt Education in the World (purely *gratis*) to as many Mens Children as ſhall think fit to make uſe of the Obligation. Neither does it at all check or interfere with any Parties in State or Religion, but is indifferently to be embrac'd by all Differences in Opinion, and can hardly

be

be conceiv'd capable (as many good Institutions have done) even of Degeneration into any thing harmful. So that, all things considered, I will suppose this Proposition shall encounter with no Enemies; the only Question is, whether it will find Friends enough to carry it on from Discourse and Design to Reality and Effect; the necessary Expences of the Beginning (for it will maintain it self well enough afterwards) being so great (though I have set them as low as is possible in order to so vast a Work) that it may seem hopeless to raise such a Sum out of those few dead Relicks of Human Charity and Publick Generosity which are yet remaining in the World.

A

DISCOURSE

By way of

VISION,

Concerning the

Government of *Oliver Cromwell.*

IT was the Funeral Day of the late Man who made himself to be call'd *Protector*. And though I bore but little Affection, either to the Memory of him, or to the Trouble and Folly of all publick Pageantry, yet I was forc'd by the Importunity of my Company to go along with them, and be a Spectator of that Solemnity, the Expectation of which had been so great, that in was said to have brought some very curious Persons (and no doubt singular Virtuoso's) as far as from the Mount it *Cornwall*, and from the *Orcades*. I found there had been much more Cost bestow'd, than either the Dead Man, or indeed Death it self could deserve. There was a mighty Train of black Assistants, among which too divers Princes in the Persons of their Ambassadors (being infinitely afflicted for the loss of their Brother

M. V. Gucht Sculp:

Oliver Cromwell.

ther) were pleas'd to attend; the Herse was magnificent, the Idol crown'd and (not to mention all other Ceremonies which are practis'd at Royal Interments, and therefore by no means could be omitted here) the vast Multitude of Spectators made up, as it uses to do, no small Part of the Spectacle it self. But yet, I know not how, the whole was so manag'd, that, methoughts, it somewhat represented the Life of him for whom it was made; much Noise, much Tumult, much Expence, much Magnificence, much Vainglory; briefly, a great Show, and yet, after all this, but an ill Sight. At last (for it seem'd long to me, and, like his short Reign too, very tedious) the whole Scene pass'd by, and I retir'd back to my Chamber, weary, and, I think, more melancholly than any of the Mourners. Where I began to reflect on the whole Life of this Prodigious Man, and sometimes I was filled with Horror and Detestation of his Actions, and sometimes I inclin'd a little to Reverence and Admiration of his Courage, Conduct and Success; 'till by these different Motions and Agitations of Mind, rock'd, as it were, a-sleep, I fell at last into this Vision, or if you please to call it but a Dream, I shall not take it ill, because the Father of Poets tells us, even Dreams too are from God.

But sure it was no Dream; for I was suddenly transported afar off (whether in the Body, or out of the Body, like St. *Paul*, I know not) and found my self on the Top of that famous Hill in the Island *Mona*, which has the Prospect of three Great, and Not-long-since most happy Kingdoms. As soon as ever I look'd on them, the Not-long-since strook upon my Memory, and called forth the sad Representation of all the Sins, and all the Miseries that had overwhelm'd them

them these twenty Years. And I wept bitterly for two or three Hours, and when my present Stock of Moisture was all wasted, I fell a sighing for an Hour more, and as soon as I recovered from my Passion the Use of Speech and Reason, I broke forth, as I remember (looking upon *England*) into this Complaint.

I.

Ah, happy Isle, how art thou chang'd and curst,
Since I was born, and knew thee first!
When Peace, which had forsook the World around,
(Frighted with Noise, and the shrill Trumpet's Sound)
Thee for a private Place of Rest,
And a secure Retirement chose
Wherein to build her *Halcion* Nest;
No Wind durst stir abroad the Air to discompose.

II.

When all the Riches of the Globe beside
Flow'd in to thee with ev'ry Tide:
When all that Nature did thy Soil deny,
The Growth was of thy Fruitful Industry,
When all the proud and dreadful Sea,
And all his Tributary-Streams,
A constant Tribute paid to thee;
When all the liquid World was one extended *Thames*.

III.

When Plenty in each Village did appear,
And Bounty was its Steward there;
When Gold walk'd free about in open view,
E'er it one Conqu'ring Party's Pris'ner grew;

Wher

When the Religion of our State
Had Face and Subſtance with her Voice,
E'er ſhe by her fooliſh Loves of late,
Like Ecc ho (once a Nymph) turn'd only into Noiſe.

IV.

When Men to Men Reſpect and Friendſhip bore,
And God with Reverence did adore;
When upon Earth no Kingdom could have ſhown
A happier Monarch to us than our own,
And yet his Subjects by him were
(Which is a Truth will hardly be,
Receiv'd by any vulgar Ear,
A ſecret known to few) made happi'r ev'n than he.

V.

Thou doſt a *Chaos*, and Confuſion now,
A *Babel*, and a *Bedlam* grow,
And like a Frantick Perſon thou doſt tear
The Ornament and Cloaths which thou ſhouldſt wear,
And cut thy Limbs; and if we ſee
(Juſt as thy barb'rous *Britons* did)
The Body with Hypocriſie
Printed all o'er, thou think'ſt, thy naked Shame is hid.

VI.

The Nations, which envy'd thee e'erwhile,
Now laugh (too little 'tis to ſmile)
They laugh, and would have pity'd thee (alas!)
But that thy Faults all Pity do ſurpaſs.

Art

Art thou the Country which didſt hate,
And mock the *French* Inconſtancy?
And have we, have we ſeen of late
Leſs change of Habits there, than Governments in thee?

VII.

Unhappy Iſle! No Ship of thine at Sea,
Was ever toſs'd and torn like thee.
Thy naked Hulk looſe on the Waves does beat,
The Rocks and Banks around her Ruin threat;
What did thy fooliſh Pilots ail,
To lay the Compaſs quite aſide?
Without a Law or Rule to fail,
And rather take the Winds, than Heav'ns to be their [Guide?

VIII.

Yet, mighty God, yet, yet, we humbly crave,
This floating Iſle from Shipwrack ſave;
And though to waſh that Blood which does it ſtain,
It well deſerves to ſink into the Main;
Yet for the Royal Martyr's Prayer
(The Royal Martyr prays, we know)
This guilty, periſhing Veſſel ſpare;
Hear but his Soul above, and not his Blood below.

I think, I ſhould have gone on, but that I was interrupted by a ſtrange and terrible Apparition, for there appeared to me (ariſing out of the Earth, as I conceiv'd) the Figure of a Man taller than a Giant, or indeed, the Shadow of any Giant in the Evening. His Body was naked, but that Nakedneſs adorn'd, or rather

rather deform'd all over, with several Figures, after the manner of the ancient *Britons*, painted upon it: And I perceived that most of them were the Representation of the late Battels in our Civil Wars, and (if I be not much mistaken) it was the Battel of *Naseby* that was drawn upon his Breast. His Eyes were like burning Brass, and there were three Crowns of the same Metal (as I guest) and that lookt as red-hot too, upon his Head. He held in his right Hand a Sword that was yet bloody, and nevertheless the Motto of it was *Pax quæritur Bello*, and in his left Hand a thick Book, upon the Back of which was written in Letters of Gold, Acts, Ordinances, Protestations, Covenants, Engagements, Declarations, Remonstrances, *&c.* Though this sudden, unusual, and dreadful Object might have quell'd a greater Courage than mine, yet so it pleased God (for there is nothing bolder than a Man in a Vision) that I was not at all daunted, but ask'd him resolutely and briefly, What art thou? And he said, I am called the North-west Principality, his Highness the Protector of the Common-wealth of *England*, *Scotland* and *Ireland*, and the Dominions belonging thereunto, for I am that Angel, to whom the Almighty has committed the Government of those three Kingdoms which thou seest from this Place. And I answer'd, and said, If it be so, Sir, it seems to me that for almost these twenty Years past, your Highness has been absent from your Charge: For not only if any Angel, but if any wise and honest Man had since that time been our Governor, we should not have wandred thus long in these laborious and endless Labyrinths of Confusion, but either not have enter'd at all into them, or at least have returned back e'er we had absolutely lost our Way;

Way; but instead of your Highness, we have had since such a Protector as was his Predecessor *Richard* the Third to the King his Nephew; for he presently slew the Common-wealth, which he pretended to protect, and set up himself in the Place of it: A little less guilty indeed in one respect, because the other slew an Innocent, and this Man did but murder a Murderer. Such a Protector we have had as we would have been glad to have changed for any Enemy, and rather received a constant *Turk*, than this every Months Apostate; such a Protector as Man is to his Flocks, which he sheers, and sells, or devours himself; and I would fain know, what the Wolf, which he protects them from, could do more. Such a Protector—— And as I was proceeding, methoughts, his Highness began to put on a displeased and threatning Countenance, as Men use to do when their dearest Friends happen to be traduc'd in their Company, which gave me the first Rise of Jealousie against him, for I did not believe that *Cromwell* among all his Foreign Correspondences, had ever held any with Angels. However, I was not harden'd enough yet to venture a Quarrel with him then; and therefore (as if I had spoken to the Protector himself in *Whitehall*) I desir'd him that his Highness would please to pardon me, if I had unwittingly spoken any thing to the Disparagement of a Person, whose Relations to his Highness I had not the Honour to know. At which he told me, that he had no other Concernment for his late Highness, than as he took him to be the greatest Man that ever was of the *English* Nation, if not (said he) of the whole World, which gives me a just Title to the Defence of his Reputation, since I now account my self, as it were, a Naturaliz'd

raliz'd *Engliſh* Angel, by having had ſo long the Management of the Affairs of that Country. And pray, Countryman (ſaid he, very kindly and very flatteringly) for I would not have you fall into the general Error of the World, that deteſts and decries ſo extraordinory a Virtue; what can be more extraordinary than that a Perſon of mean Birth, no Fortune, no eminent Qualities of Body, which have ſometimes, or of Mind, which have often rais'd Men to the higheſt Dignities, ſhould have the Courage to attempt, and the Happineſs to ſucceed in ſo improbable a Deſign, as the Deſtruction of one of the moſt ancient, and moſt ſolid founded Monarchies upon the Earth? That he ſhould have the Power or Boldneſs to put his Prince and Maſter to an open and infamous Death? To baniſh that numerous and ſtrongly ally'd Family? To do all this under the Name and Wages of a Parliament? To trample upon them too as he pleas'd, and ſpurn them out of Doors when he grew weary of them? To raiſe up a new and unheard of Monſter out of their Aſhes? To ſtifle that in the very Infancy, and ſet up himſelf above all things that ever were called Sovereign in *England?* To oppreſs all his Enemies by Arms, and all his Friends afterwards by Artifice? To ſerve all Parties patiently for a while, and to command them victoriouſly at laſt? To overrun each Corner of the three Nations, and overcome with equal Facility both the Riches of the South, and the Poverty of the North? To be feared and courted by all Foreign Princes, and adopted a Brother to the Gods of the Earth? To call together Parliaments with a Word of his Pen, and ſcatter them again with the Breath of his Mouth? To be humbly and daily petition'd that he would pleaſe to be hir'd at the Rate

of

of two Millions a Year, to be the Maſter of thoſe who had hir'd him before to be their Servant? To have the Eſtates and Lives of three Kingdoms as much at his Diſpoſal, as was the little Inheritance of his Father, and to be as noble and liberal in the ſpending of them; and laſtly (for there is no End of all the Particulars of his Glory) to bequeath all this with one Word to his Poſterity? To die with Peace at home, and Triumph abroad? To be buried among Kings, and with more than Regal Solemnity? And to leave a Name behind him, not to be extinguiſh'd, but with the whole World, which as it is now too little for his Praiſes, ſo might have been too for his Conqueſts, if the ſhort Line of his Human Life could have been ſtretch'd out to the extent of his Immortal Deſigns?

By this Speech I began to underſtand perfectly well what kind of Angel his pretended Highneſs was, and having fortify'd my ſelf privately with a ſhort mental Prayer, and with the Sign of the Croſs (not out of any Superſtition to the Sign, but as a Recognition of my Baptiſm in Chriſt) I grew a little bolder, and reply'd in this manner; I ſhould not venture to oppoſe what you are pleaſed to ſay in Commendation of the late great, and (I confeſs) extraordinary Perſon, but that I remember Chriſt forbids us to give Aſſent to any other Doctrine but what himſelf has taught us, even though it ſhould be deliver'd by an Angel; and if ſuch you be, Sir, it may be you have ſpoken all this rather to try than to tempt my Frailty: For ſure I am, that we muſt renounce or forget all the Laws of the New and Old Teſtament, and thoſe which are the Foundation of both, even the Laws of Moral and Natural Honeſty, if we approve

prove of the Actions of that Man whom I suppose you commend by Irony. There would be no end to instance in the Particulars of all his Wickedness; but to sum up a Part of it briefly, What can be more extraordinarily wicked, than for a Person, such as your self, qualifie him rightly, to endeavour not only to exalt himself above, but to trample upon all his Equals and Betters? To pretend Freedom for all Men, and under the help of that Pretence to make all Men his Servants? To take Arms against Taxes of scarce two hundred thousand Pounds a Year, and to raise them hemself to above two Millions? To quarrel for the Loss of three or four Ears, and strike off three or four hundred Heads? To fight against an imaginary Suspicion of I know not what, two thousand Guards to be fetch'd for the King, I know not from whence, and to keep up for himself no less than forty thousand? To pretend the Defence of Parliaments, and violently to Dissolve all, even of his own Calling, and almost Chusing? To undertake the Reformation of Religion, to rob it even to the very Skin, and then to expose it naked to the Rage of all Sects and Heresies? To set up Counsels of Rapine, and Courts of Murder? To fight against the King under a Commission for him? To take him forceably out of the Hands of those for whom he had conquer'd him; to dray him into his Net, with Protestations and Vows of Fidelity, and when he had caught him in it, to Butcher him, with as little Shame, as Conscience or Humanity, in the open Face of the whole World? To receive a Commission for King and Parliament, to murder (as I said) the one, and destroy no less impudently the other? To fight against Monarchy when he declared for it, and declare against it when

he contrived for it in his own Person? To abase perfidiously and supplant ingratefully his own General first, and afterwards most of those Officers, who with the loss of their Honour, and hazard of their Souls, had lifted him up to the Top of his unreasonable Ambitions? To break his Faith with all Enemies, and with all Friends equally? And to make no less frequent use of the most solemn Perjuries, than the looser sort of People do of customary Oaths? To usurp three Kingdoms without any Shadow of the least Pretensions, and to govern them as unjustly as he got them? To set himself up as an Idol (which we know as St. *Paul* says, in it self is nothing) and make the very Streets of *London*, like the Valley of *Hinnon*, by burning the Bowels of Men as a Sacrifice to his *Moloch-ship*? To seek to entail this Usurpation upon his Posterity, and with it an endless War upon the Nation? And lastly, by the severest Judgment of Almighty God, to die hardned, and mad, and unrepentant, with the Curses of the present Age, and the Detestation of all to succeed.

Though I had much more to say (for the Life of Man is so short, that it allows not time enough to speak against a Tyrant) yet because I had a mind to hear how my strange Adversary would behave himself upon this Subject, and to give even the Devil (as they say) his Right, and fair Play in a Disputation I stopp'd here, and expected (not without the frailty of a little Fear) that he should have broke into a violent Passion in behalf of his Favourite; but he on the contrary, very calmly, and with the Dove-like Innocency of a Serpent that was not yet warm'd enough to sting, thus reply'd to me:

It

It is not ſo much out of my Affection to that Perſon whom we diſcourſe of (whoſe Greatneſs is too ſolid to be ſhaken by the Breath of any Oratory) as for your own ſake (honeſt Countryman) whom I conceive to err, rather by Miſtake than out of Malice, that I ſhall endeavour to reform your uncharitable and unjuſt Opinion. And in the firſt place I muſt needs put you in mind of a Sentence of the moſt ancient of the Heathen Divines, that you Men are acquainted withal,

Ὀυχ᾽ ὅσιον κταμένοσιν ἐπ᾽ ἄνδρασιν εὐχεταάσθαι,

'Tis wicked, with inſulting Feet to tread
Upon the Monuments of the Dead.

And the Intention of the Reproof there, is no leſs proper for this Subject; for it is ſpoken to a Perſon who was proud and inſolent againſt thoſe dead Men, to whom he had been humble and obedient whilſt they liv'd. Your Highneſs may pleaſe (ſaid I) to add the Verſe that follows, as no leſs proper for this Subject,

Whom God's juſt Doom, and their own Sins have ſent
Already to their Puniſhment.

But I take this to be the Rule in the Caſe, that when we fix any Infamy upon deceas'd Perſons, it ſhould not be done out of Hatred to the Dead, but out of Love and Charity to the Living, that the Curſes which only remain in Mens Thoughts, and dare not come forth againſt Tyrants (becauſe they are Tyrants) whilſt they are ſo, may at leaſt be for ever ſettled and engraven upon their Memories, to deter all others from the like Wickedneſs, which elſe in

the time of their foolish Prosperity, the Flattery of their own Hearts, and of other Mens Tongues, would not suffer them to perceive. Ambition is so subtle a Tempter, and the Corruption of human Nature so susceptible of the Temptation, that a Man can hardly resist it, be he never so much fore-warn'd of the evil Consequences, much less if he find not only the Concurrence of the present, but the Approbation too of following Ages, which have the Liberty to judge more freely. The Mischief of Tyranny is too great, even in the shortest Time that it can continue, it is endless and insupportable, if the Example be to reign too, and if a *Lambert* must be invited to follow the Steps of a *Cromwell*, as well by the Voice of Honour, as by the Sight of Power and Riches. Though it may seem to some fantastically, yet was it wisely done of the *Syracusians*, to implead with the Forms of their ordinary Justice, to condemn, and destroy even the Statues of all their Tyrants: If it were possible to cut them out of all Histories, and to extinguish their very Names, I am of Opinion that it ought to be done; but since they have left behind them too deep Wounds to be ever clos'd up without a Scar, at least let us set such a Mark upon their Memory, that Men of the same wicked Inclinations may be no less affrighted with their lasting Ignominy, than enticed by their momentary Glories. And that your Highness may perceive that I speak not all this out of any private Animosity against the Person of the late *Protector*, I assure you upon my Faith, that I bear no more Hatred to his Name, than I do to that of *Marius* or *Sylla*, who never did me or any Friend of mine the least Injury; and with that transported by a holy Fury, I fell into this sudden Rapture.

I. Curs'd

I.

Curs'd be the Man (what do I wiſh ? as tho'
The Wretch already were not ſo;
But curs'd on let him be) who thinks it brave
And great, his Country to enſlave.
Who ſeeks to over-poiſe alone
The Balance of a Nation;
Againſt the whole, but naked State, [Weight.
Who in his own light Scale makes up with Arms the

II.

Who of his Nation loves to be the firſt,
Though at the rate of being worſt,
Who would be rather a great Monſter, than
A well-proportion'd Man.
The Son of Earth, with hundred Hands,
Upon his three-pil'd Mountain ſtands,
'Till Thunder ſtrikes him from the Sky;
The Son of Earth again in his Earth's Womb does lye.

III.

What Blood, Confuſion, Ruin, to obtain
A ſhort and miſerable Reign?
In what oblique and humble creeping wiſe
Does the miſchievous Serpent riſe?
But ev'n his forked Tongue ſtrikes dead,
When h'as rear'd up his wicked Head,
He murders with his mortal Frown
A *Baſilisk* he grows, if once he get a Crown.

IV.

But no Guards can oppoſe aſſaulting Ears,
Or undermining Tears;
No more than Doors, or cloſe-drawn Curtains keep
The ſwarming Dreams out, when we ſleep.
That bloody Conſcience too of his,
(For, oh, a Rebel Red-Coat 'tis)
Does here his early Hell begin,
He ſees his Slaves without, his Tyrant feels within.

V.

Let, Gracious God, let never more thine Hand
Lift up this Rod againſt our Land.
A Tyrant is a Rod and Serpent too,
And brings worſe Plagues than *Egypt* knew.
What Rivers ſtain'd with Blood have been?
What Storm and Hail-ſhot have we ſeen?
What Sores deform'd the ulcerous State?
What Darkneſs to be felt, has bury'd us of late?

VI.

How has it ſnatch'd our Flocks and Herds away?
And made even of our Sons a Prey?
What croaking Sects and Vermin has it ſent
The reſtleſs Nation to torment?
What greedy Troops, what armed Power
Of Flies and Locuſts, to devour
The Land which ev'ry where they fill?
Nor fly they, Lord, away; no, they devour it ſtill.

VII. Come

VII.

Come the eleventh Plague, rather than this ſhould be;
Come ſink us rather in the Sea.
Come rather Peſtilence, and reap us down;
Come God's Sword rather than our own.
Let rather *Roman* come again,
Or *Saxon*, *Norman*, or the *Dane*.
In all the Bonds we ever bore,
We griev'd, we ſigh'd, we wept; we never bluſh'd before.

VIII.

If, by our Sins, the Divine Vengeance be
Call'd to this laſt Extremity,
Let ſome denouncing *Jonas* firſt be ſent,
To try if *England* can repent.
Methinks at leaſt ſome Prodigy,
Some dreadful Comet from on high,
Should terribly forewarn the Earth,
As of good Princes Deaths, ſo of a Tyrant's Birth,

Here the Spirit of Verſe beginning a little to fail, I ſtopt, and his Highneſs ſmiling, ſaid, I was glad to ſee you engag'd in the Encloſures of *Meeter*, for if you had ſtaid in the open Plain of declaiming againſt the word Tyrant, I muſt have had Patience for half a dozen Hours, 'till you had tir'd your ſelf, as well as me. But pray, Countryman, to avoid this Sciomachy, or imaginary Combat with Words, let me know, Sir, what you mean by the Name of Tyrant, for I remenber that among your ancient Authors, not only all Kings, but even *Jupiter* himſelf (your *Juvans Pater*) is ſo termed; and perhaps as it was

us'd formerly in a good Sense, so we shall find it, upon better Consideration, to be still a good thing for the Benefit and Peace of Mankind, at least it will appear whether your Interpretation of it may be justly apply'd to the Person who is now the Subject of our Discourse. I call him (said I) a Tyrant, who either intrudes himself forcibly into the Government of his Fellow-Citizens without any legal Authority over them, or who having a just Title to the Government of a People, abuses it to the Destruction, or tormenting of them. So that all Tyrants are at the same time Usurpers, either of the whole, or at least of a Part of that Power which they assume to themselves, and no less are they to be accounted Rebels, since no Man can usurp Authority over others, but by rebelling against them who had it before, or at least against those Laws which were his Superiors; and in all these Senses no History can afford us a more evident Example of Tyranny, or more out of all Possibility of Excuse, or Palliation, than that of the Person whom you are pleased to defend, whether we consider his reiterated Rebellions against all his Superiors; or his Usurpation of the Supreme Power to himself, or his Tyranny in the Exercise of it; and if lawful Princes have been esteem'd Tyrants, by not containing themselves within the Bounds of those Laws which have been left them as the Sphere of their Authority by their Fore-fathers, what shall we say of that Man, who having by Right no Power at all in this Nation, could not content himself with that which had satisfy'd the most ambitious of our Princes? nay, not with those vastly extended Limits of Sovereignty, which he (disdaining all that had been prescrib'd and observ'd before) was pleas'd (out of great Modesty) to

set

ſet to himſelf? not abſtaining from Rebellion and Uſurpation even againſt his own Laws, as well as thoſe of the Nation?

Hold Friend (ſaid his Highneſs, pulling me by my Arm) for I ſee your Zeal is tranſporting you again; whether the Protector were a Tyrant in the exorbitant Exerciſe of his Power we ſhall ſee anon, it is requiſite to examine firſt whether he were ſo in the Uſurpation of it. And I ſay, that not only he, but no Man elſe ever was, or can be ſo; and that for theſe Reaſons. Firſt, Becauſe all Power belongs only to God, who is the Source and Fountain of it, as Kings are of all Honours in their Dominions. Princes are but his Viceroys in the little Provinces of this World, and to ſome he gives their Places for a few Years, to ſome for their Lives, and to others (upon Ends or Deſerts beſt known to himſelf, or meerly for his undiſputable good Pleaſure) he beſtows, as it were, Leaſes upon them, and their Poſterity, for ſuch a Date of Time as is prefix'd in that Patent of their Deſtiny, which is not legible to you Men below. Neither is it more unlawful for *Oliver* to ſucceed *Charles* in the Kingdom of *England*, when God ſo diſpoſes of it, than it had been for him to have ſucceeded the Lord *Stafford* in the Lieutenancy of *Ireland*, if he had been appointed to it by the King then reigning. Men are in both the Caſes oblig'd to obey him whom they ſee actually inveſted with the Authority by that Sovereign from whom he ought to derive it, without diſputing or examining the Cauſes, either of the Removal of the one, or the Preferment of the other. Secondly, Becauſe all Power is attained either by the Election and Conſent of the People, and that takes away your Objection of forci-

ble

ble Intrusion; or else by a Conquest of them, and that gives such a legal Authority as you mention to be wanting in the Usurpation of a Tyrant; so that either this Title is right, and then there are no Usurpers, or else it is a wrong one, and then there are none else but Usurpers, if you examine the Original Pretences of the Princes of the World. Thirdly, (which quitting the Dispute in general, is a particular Justification of his Highness) The Government of *England* was totally broken and dissolv'd, and extinguish'd by the Confusions of a Civil War, so that his Highness could not be accus'd to have possess'd himself violently of the ancient Building of the Common-wealth, but to have prudently and peaceably built up a new one out of the Ruins and Ashes of the former; and he who after a deplorable Shipwrack can with extraordinary Industry gather together the dispers'd and broken Planks and Pieces of it, and with no less wonderful Art and Felicity so rejoin them, as to make a new Vessel more tight and beautiful than the old one, deserves, no doubt, to have the Command of her (even as his Highness had) by the Desire of the Seamen and Passengers themselves. And do but consider Lastly (for I omit a multitude of weighty things that might be spoken upon this noble Argument) do but consider seriously and impartially with your self, what admirable Parts of Wit and Prudence, what indefatigable Diligence and invincible Courage must of necessity have concurr'd in the Person of that Man, who from so contemptible Beginnings (as I observ'd before) and through so many thousand Difficulties, was able not only to make himself the greatest and most absolute Monarch of this Nation, but to add to it the entire Conquest of *Ireland*

land and *Scotland* (which the whole Force of the World, join'd with the *Roman* Virtue, could never attain to) and to crown all this with illuſtrious and heroical Undertakings, and Succeſſes upon all our foreign Enemies; do but (I ſay again) conſider this, and you will confeſs, that his prodigious Merits were a better Title to Imperial Dignity, than the Blood of an hundred Royal Progenitors; and will rather lament that he liv'd not to overcome more Nations, than envy him the Conqueſt and Dominion of theſe. Whoever you are (ſaid I, my Indignation making me ſomewhat bolder) your Diſcourſe (methinks) becomes as little the Perſon of a Tutelar Angel, as *Cromwell*'s Actions did that of a Protector. It is upon theſe Principles, that all the great Crimes of the World have been committed, and moſt particularly thoſe which I have had the Misfortune to ſee in my own Time, and in my own Country. If theſe be to be allow'd, we muſt break up human Society, retire into the Woods, and equally there ſtand upon our Guards, againſt our Brethren Mankind, and our Rebels the wild Beaſt. For if there can be no Uſurpation upon the Rights of a whole Nation, there can be none moſt certainly upon thoſe of a private Perſon; and if the Robbers of Countries be God's Vicegerents, there is no doubt but the Thieves, and Bandito's, and Murderers, are his Under-Officers. It is true which you ſay, that God is the Source and Fountain of all Power, and it is no leſs true that he is the Creator of Serpents as well as Angels; nor does his Goodneſs fail of its Ends even in the Malice of his own Creatures. What Power he ſuffers the Devil to exerciſe in this World, is too apparent by our daily Experience, and by nothing more than the late monſtrous

ſtrous Iniquities which you diſpute for, and patronize in *England*; but would you infer from thence, that the Power of the Devil is a juſt and lawful one, and that all Men ought, as well as moſt Men do, obey him? God is the Fountain of all Powers; but ſome flow from the right Hand (as it were) of his Goodneſs, and others from the left Hand of his Juſtice; and the World, like an Iſland between theſe two Rivers, is ſometimes refreſh'd and nouriſh'd by the one, and ſometimes over-run and ruin'd by the other; and (to continue a little farther the Allegory) we are never overwhelm'd with the latter, 'till either by our Malice or Negligence we have ſtopp'd and damn'd up the former. But to come a little cloſer to your Argument, or rather the Image of an Argument, your Similitude; If *Cromwell* had come to command in *Ireland* in the place of the late Lord *Stafford*, I ſhould have yielded Obedience, not for the Equipage, and the Strength, and the Guards which he brought with him, but for the Commiſſion which he ſhould firſt have ſhew'd me from our common Sovereign that ſent him; and if he could have done that from God Almighty, I would have obey'd him too in *England*; but that he was ſo far from being able to do, that on the contrary, I read nothing but Commands, and even publick Proclamations from God Almighty, not to admit him. Your ſecond Argument is, that he had the ſame Right for his Authority, that is the Foundation of all others, even the Right of Conqueſt. Are we then ſo unhappy as to be conquer'd by the Perſon, whom we hired at a daily Rate, like a Labourer, to conquer others for us? Did we furniſh him with Arms, only to draw and try upon our Enemies (as we, it ſeems, falſely thought them) and keep them

for

for ever ſheath'd in the Bowels of his Friends? Did we fight for Liberty againſt our Prince, that we might become Slaves to our Servant? This is ſuch an impudent Pretence, as neither he nor any of his Flatterers for him had ever the Face to mention. Tho' it can hardly be ſpoken or thought of without Paſſion, yet I ſhall, if you pleaſe, argue it more calmly than the Caſe deſerves. The Right certainly of Conqueſt can only be exercis'd upon thoſe againſt whom the War is declar'd, and the Victory obtain'd. So that no whole Nation can be ſaid to be conquer'd but by foreign Force. In all Civil Wars Men are ſo far from ſtating the Quarrel againſt their Country, that they do it only againſt a Perſon or Party which they really believe, or at leaſt pretend to be pernicious to it, neither can there be any juſt Cauſe for the Deſtruction of a part of the Body, but when it is done for the Preſervation and Safety of the whole. 'Tis our Country that raiſes Men in the Quarrel, our Country that arms, our Country that pays them, our Country that authoriſes the Undertaking, and by that diſtinguiſhes it from Rapine and Murder; laſtly, 'tis our Country that directs and commands the Army, and is indeed their General. So that to ſay in Civil Wars, that the prevailing Party conquers their Country, is to ſay, the Country conquers it ſelf. And if the General only of that Party be the Conqueror, the Army by which he is made ſo, is no leſs conquer'd than the Army which is beaten, and have as little Reaſon to triumph in that Victory, by which they loſe both their Honour and Liberty. So that if *Cromwell* conquer'd any Party, it was only that againſt which he was ſent, and what that was muſt appear by his Commiſſion. It was (ſays that) againſt a Company of evil

evil Counsellors, and disaffected Persons, who kept the King from a good Intelligence and Conjunction with his People. It was not then against the People. It is so far from being so, that even of that Party which was beaten, the Conquest did not belong to *Cromwell*, but to the Parliament which employ'd him in their Service, and rather indeed to the King and Parliament, for whose Service (if there had been any Faith in Mens Vows and Protestations) the Wars were undertaken. Merciful God! did the Right of this miserable Conquest remain then in his Majesty, and didst thou suffer him to be destroy'd with more Barbarity, than if he had been conquer'd even by Savages and Cannibals? Was it for King and Parliament that we fought, and has it far'd with them just as with the Army which we fought against, the one Part being slain, and the other fled? It appears therefore plainly, that *Cromwell* was not a Conqueror, but a Thief and Robber of the Rights of the King and Parliament, and an Usurper upon those of the People. I do not here deny Conquest to be sometimes (tho' it be very rarely) a true Title, but I deny this to be a true Conquest. Sure I am, that the Race of our Princes came not in by such a one. One Nation may conquer another sometimes justly, and if it be unjustly, yet still it is a true Conquest, and they are to answer for the Injustice only to God Almighty (having nothing else in Authority above them) and not as particular Rebels to their Country, which is, and ought always to be their Superior and their Lord. If perhaps we find Usurpation instead of Conquest in the Original Titles of some Royal Families abroad (as no doubt there have been many Usurpers before ours, tho' none in so impudent and execrable a manner)

all

all I can say for them is, that their Title was very weak, 'till by Length of Time, and the Death of all juster Pretenders, it became to be the true, because it was the only one. Your third Defence of his Highness (as your Highness pleases to call him) enters in most seasonably after his Pretence of Conquest, for then a Man may say any thing. The Government was broken; Who broke it? It was dissolv'd; Who dissolv'd it? It was extinguish'd; Who was it but *Cromwell*, who not only put out the Light, but cast away even the very Snuff of it? As if a Man should murder a whole Family, and then possess himself of the House, because 'tis better that he, than that only Rats should live there. Jesus God! (said I, and at the Word I perceiv'd my pretended Angel to give a Start and trembled, but I took no Notice of it, and went on) this were a wicked Pretension, even tho' the whole Family were destroy'd, but the Heirs (blessed be God) are yet surviving, and likely to out-live all Heirs of their Dispossessors, besides their Infamy. *Rode Caper vitem*, &c. There will be yet Wine enough left for the Sacrifice of those wild Beasts that have made so much Spoil in the Vineyard. But did *Cromwell* think, like *Nero*, to set the City on Fire, only that he might have the Honour of being Founder of a new and more beautiful one? He could not have such a Shadow of Virtue in his Wickedness; he meant only to rob more securely and more richly in the midst of the Combustion; he little thought then that he should ever have been able to make himself Master of the Palace, as well as plunder the Goods of the Common-wealth. He was glad to see the publick Vessel (the Sovereign of the Seas) in as desperate a Condition as his own little Canow, and thought only with some scatter'd Planks

of

of that great Shipwrack to make a better Fisher-boat for himself. But when he saw that by the drowning of the Master (whom he himself treacherously knock'd on the Head as he was swimming for his Life) by the Flight and Dispersion of others, and cowardly Patience of the remaining Company, that all was abandon'd to his Pleasure, with the old Hulk, and new miss-shapen and disagreeing Pieces of his own, he made up with much ado that Piratical Vessel which we have seen him command, and which, how tight indeed it was, may best be judg'd by its perpetual Leaking. First then (much more wicked than those foolish Daughters in the Fable, who cut their old Father into Pieces, in hope by Charms and Witchcraft to make him young and lusty again) this Man endeavour'd to destroy the Building, before he could imagine in what Manner, with what Materials, by what Workmen, or what Architect it was to be re-built. Secondly, If he had dreamt himself to be able to revive that Body which he had kill'd, yet it had been but the insupportable Insolence of an ignorant Mountebank. And Thirdly (which concerns us neares) That very new thing which he made out of the Ruins of the old, is no more like the Original, either for Beauty, Use, or Duration, than an artificial Plant, rais'd by the Fire of a Chymist, is comparable to the true and natural one which he first burnt, that out of the Ashes of it he might produce an imperfect Similitude of his own making. Your last Argument is such (when reduc'd to Syllogism) that the Major Proposition of it would make strange Work in the World, if it were receiv'd for Truth; to wit, that he who has the best Parts in a Nation, has the Right of being King over it. We had enough to do here

here of old with the Contention between two Branches of the same Family, what would become of us when every Man in *England* should lay his Claim to the Government? and truly if *Cromwell* should have commenc'd his Plea when he seems to have begun his Ambition, there were few Persons besides that might not at the same time have put in theirs too. But his Deserts I suppose you will date from the same Term that I do his great Demerits, that is, from the Beginning of our late Calamities, (for, as for his private Faults before, I can only wish (and that with as much Charity to him as to the Publick) that he had continu'd in them 'till his Death, rather than chang'd them for those of his latter Days) and therefore we must begin the Consideration of his Greatness from the unlucky *Æra* of our own Misfortunes; which puts me in Mind of what was said less truly of *Pompey* the Great, *Nostra Miseria Magnus es.* But because the general Ground of your Argumentation consists in this, that all Men who are the Effecters of extraordinary Mutations in the World, must needs have extraordinary Forces of Nature by which they are enabled to turn about, as they please, so great a Wheel; I shall speak first a few Words upon this universal Proposition, which seems so reasonable, and is so popular, before I descend to the particular Examination of the Eminences of that Person which is in Question.

I have often observ'd (with all Submission and Resignation of Spirit to the inscrutable Mysteries of Eternal Providence) that when the Fulness and Maturity of Time is come that produces the great Confusions and Changes in the World, it usually pleases God to make it appear by the manner of them, that they are not the Effects of human Force or Policy,

but of the Divine Justice and Predestination; and tho' we see a Man, like that which we call *Jack* of the Clock-house, striking, as it were, the Hour of that Fulness of Time, yet our Reason must needs be convinc'd, that his Hand is mov'd by some secret, and to us who stand without, invisible Direction. And the Stream of the Current is then so violent, that the strongest Men in the World cannot draw up against it, and none are so weak, but they may sail down with it. These are the Spring-Tides of publick Affairs which we see often happen, but seek in vain to discover any certain Causes,

——Omnia fluminis Hor. Car. 3. 29.
Ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo
Cum pace delabentis Hetruscum
In mare, nunc lapides adesos
Stirpesque raptas, & pecus & domos
Volventis una, non sine montium
Clamore, vicinæque silvæ;
Cum fera Diluvies quietos
Irritat amnes,——

and one Man then, by maliciously opening all the Sluces that he can come at, can never be the sole Author of all this (tho' he may be as guilty as if really he were, by intending and imagining to be so) but it is God that breaks up the Flood-Gates of so general a Deluge, and all the Art then and Industry of Mankind is not sufficient to raise up Dikes and Ramparts against it. In such a time it was as this, that not all the Wisdom and Power of the *Roman* Senate, nor the Wit and Eloquence of *Cicero*, nor the Courage and Virtue of *Brutus*, was able to defend

fend their Country or themſelves againſt the unexperienc'd Raſhneſs of a beardleſs Boy, and the looſe Rage of a voluptuous Madman. The Valour and prudent Counſels on the one ſide are made fruitleſs, and the Errors and Cowardiſe on the other harmleſs, by unexpected Accidents. The one General ſaves his Life, and gains the whole World, by a very Dream; and the other loſes both at once by a little Miſtake of the Shortneſs of his Sight. And tho' this be not always ſo, for we ſee that in the Tranſlation of the great Monarchies from one to another, it pleas'd God to make choice of the moſt Eminent Men in Nature, as *Cyrus*, *Alexander*, *Scipio* and his Contemporaries, for his chief Inſtruments and Actors in ſo admirable a Work (the End of this being not only to deſtroy or puniſh one Nation, which may be done by the worſt of Mankind, but to exalt and bleſs another, which is only to be effected by great and virtuous Perſons) yet when God only intends the temporary Chaſtiſement of a People, he does not raiſe up his Servant *Cyrus* (as he himſelf is pleas'd to call him) or an *Alexander* (who had as many Virtues to do Good, as Vices to do Harm) but he makes the *Maſſanelloes*, and the *Johns* of *Leyden*, the Inſtruments of his Vengeance, that the Power of the Almighty might be more evident by the Weakneſs of the Means which he chuſes to demonſtrate it. He did not aſſemble the Serpents and the Monſters of *Africk* to correct the Pride of the *Egyptians*, but call'd for his Armies of Locuſts out of *Æthiopia*, and form'd new ones of Vermine out of the very Duſt; and becauſe you ſee a whole Country deſtroy'd by theſe, will you argue from thence they muſt needs have had both the Craft of the Foxes, and the Courage of Lions? It is eaſie to apply this general Obſervation to the

particular Case of our Troubles in *England*, and that they seem only to be meant for a temporary Chastisement of our Sins, and not for a total Abolishment of the old, and Introduction of a new Government, appears probably to me from these Considerations, as far as we may be bold to make a Judgment of the Will of God in future Events. First, Because he has suffer'd nothing to settle or take Root in the Place of that which has been so unwisely and unjustly remov'd, that none of these untemper'd Mortars can hold out against the next Blast of Wind, nor any Stone stick to a Stone, 'till that which those foolish Builders have refus'd, be made again the Head of the Corner. For when the indispos'd and long tormented Commonwealth hath weary'd and spent it self almost to nothing with the chargeable, various, and dangerous Experiments of several Mountebanks, it is be suppos'd, it will have the Wit last to send for a true Physician, especially when it sees (which is the second Consideration) most evidently (as it now begins to do, and will do every Day more and more, and might have done perfectly long since) that no Usurpation (under what Name or Pretext soever) can be kept up without open Force, nor Force without the Continuance of those Oppressions upon the People, which will at last tire out their Patience, tho' it be great even to Stupidity. They cannot be so dull (when Poverty and Hunger begins to whet their Understanding) as not to find out this no extraordinary Mystery, that 'tis Madness in a Nation to pay three Millions a Year for the maintaining of their Servitude under Tyrants, when they might live free for nothing under their Princes. This, I say, will not always lye hid, even to the slowest Capacities, and the next Truth they will discover afterwards, is, that

a whole People can never have the Will, without having at the same time the Power to redeem themselves. Thirdly, It does not look (methinks) as if God had forsaken the Family of that Man, from whom he has rais'd up five Children, of as Eminent Virtue, and all other commendable Qualities, as ever liv'd perhaps (for so many together, and so young) in any other Family in the whole World. Especially, if we add hereto this Consideration, that by protecting and preserving some of them already through as great Dangers as ever were pass'd with Safety, either by Prince or private Person, he has given them already (as we may reasonably hope it to be meant) a Promise and Earnest of his future Favours. And lastly (to return closely to the Discourse, from which I have a little digress'd) because I see nothing of those excellent Parts of Nature, and Mixture of Merit with their Vices in the late Disturbers of our Peace and Happiness, that uses to be found in the Persons of those who are born for the Erection of new Empiers. And I confess I find nothing of that kind, no not any Shadow (taking away the false Light of some Prosperity) in the Man whom you extol for the first Example of it. And certainly all Virtues being rightly divided into Moral and Intellectual, I know not how we can better judge of the former than by Mens Actions, or of the latter than by their Writings or Speeches. As for these latter (which are least in Merit, or rather which are only the Instruments of Mischief where the other are wanting) I think you can hardly pick out the name of a Man who ever was call'd Great, besides him we are now speaking of, who never left the Memory behind him of one wise or witty Apothegm even amongst his domestick Servants or greatest Flatterers. That little in

Print which remains upon a sad Record for him, is such, as a Satyre against him would not have made him say, for fear of transgressing too much the Rules of Probability. I know not what you can produce for the Justification of his Parts in this kind, but his having been able to deceive so many particular Persons, and so many whole Parties; which if you please to take notice of for the Advantage of his Intellectuals, I desire you to allow me the Liberty to do so too, when I am to speak of his Morals. The Truth of the thing is this, That if Craft be Wisdom, and Dissimulation Wit, (assisted both and improv'd with Hypocrisies and Perjuries) I must not deny him to have been singular in both; but so gross was the Manner in which he made use of them, that as Wise Men ought not to have believ'd him at first, so no Man was Fool enough to believe him at last; neither did any Man seem to do it, but those who thought they gain'd as much by that dissembling, as he did by his. His very actions of Godliness grew at last so ridiculous, as if a Player, by putting on a Gown, should think he represented excellently a Woman, tho' his Beard at the same time were seen by all the Spectators. If you ask me why they did not hiss, and explode him off the Stage, I can only answer, that they durst not do so, because the Actors and the Doorkeepers were too strong for the Company. I must confess that by these Arts (how grossly soever managed, as by hypocritical Praying, and silly Preaching, by unmanly Tears and Whinings, by Falshoods and Perjuries even Diabolical) he had at first the good Fortune (as Men call it, that is the ill Fortune) to attain his Ends; but it was because his Ends were so unreasonable, that no human Reason could foresee them; which made them which had to do with him believe

believe that he was rather a well-meaning and deluding Bigot, than a crafty and malicious Impostor. That these Arts were help'd by an indefatigable Industry (as you term it) I am so far from doubting, that I intend to object that Diligence as the worst of his Crimes. It makes me almost mad when I hear a Man commended for his Diligence in Wickedness. If I were his Son, I should wish to God he had been a more lazy Person, and that we might have found him sleeping at the Hours when other Men are ordinarily waking, rather than waking for those ends of his when other Men are ordinarily asleep; how diligent the wicked are the Scripture often tells us; *Their Feet run to Evil, and they make haste to shed innocent Blood*, Isa. 59. 7. *He travels with Iniquity* Psal. 7. 14. *He deviseth Mischief upon his Bed*, Psal. 34. 4. *They search out Iniquity, they accomplish a diligent Search*, Psal. 64. 6. and in a multitude of other Places. And would it not seem ridiculous to praise a Wolf for his Watchfulness, and for his indefatigable Industry in ranging all Night about the Country, whilst the Sheep, and perhaps the Shepherd, and perhaps the very Dogs too are all asleep?

The *Chartreux* wants the Warning of a Bell
To call him to the Duties of his Cell;
There needs no Noise at all t' awaken Sin,
Th' Adulterer and the Thief his Larum has within.

And if the Diligence of wicked Persons be so much to be blamed, as that it is only an Emphasis and Exaggeration of their Wickedness, I see not how their Courage can avoid the same Censure. If the undertaking bold, and vast, and unreasonable Designs can deserve that honourable Name, I am sure *Faux* and

his fellow Gun-powder Friends will have Cause to pretend, tho' not an equal, yet at least the next place of Honour; neither can I doubt but if they too had succeeded, they would have found their Applauders and Admirers. It was bold unquestionably for a Man in Defiance of all Human and Divine Laws (and with so little Probability of a long Impunity) so publickly and so outrageously to murder his Master; it was bold with so much Insolence and Affront to expel and disperse all the chief Partners of his Guilt, and Creators of his Power; it was bold to violate so openly and so scornfully all Acts and Constitutions of a Nation, and afterwards even of his own making; it was bold to assume the Authority of calling, and bolder yet of breaking so many Parliaments; it was bold to trample upon the Patience of his own, and provoke that of all neighbouring Countries; it was bold, I say, above all Boldnesses, to usurp this Tyranny to himself, and impudent above all Impudences to endeavour to transmit it to his Posterity. But all this Boldness is so far from being a Sign of manly Courage, (which dares not transgress the Rules of any other Virtue) that it is only a Demonstration of Brutish Madness or Diabolical Possession. In both which last Cases there uses frequent Examples to appear of such extraordinay Force as may justly seem more wonderful and astonishing than the Actions of *Cromwell*, neither is it stranger to believe that a whole Nation should not be able to govern him and a mad Army, than that five or six Men should not be strong enough to bind a distracted Girl. There is no Man ever succeeds in one Wickedness, but it gives him the Boldness to attempt a greater: 'Twas boldly done of *Nero* to kill his Mother, and all the chief Nobility of the Empire; 'twas boldly done to set the Metropo-

lis of the whole World on Fire, and undauntedly play upon his Harp whilſt he ſaw it burning; I could reckon up five hundred Boldneſſes of that great Perſon (for why ſhould not he too be call'd ſo?) who wanted, when he was to die, that Courage which could hardly have fail'd any Woman in the like Neceſſity. It would look (I muſt confeſs) like Envy, or too much Partiality, if I ſhould ſay that perſonal kind of Courage had been deficient in the Man we ſpeak of; I am confident it was not, and yet I may venture I think to affirm, that no Man ever bore the Honour of ſo many Victories, at the rate of fewer Wounds or Dangers of his own Body; and tho' his Valour might perhaps have given him a juſt Pretenſion to one of the firſt Charges in an Army, it could not certainly be a ſufficient ground for a Title to the Command of three Nations. What then ſhall we ſay? that he did all this by Witchcraft? He did ſo indeed in a great meaſure by a Sin that is call'd like it in the Scriptures. But truly and unpaſſionately reflecting upon the Advantages of his Perſon, which might be thought to have produc'd thoſe of his Fortune, I can eſpy no other but extraordinary Diligence and infinite Diſſimulation; and believe he was exalted above his Nation, partly by his own Faults, but chiefly for ours. We have brought him thus briefly (not thro' all his Labyrinths) to the Supreme Uſurp'd Authority, and becauſe you ſay it was great Pity he did not live to command more Kingdoms, be pleas'd to let me repreſent to you in few Words, how well I conceive he govern'd theſe. And we will divide the Conſideration into that of his foreign and domeſtick Actions. The firſt of his foreign, was a Peace with our Brethren of *Holland* (who were the firſt of our Neighbours that God chaſtis'd for having had ſo great

a hand in the encouraging and abetting our Troubles at home) who would not imagine at first Glimpse that this had been the most virtuous and laudable Deed that his whole Life could have made any Parade of? But no Man can look upon all the Circumstances, without perceiving that it was purely the Sale and Sacrificing of the greatest Advantages that this Country could ever hope, and was ready to reap from a foreign War, to the private Interests of his Covetousness and Ambition, and the Security of his new and unsetled Usurpation. No sooner is that Danger past, but this *Beatus Pacificus* is kindling a Fire in the Northern World, and carrying a War two thousand Miles off Westwards. Two Millions a Year (besides all the Vails of his Protectorship) is as little capable to suffice now either his Avarice or Prodigality, as the two hundred Pounds were that he was born to. He must have his Prey of the whole *Indies* both by Sea and Land, this great Aligator. To satisfie our *Anti-Solomon* (who has made Silver almost as rare as Gold, and Gold as precious Stones in his new *Jerusalem*) we must go, ten thousand of his Slaves, to fetch him Riches from his fantastical *Ophir*. And because his Flatterers brag of him as the most fortunate Prince (the *Faustus* as well as *Sylla* of our Nation, whom God never forsook in any of his Undertakings) I desire them to consider, how since the *English* Name was ever heard of, it never receiv'd so great and so infamous a Blow as under the imprudent Conduct of this unlucky *Faustus*; and herein let me admire the Justice of God in this Circumstance, that they who had enslav'd their Country (tho' a great Army, which I wish may be observ'd by ours with trembling) should be so shamefully defeated by the Hands of forty Slaves. It was very ridiculous

diculous to see how prettily they endeavour'd to hide this Ignominy under the great Name of the Conquest of *Jamaica*, as if a defeated Army should have the Impudence to brag afterwards of the Victory, because though they had fled out of the Field of Battel, yet they quarter'd that Night in a Village of the Enemies. The War with *Spain* was a necessary Consequence of this Folly, and how much we have gotten by it, let the Custom-house and Exchange inform you; and if he please to boast of the taking a Part of the Silver Fleet, (which indeed no body else but he, who was the sole Gainer, has Cause to do) at least let him give leave to the rest of the Nation (which is the only Loser) to complain of the Loss of twelve hundred of her Ships. But because it may here perhaps be answer'd, that his Successes nearer home have extinguish'd the Disgrace of so remote Miscarriages, and that *Dunkirk* ought more to be remember'd for his Glory, than St. *Domingo* for his Disadvantage; I must confess, as to the Honour of the *English* Courage, that they were not wanting upon that Occasion (excepting only the Fault of serving at least indirectly against their Master) to the upholding of the Renown of their warlike Ancestors. But for his particular Share of it, who sate still at home, and expos'd them so frankly abroad, I can only say, that for less Mony than he in the short time of his Reign exacted from his Fellow-Subjects, some of our former Princes (with the daily Hazard of their own Persons) have added to the Dominion of *England* not only one Town, but even a greater Kingdom than it self. And this being all considerable as concerning his Enterprises abroad, let us examine in the next place, how much we owe him for his Justice and good Government at home. And first he found the

Com-

Common-wealth (as they then call'd it) in a ready Stock of about 800000 *l.* he left the Common-wealth (as he had the impudent Raillery still to call it) some two Millions and an half in Debt. He found our Trade very much decay'd indeed, in Comparison of the Golden Times of our late Princes; he left it as much again more decay'd than he found it; and yet not only no Prince in *England*, but no Tyrant in the World ever sought out more base or infamous Means to raise Monies. I shall only instance in one that he put in Practice, and another that he attempted, but was frighted from the Execution (even he) by the Infamy of it. That which he put in Practice was Decimation; which was the most impudent Breach of all publick Faith that the whole Nation had given, and all private Capitulations which himself had made, as the Nation's General and Servant, that can be found out (I believe) in all History, from any of the most barbarous Generals of the most barbarous People. Which because it has been most excellently and most largely laid open by a whole Book written upon that Subject, I shall only desire you here to remember the thing in general, and to be pleas'd to look upon that Author when you would recollect all the Particulars and Circumstances of the Iniquity. The other Design of raising a present Sum of Mony, which he violently pursu'd, but durst not put in Execution, was by the Calling in and Establishment of the *Jews* at *London*; from which he was rebuted by the universal Outcrry of the Divines, and even of the Citizens too, who took it ill that a considerable Number at least amongst themselves were not thought *Jews* enough by their own *Herod*. And for this Design, they say, he intended (Oh Antichrist! Πονηρὸν and ὁ Πονηρὸς!) to sell St. *Pauls* to them for a Syna-

Synagogue, if their Purſes and Devotions could have reach'd to the Purchaſe. And this indeed if he had done only to reward that Nation which had given the firſt noble Example of crucifying their King, it might have had ſome Appearance of Gratitude, but he did it only for Love of their Mammon; and would have ſold afterwards for as much more St. *Peters* (even at his own *Weſtminſter*) to the *Turks* for a *Moſquito*. Such was his extraordinary Piety to God, that he deſir'd he might be worſhipp'd in all manners, excepting only that heatheniſh way of the Common-Prayer Book. But what do I ſpeak of his wicked Inventions for getting Mony? when every Penny that for almoſt five Years he took every Day from every Man living in *England*, *Scotland* and *Ireland*, was as much Robbery as if it had been taken by a Thief upon the High-ways. Was it not ſo? Or can any Man think that *Cromwell*, with the Aſſiſtance of his Forces and Moſs-Troopers, had more Right to the Command of all Mens Purſes, than he might have had to any ones whom he had met and been too ſtrong for upon a Road? And yet when this came, in the Caſe of Mr. *Coney*, to be diſputed by a legal Trial, he (which was the higheſt Act of Tyranny that ever was ſeen in *England*) not only diſcourag'd and threaten'd, but violently impriſon'd the Council of the Plaintiff; that is, he ſhut up the Law it ſelf cloſe Priſoner, that no Man might have Relief from, or Acceſs to it. And it ought to be remember'd, that this was done by thoſe Men, who a few Years before had ſo bitterly decry'd, and openly oppos'd the King's regular and formal way of proceeding in the Trial of a little Ship-Mony. But tho' we loſt the Benefit of our old Courts of Juſtice, it cannot be deny'd that he ſet up new ones; and ſuch they were, that as no virtuous

tuous Prince would, ſo no ill one durſt erect. What, have we liv'd ſo many hundred Years under ſuch a Form of Juſtice as has been able regularly to puniſh all Men that offended againſt it, and is it ſo deficient juſt now, that we muſt ſeek out new Ways how to proceed againſt Offenders? The Reaſon which can only be given in Nature for a Neceſſity of this, is, becauſe thoſe things are now made Crimes, which were never eſteem'd ſo in former Ages; and there muſt needs be a new Court ſet up to puniſh that, which all the old ones were bound to protect and reward. But I am ſo far from declaiming (as you call it) againſt theſe Wickedneſſes (which if I ſhould undertake to do, I ſhould never get to the Peroration) that you ſee I only give a Hint of ſome few, and paſs over the reſt as things that are too many to be number'd, and muſt only be weighed in groſs. Let any Man ſhew me (for tho' I pretend not to much reading, I will defie him in all Hiſtory) let any Man ſhew me (I ſay) an Example of any Nation in the World (tho' much greater than ours) where there have in the Space of four Years been made ſo many Priſoners, only out of the endleſs Jealouſies of one Tyrant's guilty Imagination. I grant you that *Marius* and *Sylla*, and the accurſed Triumvirate after them, put more People to Death, but the Reaſon I think partly was, becauſe in thoſe Times that had a Mixture of ſome Honour with their Madneſs, they thought it a more civil Revenge againſt a *Roman* to take away his Life, than to take away his Liberty. But truly in the Point of Murder too, we have little reaſon to think that our late Tyranny has been deficient to the Examples that have ever been ſet it in other Countries. Our Judges and our Courts of Juſtice have not been idle; and to omit the whole Reign

of

f our late King ('till the Beginning of the War) n which no Drop of Blood was ever drawn but from wo or three Ears, I think the longeſt time of our worſt Princes ſcarce ſaw many more Executions than he ſhort one of our bleſs'd Reformer. And we ſaw, nd ſmelt in our open Streets, (as I mark'd to you at firſt) the Broiling of human Bowels as a Burnt-Offering of a ſweet Savour to our Idol; but all murdering, and all torturing (though after the ſubtileſt Invention of his Predeceſſors of *Sicily*) is more human and more ſupportable, than his ſelling of Chriſtians, *Engliſhmen*, Gentlemen; his ſelling of them (oh monſtrous! oh incredible!) to be Slaves in *America*. If his whole Life could be reproach'd with no other Action, yet this alone would weigh down all the Multiplicity of Crimes in any of our Tyrants; and I dare only touch, without ſtopping or inſiſting upon ſo inſolent and ſo execrable a Cruelty, for fear of falling into ſo violent (tho' a juſt) Paſſion, as would make me exceed that Temper and Moderation which I reſolve to obſerve in this Diſcourſe with you. Theſe are Calamities; but even theſe are not the moſt inſupportable that we have endur'd; for ſo it is, that the Scorn, and Mockery, and Inſultings of an Enemy, are more painful than the deepeſt Wounds of his ſerious Fury. This Man was wanton and merry (unwittily and ungracefully merry) with our Sufferings; he lov'd to ſay and do ſenſeleſs and fantaſtical things, only to ſhew his Power of doing or ſaying any thing. It would ill befit mine, or any civil Mouth, to repeat thoſe Words which he ſpoke concerning the moſt ſacred of our *Engliſh* Laws, the Petition of Right, and *Magna Charta*. To Day you ſhould ſee him ranting ſo wildly, that no Body durſt come near him, the Morrow flinging of Cuſhions, and playing

at

at Snow-balls with his Servants. This Month he assembles a Parliament, and professes himself with humble Tears to be only their Servant and their Minister; the next Month he swears *By the Living God* that he will turn them out of Doors, and he does so, in his Princely way of threatning, bidding them *Turn the Buckles of their Girdles behind them.* The Representative of a whole, nay of three whole Nations, was in his Esteem so contemptible a Meeting, that he thought the affronting and expelling of them to be a thing of so little Consequence, as not to deserve that he should advise with any Mortal Man about it. What shall we call this? Boldness, or Brutishness? Rashness, or Phrensie? There is no Name can come up to it, and therefore we must leave it without one. Now a Parliament must be chosen in the new Manner, next time in the old Form, but all cashier'd still after the newest Mode. Now he will govern by Major-Generals, now by One House, now by Another House, now by No House; now the Freak takes him, and he makes seventy Peers of the Land at one clap, (*Extempore*, and *stans pede in uno*) and to manifest the absolutely Power of the Potter, he chuses not only the worst Clay he could find, but picks up even the Dirt and Mire, to form out of it his Vessels of Honour. It was anciently said of Fortune, that when she had a Mind to be merry and to divert her self, she was wont to raise up such kind of People to the highest Dignities. This Son of Fortune, *Cromwell* (who was himself one of the primest of her Jests) found out the true Haut-gout of this Pleasure, and rejoic'd in the Extravagance of his Ways, as the fullest Demonstration of his uncontroulable Sovereignty. Good God! What have we seen? And what have we suffer'd? What do all these Actions

ons signifie? What do they say aloud to the whole Nation but this, (even as plainly as if it were proclaim'd by Heralds through the Streets of *London*) You are Slaves and Fools, and so I'll use you? These are briefly a Part of those Merits which you lament to have wanted the Reward of more Kingdoms, and suppose that if he had liv'd longer he might have had them: Which I am so far from concurring to, that I believe his seasonable dying to have been a greater good Fortune to him, than all the Victories and Prosperities of his Life. For he seem'd evidently (methinks) to be near the End of his deceitful Glories; his own Army grew at last as weary of him as the rest of the People; and I never pass'd of late before his Palace (his do I call it? I ask God and the King Pardon) but I never pass'd of late before *Whitehall* without reading upon the Gate of it, *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*. But it pleas'd God to take him from the ordinary Courts of Men, and Juries of his Peers, to his own High Court of Justice, which being more merciful than ours below, there is a little Room yet left for the Hope of his Friends, if he have any; tho' the outward Unrepentance of his Death afford but small Materials for the Work of Charity, especially if he design'd even then to entail his own Injustice upon his Children, and by it inextricable Confusions and Civil Wars upon the Nation. But here's at last an End of him: And where's now the Fruit of all that Blood and Calamity which his Ambition has cost the World? Where is it? Why, his Son (you'll say) has the whole Crop; I doubt he will find it quickly blasted; I have nothing to say against the Gentleman, or any living of his Family; on the contrary I wish him better Fortune than to have a long and unquiet Possession of his Master's Inheri-

tance. Whatsoever I have spoken against his Father, is that which I should have thought (tho' Decency perhaps might have hinder'd me from saying it) even against mine own, if I had been so unhappy, as that mine by the same Ways should have left me three Kingdoms.

Here I stopp'd; and my pretended Protector, who, I expected, should have been very angry, fell a laughing; it seems at the Simplicity of my Discourse, for thus he reply'd: You seem to pretend extreamly to the old obsolete Rules of Virtue and Conscience, which makes me doubt very much whether from this vast Prospect of three Kingdoms you can show me any Acres of your own. But these are so far from making you a Prince, that I am afraid your Friends will never have the Contentment to see you so much as a Justice of Peace in your own Country. For this, I perceive, which you call Virtue, is nothing else but either the Frowardness of a *Cynick*, or the Laziness of an *Epicurean*. I am glad you allow me at least artful Dissimulation, and unweary'd Diligence in my *Hero*, and I assure you that he whose Life is constantly drawn by these two, shall never be mis-led out of the way of Greatness. But I see you are a Pedant, and *Platonical* Statesmen, a Theoretical Common-wealths-man, an *Utopian* Dreamer. Was ever Riches gotten by your Golden Mediocrities? Or the Supreme Place attain'd to by Virtues that must not stir out of the middle? Do you study *Aristotle*'s Politicks, and write, if you please, Comments upon them, and let another but practise *Machiavil*, and let us see then which of you two will come to the greatest Preferments. If the Desire of Rule and Superiority be a Virtue (as sure I am it is more imprinted in human Nature than any of your Lethargical Morals; and what

what is the Virtue of any Creature, but the Exercise of those Powers and Inclinations which God has infus'd into it? If that (I say) be Virtue, we ought not to esteem any thing Vice, which is the most proper, if not the only Means of attaining it.

It is a Truth so certain, and so clear,
That to the first-born Man it did appear;
Did not the mighty Heir, the noble *Cain*,
By the fresh Laws of Nature taught, disdain
That (tho' a Brother) any one should be
A greater Favourite to God than he?
He strook him down; and, so (said he) so fell
The Sheep which thou didst sacrifice so well.
Since all the fullest Sheaves which I could bring,
Since all were blasted in the Offering,
Lest God should my next Victim too despise,
The acceptable Priest I'll sacrifice;
Hence Coward Fears; for the first Blood so spilt,
As a Reward, he the first City built.
'Twas a Beginning generous and high,
Fit for a Grand-Child of the Deity.
So well advanc'd, 'twas Pity there he staid;
One Step of Glory more he should have made,
And to the utmost Bounds of Greatness gone;
Had *Adam* too been kill'd, he might have reign'd alone.
One Brother's Death, What do I mean to name,
A small Oblation to Revenge and Fame?

The mighty-soul'd *Abimelec*, to shew
What for high Place a higher Spirit can do,
A Hecatomb almost of Brethren slew,
And seventy times in nearest Blood he dy'd
(To make it hold) his Royal Purple Pride.
Why do I name the Lordly Creature Man?
The weak, the mild, the Coward Woman, can,
When to a Crown she cuts her sacred way,
All that oppose with Manlike Courage slay.
So *Athaliah*, when she saw her Son,
And, with his Life, her dearer Greatness gone,
With a Majestick Fury slaughter'd all
Whom high Birth might to high Pretences call.
Since he was dead who all her Power sustain'd,
Resolv'd to reign alone; resolv'd, and reign'd.
In vain her Sex, in vain the Laws withstood,
In vain the Sacred Plea of *David*'s Blood,
A noble, and a bold Contention, She,
(One Woman) undertook with Destiny.
She to pluck down, Destiny to uphold,
(Oblig'd by holy Oracles of old)
The great *Jessæan* Race on *Juda*'s Throne;
'Till 'twas at last an equal Wager grown,
Scarce Fate, with much ado, the better got by One.
Tell me not she her self at last was slain;
Did she not first sev'n Years (a Life-time) reign?
Sev'n Royal Years, t' a publick Spirit will seem
More than the private Life of a *Methusalem*.

'Tis

'Tis Godlike to be Great; and, as they say,
A thousand Years to God are but a Day:
So to a Man, when once a Crown he wears,
The Coronation Day's more than a thousand Years.

He would have gone on, I perceiv'd, in his Blasphemies, but that, by God's Grace, I became so bold as thus to interrupt him. I understand now perfectly (which I guess'd at long before) what kind of Angel and Protector you are; and tho' your Stile in Verse be very much mended since you were wont to deliver Oracles, yet your Doctrine is much worse than ever you had formerly (that I heard of) the Face to publish; whether your long Practice with Mankind has encreas'd and improv'd your Malice, or whether you think us in this Age to be grown so impudently wicked, that there needs no more Art or Disguises to draw us to your Party. My Dominion (said he hastily, and with a dreadful furious Look) is so great in this World, and I am so powerful a Monarch of it, that I need not be ashamed that you should know me; and that you may see I know you too, I know you to be an obstinate and inveterate Malignant; and for that Reason I shall take you along with me to the next Garrison of ours; from whence you shall go to the Tower, and from thence to the Court of Justice, and from thence you know whither. I was almost in the very Pounces of the great Bird of Prey,

When, lo, e'er the last Words were fully spoke,
From a fair Cloud, which rather op'd, than broke,

A Flaſh of Light, rather than Lightning, came
So ſwift, and yet ſo gentle was the Flame.
Upon it rode, and in his full Career,
Seem'd to my Eyes no ſooner there than here,
The comelieſt Youth of all th' Angelick Race;
Lovely his Shape, ineffable his Face.
The Frowns with which he ſtrook the trembling Fiend,
All Smiles of Human Beauty did tranſcend,
His Beams of Locks fell part diſhevell'd down,
Part upwards curl'd, and form'd a nat'ral Crown,
Such as the *Britiſh* Monarchs us'd to wear;
If Gold might be compar'd with Angels Hair.
His Coat and flowing Mantle were ſo bright,
They ſeem'd both made of woven Silver Light:
Acroſs his Breaſt an azure Ribband went,
At which a Medal hung, that did preſent,
In wondrous living Figures, to the Sight,
The myſtick Champions, and old Dragon's Fight,
And from his Mantle's Side there ſhone afar,
A fix'd, and, I believe, a real Star.
In his fair Hand (what need was there of more?)
No Arms but th' *Engliſh* bloody Croſs he bore,
Which when he tow'rds th' affrighted Tyrant bent,
And ſome few Words pronounc'd (but what they meant,
Or were, could not, alas, by me be known,
Only I well perceiv'd Jeſus was one)
He trembled, and he roar'd, and fled away;
Mad to quit thus his more than hop'd-for Prey.

Such

Such Rage inflames the Wolf's wild Heart and Eyes,
(Robb'd, as he thinks, unjuſtly of his Prize)
Whom unawares the Shepherd ſpies, and draws
The bleating Lamb from out his rav'nous Jaws.
The Shepherd fain himſelf would he aſſail,
But Fear above his Hunger does prevail.
He knows his Foe too ſtrong, and muſt be gone;
He grins as he looks back, and howls as he goes on.

SEVERAL

DISCOURSES

By way of

ESSAYS,

IN

VERSE *and* PROSE.

I. *Of* LIBERTY.

THE Liberty of a People consists in being govern'd by Laws which they have made themselves, under whatsoever Form it be of Government. The Liberty of a private Man in being Master of his own Time and Actions, as far as may consist with the Laws of God and of his Country. Of this latter only we are here to discourse, and to enquire what Estate of Life does best seat us in the Possession of it. This Liberty of our own Actions is such a Fundamental Privilege of Human Nature, that God himself, notwithstanding all his infinite Power and Right over us, permits us to enjoy it, and that too after a Forfeiture made by the Rebellion of *Adam*. He takes so much Care for the entire Preservation of it to us, that he suffers neither his Providence nor eternal Degree to break or infringe it. Now for our Time, the same

same God, to whom we are but Tenants-at-will for the whole, requires but the seventh Part to be paid to him as a small Quit-Rent in Acknowledgment of his Title. It is Man only that has the Impudence to demand our whole Time, tho' he neither gave it, nor can restore it, nor is able to pay any considerable Value for the least Part of it. This Birth-right of Mankind above all other Creatures, some are forc'd by Hunger to sell, like *Esau*, for Bread and Broth, but the greatest Part of Men make such a Bargain for the Delivery up of themselves, as *Thamar* did with *Judah*, instead of a Kid, the necessary Provisions for Human Life, they are contented to do it for Rings and Bracelets. The great Dealers in this World may be divided into the Ambitious, the Covetous, and the Voluptuous; and that all these Men sell themselves to be Slaves, tho' to the Vulgar it may seem a Stoical Paradox, will appear to the Wise so plain and obvious, that they will scarce think it deserves the Labour of Argumentation. Let us first consider the Ambitious, and those both in their Progress to Greatness, and after the Attaining of it. There is nothing truer than what *Salust* says, *Dominationis in alios servitium suum Mercedem dant*, They are content to pay so great a Price as their own Servitude to purchase the Domination over others. The first Thing they must resolve to sacrifice is their whole Time, they must never stop, nor ever turn aside, whilst they are in the Race of Glory, no not like *Atalanta* for Golden Apples. Neither indeed can a Man stop himself, if he would, when he's in his Career. *Fertur equis Auriga neque audit Currus habenas.*

Pray, let us but consider a little, what mean servile things Men do for this Imaginary Food. We cannot fetch a greater Example of it, than from the chief

chief Men of that Nation which boasted most of Liberty. To what pitiful Baseness did the noblest *Romans* submit themselves for the obtaining of a Prætorship, or the Consular Dignity? They put on the Habit of Suppliants, and ran about on Foot, and in Dirt, through all the Tribes to beg Voices, they flatter'd the poorest Artisans, and carry'd a *Nomenclator* with them, to whisper in their Ear every Man's Name, lest they should mistake it in their Salutations; they shook the Hand, and kiss'd the Cheek of every popular Tradesman; they stood all Day at every Market in the publick Places, to shew and ingratiate themselves to the Rout; they imploy'd all their Friends to sollicit for them, they kept open Tables in every Street, they distributed Wine and Bread and Mony, even to the vilest of the People. *En Romanos rerum Dominos! Behold the Masters of the World begging from Door to Door.* This particular humble way to Greatness is now out of Fashion, but yet every Ambitious Person is still in some sort a *Roman* Candidate. He must feast and bribe, and attend and flatter, and adore many Beasts, tho' not the Beast with many Heads. *Catiline*, who was so proud that he could not content himself with a less Power than *Sylla's*, was yet so humble for the attaining of it, as to make himself the most contemptible of all Servants, to be a publick Bawd, to provide Whores, and something worse, for all the young Gentlemen of *Rome*, whose hot Lusts and Courages, and Heads he thought he might make use of. And since I happen'd here to propose *Catiline* for my Instance (tho' there be thousand of Examples for the same thing) give me Leave to transcribe the Character which *Cicero* gives of this noble Slave, because it is a general Description of all Ambitious Men, and which *Machiavil* perhaps would say

say ought to be the Rule of their Life and Actions. This Man (says he, as most of you may well remember) had many artificial Touches and Stroaks that look'd like the Beauty of great Virtues, his intimate Conversation was with the worst of Men, and yet he seem'd to be an Admirer and Lover of the best, he was furnish'd with all the Nets of Lust and Luxury, and yet wanted not the Arms of Labour and Industry; neither do I believe that there was ever any Monster in Nature, compos'd out of so many different and disagreeing Parts. Who more acceptable, sometimes, to the most honourable Persons, who more a Favourite to the most infamous? Who, sometimes, appear'd a braver Champion, who, at other times, a bolder Enemy to his Country? Who more dissolute in his Pleasures, who more Patient in his Toils? Who more rapacious in robbing, who more profuse in giving? Above all things, this was remarkable and admirable in him, the Arts he had to acquire the good Opinion and Kindness of all sorts of Men, to retain it with great Complaisance, to communicate all things to them, to watch and serve all the Occasions of their Fortune, both with his Mony, and his Interest, and his Industry; and if need were, not by sticking at any Wickedness whatsoever that might be useful to them, to bend and turn about his own Nature, and laveer with every Wind; to live severely with the melancholy, merrily with the pleasant, gravely with the aged, wantonly with the young, desperately with the bold, and debauchedly with the luxurious: With this Variety and Multiplicity of his Nature, as he had made a Collection of Friendships with all the most wicked and reckless of all Nations, so by the artificial Simulation of some Virtues, he made a shift

Orat. pro M. Calio.

to

to ensnare some honest and eminent Persons into his Familiarity; neither could so vast a Design as the Destruction of this Empire have been undertaken by him, if the Immanity of so many Vices had not been cover'd and disguis'd by the Appearance of some excellent Qualities.

I see, methinks, the Character of an *Anti-Paul*, who became all Things to all Men, that he might destroy all; who only wanted the Assistance of Fortune to have been as great as his Friend *Cæsar* was a little after him. And the Ways of *Cæsar* to compass the same Ends (I mean 'till the Civil War, which was but another manner of setting his Country on Fire) were not unlike these, tho' he us'd afterward his unjust Dominion with more Moderation than, I think, the other would have done. *Salust* therefore, who was well acquainted with them both, and with many such like Gentlemen of his Time, says, That it is the Nature of Ambition (*Ambitio multos mortales falsos fieri coegit &*) to make Men Liars and Cheaters, to hide the Truth in their Breasts, and show, like Juglers, another thing in their Mouths; to cut all Friendships and Enmities to the Measure of their own Interest, and to make a good Countenance without the Help of a good Will. And can there be Freedom with this perpetual Constraint? What is it but a kind of Rack that forces Men to say what they have no mind to? I have wonder'd at the extravagant and barbarous Stratagem of *Zopirus*, and more at the Praises which I find of so deform'd an Action; who tho' he was one of the seven Grandees of *Persia*, and the Son of *Megabises*, who had freed before his Country from an ignoble Servitude, slit his own Nose and Lips, cut off his own Ears, scourg'd and wounded his

De Bel. Catil.

his whole Body, that he might, under Pretence of having been mangled ſo inhumanly by *Darius*, be receiv'd into *Babylon* (then beſieg'd by the *Perſians*) and get into the Command of it by the Recommendation of ſo cruel a Sufferance, and their Hopes of his endeavouring to revenge it. It is great pity the *Babylonians* ſuſpected not his Falſhood, that they might have cut off his Hands too, and whipt him back again. But the Deſign ſucceeded, he betray'd the City, and was made Governor of it. What bruiſh Maſter ever puniſh'd his offending Slave with ſo little Mercy as Ambition did this *Zopirus*? And yet how many are there in all Nations who imitate him in ſome degree for a leſs Reward? Who tho' they endure not ſo much corporal Pain for a ſmall Preferment or ſome Honour (as they call it) yet ſtick not to commit Actions, by which they are more ſhamefully and more laſtingly ſtigmatiz'd? But you may ſay, Tho' theſe be the mōſt ordinary and open Ways to Greatneſs, yet there are narrow, thorny, and little-trodden Paths too, through with ſome Men find a Paſſage by virtuous Induſtry. I grant, ſometimes they may; but then that Induſtry muſt be ſuch, as cannot conſiſt with Liberty, tho' it may with Honeſty.

Thou'rt careful, frugal, painful; we commend a Servant ſo, but not a Friend.

Well then, we muſt acknowledge the Toil and Drudgery which we are forc'd to endure in this Aſcent, but we are *Epicures* and Lords when once we are gotten up into the high Places. This is but a ſhort Apprenticeſhip, after which we are made free of a Royal Company. If we fall in Love with any beauteous Woman, we muſt be content that they ſhould be our Miſtreſſes whilſt we woo them, as

ſoon

soon as we are wedded and enjoy, 'tis we shall the Masters.

I am willing to stick to this Similitude in the ca of Greatness; we enter into the Bonds of it, li those of Matrimony; we are bewitch'd with the ou ward and painted Beauty, and take it for better worse, before we know its true Nature and interi Inconveniences. A great Fortune (says *Seneca*) is great Servitude. But many are of that Opinion whic *Brutus* imputes (I hope untruly) even to that P tron of Liberty, his Friend *Cicero:* We fear (says h to *Atticus*) Death, and Banishment, and Poverty, great deal too much. *Cicero*, I am afraid, thinks thes to be the worst of Evils, and if he have but som Persons, from whom he can obtain what he has Mind to, and others who will flatter and worshi him, seems to be well enough contented with an ho nourable Servitude, if any thing indeed ought to b called honourable, in so base and contumelious a Condition. This was spoken as became the bravest Mar who was ever born in the bravest Common-wealth But with us generally, no Condition passes for Servitude, that is accompany'd with great Riches, with Honours, and with the Service of many Inferiors. This is but a Deception of the Sight through a false Medium, for if a Groom serve a Gentleman in his Chamber, that Gentleman a Lord, and that Lord a Prince; the Groom, the Gentleman, and the Lord, are as much Servants one as the other: The circumstantial Difference of the ones getting only his Bread and Wages, the second a plentiful, and the third a superfluous Estate, is no more intrinsical to this Matter, than the difference between a plain, a rich, and gaudy Livery. I do not say, that he who sells his whole Time, and his own Will for one hundred thou-

thousand, is not a wiser Merchant, than he who does it for one hundred Pounds; but I will swear they are both Merchants, and that he is happier than both, who can live contentedly without selling that Estate to which he was born. But this Dependance upon Superiors is but one Chain of the Lovers of Power, *Amatorem Trecentæ Pirithoum cohibent catenæ.* Let's begin with him by Break of Day: For by that time he's besieg'd by two or three hundred Suitors; and the Hall and Antichambers (all the Outworks) possess'd by the Enemy, as soon as his Chamber opens they are ready to break into that, or to corrupt the Guards for Entrance. This is so essential a Part of Greatness, that whosoever is without it, looks like a fallen Favourite, like a Person disgrac'd, and condemn'd to do what he please all the Morning. There are some who rather than want this, are contented to have their Rooms fill'd up every Day with murmuring and cursing Creditors, and to charge bravely through a Body of them to get to their Coach. Now I would fain know which is the worst Duty, that of any one particular Person who waits to speak with the Great Man, or the Great Man's, who waits every Day to speak with all the Company. *Aliena negotia centum Per caput & circum saliunt latus*; A hundred Businesses of other Men (many unjust and most impertinent) fly continually about his Head and Ears, and strike him in the Face like Dorres: Let's contemplate him a little at another special Scene of Glory, and that is his Table. Here he seems to be the Lord of all Nature; the Earth affords him her best Metals for his Dishes, her best Vegetables and Animals for his Food; the Air and Sea supply him with their choicest Birds and Fishes; and a great many Men, who look like Masters, attend upon him; and

yet,

yet, when all this is done, even all this is but *Table d' Hoste.* 'Tis crouded with People for whom he cares not, with many Parasites, and some Spies, with the most burdensome sort of Guests, the Endeavourers to be witty.

But every Body pays him great Respect, every Body commends his Meat, that is, his Mony; every Body admires the exquisite Dressing and Ordering of it, that is, his Clerk of the Kitchen, or his Cook; every Body loves his Hospitality, that is, his Vanity. But I desire to know why the honest Inn-keeper who provides a publick Table for his Profit, should be but of a mean Profession; and he who does it for his Honour, a munificent Prince? You'll say, Because one sells, and the other gives: Nay, both sell, though for different things, the one for plain Mony, the other for I know not what Jewels, whose Value is in Custom and in Fancy. If then his Table be made a Snare (as the Scripture speaks) to his Liberty, where can he hope for Freedom? There is always, and every where, some Restraint upon him. He's guarded with Crouds, and shackled with Formalities. The half Hat, the whole Hat, the half Smile, the whole Smile, the Nod, the Embrace, the Positive Parting with a little Bow, the Comparative at the middle of the Room, the Superlative at the Door; and if the Person be *Pan huper sebastus*, there's a *Huper superlative* Ceremony then of Conducting him to the Bottom of the Stairs, or to the very Gate; as if there were such Rules set to these *Leviathans* as are to the Sea, *Hitherto shalt thou go, and no further. Perditur hæc inter misero Lux*, thus wretchedly the precious Day is lost.

How many impertinent Letters and Visits must he receive, and sometimes answer both too as impertinently?

nently? He never sets his Foot beyond his Threshold, unless, like a Funeral, he have a Train to follow him; as if, like the dead Corps, he could not stir, 'till the Bearers were all ready. My Life (says *Horace*) speaking to one of these *Magnifico's*) is a great deal more easie and commodious than thine, in that I can go into the Market and cheapen what I please without being wonder'd at; and take my Horse and ride as far as *Tarentum* without being miss'd. 'Tis an unpleasant Constraint to be always under the Sight and Observation, and Censure of others; as there may be Vanity in it, so, methinks, there should be Vexation too of Spirit: And I wonder how Princes can endure to have two or three hundred Men stand gazing upon them whilst they are at Dinner, and taking Notice of every Bit they eat. Nothing seems greater and more lordly than the multitude of Domestick Servants; but, even this too, if weigh'd seriously, is a Piece of Servitude; unless you will be a Servant to them (as many Men are) the Trouble and Care of yours in the Government of them all, is much more than that of every of them in their Observance of you. I take the Profession of a School-Master to be one of the most useful, and which ought to be of the most honourable in a Common-wealth, yet certainly all his Faces and tyrannical Authority over so many Boys, takes away his own Liberty more than theirs.

I do but slightly touch upon all these Particulars of the Slavery of Greatness: I shake but a few of their outward Chains: Their Anger, Hatred, Jealousie, Fear, Envy, Grief, and all the *Etcætera* of their Passions, which are the secret, but constant Tyrants and Torturers of their Life, I omit here, because tho' they be Symptoms most frequent and vio-

lent in this Disease; yet they are common too in some degree to the Epidemical Disease of Life it self. But, the Ambitious Man, tho' he be so many Ways a Slave (*O toties servus!*) yet he bears it bravely and heroically; he struts and looks big upon the Stage; he thinks himself a real Prince in his masking Habit, and deceives too all the foolish Part of his Spectators: He's a Slave in *Saturnalibus*. The Covetous Man is a down-right Servant, a Draught-Horse without Bells or Feathers; *ad Metalla damnatus*, a Man condemn'd to work in Mines, which is the lowest and hardest Condition of Servitude; and, to encrease his Misery, a Worker there for he knows not whom: *He heapeth up Riches, and knows not who shall enjoy them*; 'tis only sure that he himself neither shall nor can enjoy them. He's an indigent needy Slave, he will hardly allow himself Cloaths and Board-Wages; *Uncitim vix demenso de suo suum defraudans Genium comparcit miser*; he defrauds not only other Men, but his own Genius; he cheats himself for Mony. But the servile and miserable Condition of this Wretch is so apparent, that I leave it, as evident to every Man's Sight, as well as Judgment. It seems a more difficult Work to prove that the Voluptuous Man too is but a Servant: What can be more the Life of a Freeman, or as we say ordinarily, of a Gentleman, than to follow nothing but his own Pleasures? Why, I'll tell you who is that true Freeman, and that true Gentleman: Not he who blindly follows all his Pleasures (the very Name of Follower is servile) but he who rationally guides them, and is not hinder'd by outward Impediments in the Conduct and Enjoyment of them. If I want Skill or Force to restrain the Beast that I ride upon, tho' I bought it, and call it my own, yet in

Phorm. Act. 1. Sect. 1.

in the truth of the matter I am at that time rather his Man, than he my Horse. The Voluptuous Men, (whom we are fallen upon) may be divided, I think, into the Lustful and Luxurious, who are both Servants of the Belly; the other whom we spoke of before, the Ambitious and the Covetous, were κακὰ θηρία, evil wild Beasts; these are Γαστέρες ἀργαὶ, slow Bellies, as our Translation renders it; but the Word Ἀργαὶ (which is a fantastical Word, with two directly opposite Significations) will bear as well the Translation of quick or diligent Bellies, and both Interpretations may be apply'd to these Men. *Metrodorus* said, That he had learnt Ἀληθῶς γαστρὶ χαρίζεσθαι, to give his Belly just Thanks for all his Pleasures. This by the Calumniators of *Epicurus* his Philosophy was objected as one of the most scandalous of all their Sayings; which, according to my charitable Understanding, may admit a very virtuous Sense, which is, that he thanked his own Belly for that Moderation in the customary Appetites of it, which can only give a Man Liberty and Happiness in this World. Let this suffice at present to be spoken of those great Triumviri of the World; the Covetous Man, who is a mean Villain, like *Lepidus*; the Ambitious, who is a brave one, like *Octavius*; and the Voluptuous, who is a loose and debauch'd one, like *Mark Antony*. *Quisnam igitur Liber? Sapiens, sibi qui Imperiosus*: Not *Oenomaus*, who commits himself wholly to a Charioteer that may break his Neck; but the Man

Hor L. 2. Serm. Sat. 7.

Who governs his own Course with steddy Hand,
Who does himself with Sov'reign Pow'r command;
Whom neither Death, nor Poverty does fright,
Who stands not aukwardly in his own Light

Against the Truth: Who can, when Pleasures knock
Loud at his Door, keep firm the Bolt and Lock,
Who can, tho' Honour at his Gate should stay
In all her masking Cloaths, send her away,
And cry, Be gone, I have no mind to play.

This, I confess, is a Freeman: But it may be said, That many Persons are so shackled by their Fortune, that they are hinder'd from Enjoyment of that Manumission which they have obtain'd from Virtue. I do both understand, and in part feel the Weight of this Objection: All I can answer to it, is, That we must get as much Liberty as we can, we must use our utmost Endeavours. and when all that is done, be contented with the Length of that Line which is allow'd us. If you ask me in what Condition of Life I think the most allow'd; I should pitch upon that sort of People whom King *James* was wont to call the Happiest of our Nation, the Men plac'd in the Country by their Fortune above an High-Constable, and yet beneath the Trouble of a Justice of Peace, in a moderate Plenty, without any just Argument for the Desire of encreasing it by the Care of many Relations, and with so much Knowledge and Love of Piety and Philosophy (that is, of the Study of God's Laws, and of his Creatures) as may afford him Matter enough never to be Idle, tho' without Business; and never to be Melancholy, tho' without Sin or Vanity.

I shall conclude this tedious Discourse with a Prayer of mine in a Copy of *Latin* Verses, of which I remember no other Part, and (*pour faire bonne bouche*) with some other Verses upon the same Subject.

Magne

Magne Deus; quod ad has vitæ brevis attinet horas,
Da mihi, da Panem Libertatemque, nec ultrà
Sollicitas effundo preces, siquid datur ultrà
Accipiam gratus; si non, Contentus abibo.

For the few Hours of Life allotted me,
Give me (great God) but Bread and Liberty,
I'll beg no more; if more thou'rt pleas'd to give,
I'll thankfully that Overplus receive:
If beyond this no more be freely sent,
I'll thank for this, and go away content.

Martial Lib. 2. *Vota tui breviter*, &c.

WELL then, Sir, you shall know how far extend
The Pray'rs and Hopes of your Poetick Friend;
He does not Palaces nor Manors crave,
Would be no Lord, but less a Lord would have.
The Ground he holds, if he his own can call,
He quarrels not with Heav'n because 'tis small:
Let gay and toilsome Greatness others please,
He loves of homely Littleness the Ease.
Can any Man in gilded Rooms attend,
And his dear Hours in humble Visits spend;
When in the fresh and beauteous Fields he may,
With various healthful Pleasures fill the Day?
If there be Man (ye Gods) I ought to hate,
Dependance and Attendance be his Fate.

Still let him busie be, and in a Croud,
And very much a Slave, and very proud:
Thus he, perhaps, pow'rful and rich may grow;
No matter, O ye Gods! that I'll allow:
But let him Peace and Freedom never see;
Let him not love this Life, who loves not me.

Martial L. *Vis fieri Liber?* &c.

WOuld you be free? 'Tis your chief Wish, you say,
Come on; I'll shew thee, Friend, the certain Way.
If to no Feasts abroad thou lov'st to go,
Whilst bounteous God does Bread at home bestow;
If thou the Goodness of thy Cloaths dost prize,
By thine own Use, and not by others Eyes;
If (only safe from Weathers) thou canst dwell
In a small House, but a convenient Shell;
If thou, without a Sigh, or Golden Wish,
Canst look upon thy Beechen Bowl, and Dish;
If in thy Mind such Power and Greatness be,
The *Persian* King's a Slave, compar'd with thee.

Mart. L. 2. *Quod te nomine?* &c.

THAT I do you with humble Bows no more,
And Danger of my naked Head, adore;
That I, who Lord and Master cry'd e'erwhile,
Salute you in a new and different Stile,

By

By your own Name, a Scandal to you now,
Think not that I forget my self or you:
By Loss of all things by all others sought,
This Freedom, and the Freeman's Hat, is bought.
A Lord and Master no Man wants, but he
Who o'er himself has no Authority;
Who does for Honours and for Riches strive,
And Follies, without which Lords cannot live.
If thou from Fortune dost no Servant crave,
Believe it, thou no Master need'st to have.

ODE. *Upon* LIBERTY.

I.

FReedom with Virtue takes her Seat,
Her proper Place, her only Scene,
Is in the Golden Mean;
She lives not with the Poor, nor with the Great:
The Wings of those Necessity has clipt,
And they're in Fortune's *Bridewell* whipt,
To the laborious Task of Bread;
These are by various Tyrants Captive lead.
Now wild Ambition, with imperious Force,
Rides, reigns and spurs them, like th' unruly Horse.
And servile Av'rice yokes them now,
Like toilsome Oxen to the Plow.
And sometimes Lust, like the misguiding Light,
Draws them through all the Labyrinths of Night.

If any few among the Great there be
From these insulting Passions free,
Yet we ev'n those too fetter'd see,
By Custom, Business, Crouds, and formal Decency.
And whereso'er they stay, and whereso'er they go,
Impertinences round them flow:
These are the small uneasie things
Which about Greatness still are found,
And rather it molest than wound:
Like Gnats, which too much Heat of Summer brings,
But Cares do swarm there too, and those have Stings:
As when the Honey does too open lye,
A thousand Wasps about it fly;
Nor will the Master ev'n to share admit;
The Master stands aloof, and dares not taste of it.

II.

'Tis Morning; well; I fain would yet sleep on:
You cannot now; you must be gone
To Court, or to the noisie Hall:
Besides, the Rooms without are crouded all;
The Stream of Business does begin,
And a Spring-Tide of Clients is come in.
Ah cruel Guards, which this poor Pris'ner keep!
Will they not suffer him to sleep?
Make an Escape; out at the Postern fly,
And get some blessed Hours of Liberty.
With a few Friends, and a few Dishes dine,
And much of Mirth and mod'rate Wine.

To

To thy bent Mind ſome Relaxation give,
And ſteal one Day out of thy Life to live.
Oh happy Man (he cries) to whom kind Heav'n
Has ſuch a Freedom always giv'n!
Why, mighty Madman, what ſhould hinder thee
From being ev'ry Day as free?

III.

In all the freeborn Nations of the Air,
Never did Bird a Spirit ſo mean and ſordid bear
As to exchange his native Liberty,
Of ſoaring boldly up into the Sky,
His Liberty to ſing, to perch, or fly,
When and where-ever he thought good,
And all his innocent Pleaſures of the Wood,
For a more plentiful or conſtant Food.
Nor ever did Ambitious Rage
Make him into a painted Cage,
Or the falſe Foreſt of a well-hung Room,
For Honour and Preferment come.
Now, Bleſſings on ye all, ye Heroick Race,
Who keep their primitive Powers and Right ſo well,
Though Men and Angels fell.
Of all Material Lives the higheſt Place
To you is juſtly giv'n,
And Ways and Walks the neareſt Heav'n.
Whilſt wretched we, yet vain and proud, think fit
To boaſt, That we look up to it.

Ev'n

Ev'n to the Universal Tyrant, Love,
You Homage pay but once a Year:
None so degenerous and unbirdly prove,
As his perpetual Yoke to bear.
None but a few unhappy Houshould Fowl,
Whom human Lordship does controul;
Whom from their Birth corrupted were
By Bondage, and by Man's Example here.

IV.

He's no small Prince, who ev'ry Day
Thus to himself can say,
Now will I sleep, now eat, now sit, now walk,
Now meditate alone, now with Acquaintance talk
This I will do, here I will stay,
Or if my Fancy call me away,
My Man and I will presently go ride,
(For we before have nothing to provide,
Nor after are to render an Account)
To *Dover*, *Berwick*, or the *Cornish* Mount.
If thou but a short Journey take,
As if thy last thou wert to make,
Business must be dispatch'd e'er thou canst part;
Nor canst thou stir, unless there be
A hundred Horse and Men to wait on thee,
And many a Mule, and many a Cart;
What an unweildy Man thou art?
The *Rhodian Colossus* so
A Journey too might go.

V.

Where Honour or where Conſcience does not bind,
No other Law ſhall ſhackle me,
Slave to my ſelf I will not be;
Nor ſhall my future Actions be confin'd
By my own preſent Mind.
Who by Reſolves and Vows engag'd does ſtand
For Days that yet belong to Fate,
Does, like an Unthrift, mortgage his Eſtate
Before it falls into his Hand.
The Bondman of the Cloiſter ſo
All that he does receive does always owe.
And ſtill as Time comes in, it goes away,
Not to enjoy, but Debts to pay.
Unhappy Slave, and Pupil to a Bell!
Which his Hour's Work as well as Hours does tell!
Unhappy 'till the laſt, the kind releaſing Knell.

VI.

If Life ſhould a well-order'd Poem be,
(In which he only hits the White,
Who joins true Profit with the beſt Delight)
The more Heroick Strain let others take,
Mine the Pindarick Way I'll make;
The Matter ſhall be grave, the Numbers looſe and free.
It ſhall not keep one ſettled Pace of Time,
In the ſame Tune it ſhall not always chime,
Nor ſhall each Day juſt to his Neighbour rhime:

A thousand Liberties it shall dispence,
And yet shall manage all without Offence, [Sense:
Or to the Sweetness of the Sound, or Greatness of the
Nor shall it never from one Subject start,
Nor seek Transitions to depart,
Nor its set Way o'er Stiles and Bridges make,
Nor thorough Lanes a Compass take,
As if it fear'd some Trespass to commit,
When the wide Air's a Road for it.
So the Imperial Eagle does not stay,
'Till the whole Carkass it devour,
That's fall'n into its Pow'r,
As if gen'rous Hunger understood
That he can never want Plenty of Food,
He only sucks the tasteful Blood,
And to fresh Game flies chearfully away;
To Kites and meaner Birds he leaves the mangled Prey.

II. *Of SOLITUDE.*

NUmquam minus solus, quam cum solus, is now become a very vulgar Saying. Every Man, and almost every Body, for these seventeen hundred Years, has had it in his Mouth. But it was at first spoken by the Excellent *Scipio*, who was without question a most Eloquent and Witty Person, as well as the most Wise, most Worthy, most Happy, and the Greatest of all Mankind. His Meaning no doubt was this, that he found more Satisfaction to his Mind, and more Improvement of it by Solitude than

by

by Company; and to shew that he spoke not this loosely or out of Vanity, after he had made *Rome* Mistress of almost the whole World, he retir'd himself from it by a Voluntary Exile, and at a private House in the middle of a Wood near *Linternum*, pass'd the Remainder of his Glorious Life no less gloriously. This House *Seneca* went to see so long after with great Veneration, and among o-) ther things describes his Baths to have been of so mean a Structure, that now, says he, the basest of the People would despise them, and cry out, Poor *Scipio* understood not how to live. What an Authority is here for the Credit of Retreat? And happy had it been for *Hannibal*, if Adversity could have taught him as much Wisdom as was learnt by *Scipio* from the highest Prosperities. This would be no Wonder, if it were as truly as it is colourably and wittily said by Monsieur *de Montagne*, That Ambition it self might teach us to love Solitude; there's nothing does so much hate to have Companions. 'Tis true, it loves to have its Elbows free, it detests to have Company on either Side, but it delights above all things in a Train behind, ay, and Ushers too before it. But the greatest Part of Men are so far from the Opinion of that noble *Roman*, that if they chance at any time to be without Company, they're like a becalmed Ship, they never move but by the Wind of other Mens Breath, and have no Oars of their own to steer withal. It is very fantastical and contradictory in human Nature, that Men should love themselves above all the rest of the World, and yet never endure to be with themselves. When they are in Love with a Mistress, all other Persons are importunate and burdensome to them. *Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam Lubens*, They would live and die with her alone. *Epist.* 86.

Sic

Sic ego secretis possum benè vivere silvis
Quà nulla humano sit via trita pede,
Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atrâ
Lumen, & in solis tu mihi turba locis.

With thee for ever I in Woods could rest,
Where never human Foot the Ground has prest,
Thou from all Shades the Darkness canst exclude,
And from a Desart banish Solitude.

And yet our Dear Self is so wearisome to us, that we can scarcely support its Conversation for an Hour together. This is such an odd Temper of Mind as *Catullus* expresses towards one of his Mistresses, whom we may suppose to have been of a very unsociable Humour.

Odi & Amo, quanàm id faciam ratione requiris?
Nescio, sed fieri sentio, & excrucior.

I hate, and yet I love thee too;
How can that be? I know not how;
Only that so it is I know,
And feel with Torment that 'tis so.

It is a deplorable Condition this, and drives a Man sometimes to pitiful Shifts, in seeking how to avoid himself.

The Truth of the Matter is, that neither he who is a Fop in the World, is a fit Man to be alone; nor he who has set his Heart much upon the World, tho' he have never so much Understanding; so that Solitude can be well fitted and set right, but upon a very few Persons. They must have enough Knowledge

of

of the World to see the Vanity of it, and enough Virtue to despise all Vanity; if the Mind be possess'd with any Lust or Passion, a Man had better be in a Fair, than in a Wood alone. They may, like petty Thieves, cheat us perhaps, and pick our Pockets in the midst of Company; but, like Robbers, they use to strip and bind, or murder us when they catch us alone. This is but to retreat from Men, and fall into the Hands of Devils. 'Tis like the Punishment of Paricides among the *Romans*, to be sow'd into a Bag with an Ape, a Dog, and a Serpent. The first Work therefore that a Man must do to make himself capable of the Good of Solitude, is, the very Eradication of all Lusts, for how is it possible for a Man to enjoy himself while his Affections are ty'd to Things without himself? In the second place, he must learn the Art and get the Habit of Thinking; for this too, no less than well speaking, depends upon much Practice, and Cogitation is the thing which distinguishes the Solitude of a God from a wild Beast. Now because the Soul of Man is not by its own Nature or Observation furnish'd with sufficient Materials to work upon; it is necessary for it to have continual Recourse to Learning and Books for fresh Supplies, so that the solitary Life will grow indigent, and be ready to starve without them; but if once we be throughly engag'd in the Love of Letters, instead of being weary'd with the Length of any Day, we shall only complain of the Shortness of our whole Life.

O Vita, Stulto longa, Sapienti brevis!

O Life, long to the Fool, short to the Wise!

The first Minister of State has not so much Business in publick, as a wise Man has in private; if the one

one have little Leisure to be alone, the other has less Leisure to be in Company; the one has but Part of the Affairs of one Nation, the other all the Works of God and Nature under his Consideration. There is no Saying shocks me so much as that which I hear very often, That a Man does not know how to pass his Time. 'Twould have been but ill spoken by *Methusalem* in the nine hundred sixty ninth Year of his Life, so far it is from us, who have not Time enough to attain to the utmost Perfection of any Part of any Science, to have Cause to complain that we are forc'd to be idle for want of Work. But this you'll say is Work only for the Learned, others are not capable either of the Employments or Divertisements that arrive from Letters; I know they are not, and therefore cannot much recommend Solitude to a Man totally illiterate. But if any Man be so unlearned as to want Entertainment of the little Intervals of accidental Solitude, which frequently occur in almost all Conditions (except the very meanest of the People, who have Business enough in the necessary Provisions for Life) it is truly a great Shame both to his Parents and himself, for a very small Portion of any ingenious Art will stop up all those Gaps of our Time, either Musick, or Painting, or Designing, or Chymistry, or History, or Gardning, or twenty other things, will do it usefully and pleasantly; and if he happen to set his Affections upon Poetry (which I do not advise him too immoderately) that will over do it; no Wood will be thick enough to hide him from the Importunities of Company or Business, which would abstract him from his Beloved.

——*O quis me gelidis sub montibus Hæmi* Virg.
Sistat, & ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ? Georg.

I. Hail

I.

Hail, old *Patrician* Trees, ſo great and good!
Hail, ye *Plebeian* Under-wood!
Where the Poetick Birds rejoice,
And for their quiet Neſts, and plenteous Food,
Pay with their grateful Voice.

II.

Hail, the poor Muſes richeſt Manor Seat!
Ye Country Houſes and Retreat,
Which all the happy Gods ſo love,
That for you oft they quit their bright and great
Metropolis above.

III.

Here Nature does a Houſe for me erect,
Nature, the faireſt Architect,
Who thoſe fond Artiſts does deſpiſe,
That can the fair and living Trees neglect,
Yet the dead Timber prize.

IV.

Here let me, careleſs and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the ſoft Winds above me flying,
With all their wanton Boughs diſpute,
And the more tuneful Birds to both replying,
Nor be my ſelf too mute.

V.

A Silver Stream ſhall roll his Waters near,
Gilt with the Sun-beams here and there;

On whose enamell'd Bank I'll walk,
And see how prettily they smile, and hear
How prettily they talk.

VI.

Ah wretched, and too solitary he,
Who loves not his own Company!
He'll feel the Weight of't many a Day,
Unless he call in Sin or Vanity
To help to bear't away.

VII.

Oh Solitude, first State of Humankind!
Which blest remain'd, 'till Man did find
Ev'n his own Helper's Company.
As soon as two (alas!) together join'd,
The Serpent made up three.

VIII.

Tho' God himself, through countless Ages thee
His sole Companion chose to be,
Thee, Sacred Solitude, alone,
Before the Branchy Head of Number's Tree
Sprang from the Trunk of one.

IX.

Thou (tho' Men think thine an unactive Part)
Dost break and tame th' unruly Heart,
Which else would know no settled Pace,
Making it move, well manag'd by thy Art,
With Swiftness and with Grace.

X.

Thou the faint Beams of Reason's scatter'd Light
Dost, like a Burning-glass, unite,
Dost multiply the feeble Heat,
And fortifie the Strength, 'till thou dost bright
And noble Fires beget.

XI.

Whilst this hard Truth I teach, methinks, I see
The Monster *London* laugh at me;
I should at thee too, foolish City,
If it were fit to laugh at Misery,
But thy Estate I pity.

XII.

Let but thy wicked Men from out thee go,
And all the Fools that croud thee so,
Ev'n thou, who dost thy Millions boast,
A Village less than *Islington* wilt grow,
A Solitude almost.

III. *Of* OBSCURITY.

NAM neque Divitibus contingunt gaudia solis;
Nec vixit male, qui natus moriensque Fefellit.
Hor. Epist. l. 1. 18.

God made not Pleasures only for the Rich
Nor have those Men without their Share too liv'd,
Who both in Life and Death the World deceiv'd.

This seems a strange Sentence thus literally translated, and looks as if it were in Vindication of the Men of Business (for who else can deceive the World?) whereas it is in Commendation of those who live and die so obscurely, that the World takes no notice of them. This *Horace* calls deceiving the World, and in another Place uses the same Phrase.

Secretum iter & Fallentis semita vitæ. Ep. 18.

The secret Tracks of the Deceiving Life.

It is very elegant in *Latin*, but our *English* Word will hardly bear up to that Sense, and therefore Mr. *Broom* translates it very well,

Or from a Life, led as it were by Stealth.

Yet we say in our Language, a Thing deceives our Sight, when it passes before us unperceiv'd, and we may say well enough out of the same Author,

Sometimes with Sleep, sometimes with Wine we strive,
The Cares of Life and Troubles to deceive.

[But that is not to deceive the World, but to deceive our selves, as *Quintilian* says, *Vitam fallere*, To draw on still, and amuse and deceive our Life, 'till it be advanc'd insensibly to the fatal Period, and fall into that Pit which Nature hath prepar'd for it. The Meaning of all this is no more than that most vulgar Saying, *Bene qui latuit, bene vixit*, He has liv'd well, who has lain well hidden. Which if it be a Truth, the World (I'll swear) is sufficiently deceiv'd: For my part, I think it is, and that the pleasanteſt Condition of Life is in *Incognito*.

Declam. de Apib.

What

What a brave Privilege is it to be free from all Contentions, from all envying or being envy'd, from receiving and from paying all kind of Ceremonies? It is, in my Mind, a very delightful Pastime, for two good and agreeable Friends to travel up and down together, in Places where they are by no body known, nor know any body. It was the Case of *Æneas* and his *Achates*, when they walk'd invisibly about the Fields and Streets of *Carthage*, *Venus* her self

A Vail of thicken'd Air around them cast, *Virg.* 1.
That none might know, or see them as they past. *Æn.*

The common Story of *Demosthenes*'s Confession that he had taken great Pleasure in hearing of a Tanker-woman say as he pass'd, This is that *Demosthenes*, is wonderful ridiculous from so solid an Orator. I my self have often met with that Temptation to Vanity (if it were any) but am so far from finding it any Pleasure, that it only makes me run faster from the Place, 'till I get, as it were, out of Sight-shot. *Democritus* relates, and in such a manner, as if he glory'd in the good Fortune and Commodity of it, that when he came to *Athens* no body there did so much as take Notice of him; and *Epicurus* liv'd there very well, that is, Lay hid many Years in his Gardens, so famous since that time, with his Friend *Metrodorus*: After whose Death, making in one of his Letters a kind Commemoration of the Happiness which they two had enjoy'd together, he adds at last, that he thought it no Disparagement to those great Felicities of their Life, that in the midst of the most-talk'd of and talking Country in the World, they had liv'd so long, not only without Fame, but almost without being heard of. And yet within a very few Years afterward, there were no two Names

of Men more known or more generally celebrated. If we engage into a large Acquaintance and Various Familiarities, we open our Gates to the Invaders of most of our Time: We expose our Life to a *Quotidian Ague* of frigid Impertinencies, which would make a wise Man tremble to think of. Now, as for being known much by Sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the Honour that lies in that: Whatsoever it be, every Mountebank has it more than the best Doctor, and the Hangman more than the Lord Chief-Justice of a City. Every Creature has it both of Nature and Art, if it be any ways extraordinary. It was as often said, This is that *Bucephalus*, or, This is that *Incitatus*, when they were led prancing through the Streets, as, This is that *Alexander*, or, This is that *Domitian*; and truly for the latter, I take *Incitatus* to have been a much more Honourable Beast than his Master, and more deserving the Consulship, than he the Empire. I love and commend a true good Fame, because it is the Shadow of Virtue, not that it doth any good to the Body which it accompanies, but 'tis an efficacious Shadow, and like that of St. *Peter* cures the Diseases of others. The best kind of Glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from Honesty, such as was the Glory of *Cato* and *Aristides*, but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any Man whilst he lives, what it is to him after his Death I cannot say, because I love not *Philosophy* merely notional and conjectural, and no Man who has made the Experiment has been so kind as to come back to inform us. Upon the whole matter, I account a Person who has a moderate Mind and Fortune, and lives in the Conversation of two or three agreeable Friends, with little Commerce in the World besides, who is esteem'd well

well enough by his few Neighbours that know him, and is truly irreproachable by any Body, and so after a healthful quiet Life, before the great Inconveniences of old Age, goes more silently out of it than he came in, (for I would not have him so much as cry in the *Exit*). This innocent Deceiver of the World, as *Horace* calls him, this *Muta Persona*, I take to have been more happy in his Part, than the greatest Actors that fill the Stage with Show and Noise, nay, even than *Augustus* himself, who ask'd with his last Breath, Whether he had not play'd his *Farce* very well.

Seneca, ex Thyeste,
Act. 2. *Chor.*

Stet quicunque volet, potens
Aulæ culmine lubrico, &c.

Upon the slippery Tops of human State,
The gilded Pinnacles of Fate,
Let others proudly stand, and for a while,
The giddy Danger to beguile,
With Joy, and with Disdain look down on all,
'Till their Heads turn, and down they fall.
Me, O ye Gods, on Earth, or else so near
That I no Fall to Earth may fear,
And, O ye Gods, at a good Distance seat
From the long Ruins of the Great.
Here wrapt in th'Arms of Quiet let me lye;
Quiet, Companion of Obscurity.
Here let my Life with as much Silence slide,
As Time, that measures it, does glide.

Nor let the Breath of Infamy, or Fame,
From Town to Town eccho about my Name.
Nor let my homely Death embroider'd be
With Scutcheon, or with Elegy.
An old *Plebean* let me die,
Alas, all then are such as well as I.
To him, alas, to him, I fear,
The Face of Death will terrible appear;
Who in his Life flattering his senseless Pride,
By being known to all the World beside,
Does not himself, when he is dying, know,
Nor what he is, nor whither he's to go.

IV. *Of AGRICULTURE.*

THE first Wish of *Virgil* (as you will find anon by his Verses) was to be a good Philosopher; the second, a good Husbandman; and God (whom he seem'd to understand better than most of the most learned Heathens) dealt with him just as he did with *Solomon*; because he pray'd for Wisdom in the first place, he added all things else which were subordinately to be desir'd. He made him one of the best Philosophers, and best Husbandmen, and to adorn both those Faculties, the best Poet: He made him besides all this a rich Man, and a Man who desir'd to be no richer. *O Fortunatus nimium, & bona qui sua novit*: To be a Husbandman is but a Retreat from the City; to be a Philosopher, from the World, or rather, a Retreat from the World, as it is Man's; into the World, as it is God's. But since Nature denies to most Men the Capacity or Appetite, and Fortune

tune allows but to a very few the Opportunities or Possibility of applying themselves wholly to Philosophy, the best mixture of human Affairs that we can make are the Employments of a Country Life. It is, as *Columella* calls it, *Res sine dubitatione proxima, & quasi Consanguinea Sapientiæ*, The neareſt Neighbour, or next in Kindred to Philosophy. *Varro* says, the Principles of it are the same which *Ennius* made to be the Principles of all Nature: Earth, Water, Air, and the Sun. It does certainly comprehend more Parts of Philosophy than any one Profession, Art or Science in the World besides; and therefore *Cicero* says, The Pleasures of a Husbandman, *Mihi ad Sapientes vitam proxime videntur accedere*, come very nigh to those of a Philosopher. There is no other sort of Life that affords so many Branches of Praise to a Panegyrist: The Utility of it to a Man's self: The Usefulness, or rather Necessity of it to all the rest of Mankind: The Innocence, the Pleasure, the Antiquity, the Dignity. The Utility (I mean plainly the Lucre of it) is not so great now in our Nation as arises from Merchandise and the Trading of the City, from whence many of the best Estates and chief Honours of the Kingdom are deriv'd: We have no Men now fetch'd from the Plough to be Dictators, the Reason of which I conceive to be from an evil Custom, now grown as strong among us as if it were a Law, which is, that no Men put their Children to be bred up Apprentices in Agriculture, as in other Trades, but such who are so poor, that when they come to be Men, they have not wherewithal to set up in it, and so can only farm some small parcel of Ground, the Rent of which devours all but the bare Subsistance of the Tenant: Whilst they

Lib. 1. c. 1.

De Senect.

who

who are Proprietors of the Land, are either too proud, or, for want of Education, too ignorant to improve their Estates, tho' the Means of doing it be as easie and certain in this as in any other Track of Commerce: If there were always two or three thousand Youths, for seven or eight Years bound to this Profession, that they might learn the whole Art of it, and afterwards be enabled to be Masters in it, by a moderate Stock; I cannot doubt but that we should see as many Aldermens Estates made in the Country, as now we do out of all kind of merchandizing in the City. There are as many ways to be rich, and which is better, there is no Possibility to be poor, without such Negligence as can neither have Excuse nor Pity; for a little Ground will without question feed a little Family, and the Superfluities of Life (which are now in some Cases by Custom made almost necessary) must be supply'd out of the Superabundance of Art and Industry, or condemned by as great a Degree of Philosophy. As for the Necessity of this Art, it is evident enough, since this can live without all others, and no one other without this. This is like Speech, without which the Society of Men cannot be preserv'd; the others like Figures and Tropes of Speech, which serve only to adorn it. Many Nations have liv'd, and some do still, without any Art but this; not so elegantly, I confess, but still they live, and almost all the other Arts which are here practis'd, are beholding to this for most of their Materials. The Innocence of this Life is the next thing for which I commend it, and if Husbanmen preserve not that, they are much to blame, for no Men are so free from the Temptations of Iniquity. They live by what they can get by Industry from the Earth, and others by what they can catch by

Craft

Craft from Men. They live upon an Estate given them by their Mother, and others upon an Estate cheated from their Brethren. They live like Sheep and Kine, by the Allowances of Nature, and others like Wolves and Foxes by the Acquisitions of Rapine. And, I hope, I may affirm (without any Offence to the Great) that Sheep and Kine are very useful, and that Wolves and Foxes are pernicious Creatures. They are without Dispute of all Men the most quiet, and least apt to be inflam'd to the Disturbance of the Commonwealth: Their manner of Life inclines them, and Interest binds them to love Peace: In our late mad and miserable Civil Wars, all other Trades, even to the meanest, set forth whole Troops, and rais'd up some great Commanders, who became famous and mighty for the Mischiefs they had done: But, I do not remember the Name of any one Husbandman who had so considerable a Share in the twenty Years Ruin of his Country, as to deserve the Curses of his Countrymen: And if great Delights be join'd with so much Innocence, I think it is ill done of Men not to take them here where they are so tame, and ready at hand, rather than hunt for them in Courts and Cities, where they are so wild, and the Chase so troublesome and dangerous.

We are here among the vast and noble Scenes of Nature; we are there among the pitiful Shifts of Policy: We walk here in the light and open Ways of the Divine Bounty; we grope there in the dark and confus'd Labyrinths of Human Malice: Our Senses are here feasted with the clear and genuine Taste of their Objects, which are all Sophisticated there, and for the most part overwhelm'd with their Contraries. Here Pleasure looks (methinks) like a beautiful, constant, and modest Wife; it is there an impudent, fickle,

fickle, and painted Harlot. Here is harmless and cheap Plenty, there guilty and expenceful Luxury.

I shall only instance one Delight more, the most natural and best natur'd of all others, a perpetual Companion of the Husbandman; and that is, the Satisfaction of looking round about him, and seeing nothing but the Effects and Improvements of his own Art and Diligence; to be always gathering of some Fruits of it, and at the same time to behold others ripening, and others budding; to see all his Fields and Gardens cover'd with the beauteous Creatures of his own Industry; and to see, like God, that all his Works are Good.

——*Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades; ipsi Agricolæ tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus.*

On his Heart-strings a secret Joy does strike.

The Antiquity of his Art is certainly not to be contested by any other. The three first Men in the World, were a Gard'ner, a Ploughman, and a Grazier; and if any Man object, That the second of these was a Murtherer, I desire he would consider, that as soon as he was so, he quitted our Profession, and turn'd Builder. It is for this Reason, I suppose, That *Ecclesiasticus* forbids us to hate Husbandry; *because* (says he) *the Most High has created it.* We were all born to this Art, and taught by Nature to nourish our Bodies by the same Earth out of which they were made, and to which they must return, and pay at last for their Sustenance. Chap. 7.

Behold the Original and Primitive Nobility of all those great Persons, who are too proud now, not only to till the Ground, but almost to tread upon it.

We

We may talk what we please of Lillies, and Lions Rampant, and Spread Eagles in Fields *d'Or*, or *d'Argent*; but if Heraldry were guided by Reason, a Plough in a Field Arable, would be the most Noble and Ancient Arms.

All these Considerations make me fall into the Wonder and Complaint of *Columella*, How it should come to pass that all Arts or Sciences, (for the Dispute, which is an Art, and which a Science, does not belong to the Curiosity of us Husbandmen) *Metaphysick*, *Physick*, *Morality*, *Mathematicks*, *Logick*, *Rhetorick*, &c. which are all, I grant, good and useful Faculties, (except only *Mataphysick* which I do not know whether it be any thing or no) but even *Vaulting*, *Fencing*, *Dancing*, *Attiring*, *Cookery*, *Carving*, and such like Vanities, should all have publick Schools and Masters; and yet that we should never see or hear of any Man who took upon him the Profession of teaching this so pleasant, so virtuous, so profitable, so honourable, so necessary Art.

A man would think, when he's in serious Humour, that it were but a vain, irrational and ridiculous thing, for a great Company of Men and Women to run up and down in a Room together, in a hundred several Postures and Figures, to no purpose, and with no Design; and therefore Dancing was invented first, and only practis'd anciently in the Ceremonies of the Heathen Religion, which consisted all in Mommery and Madness; the latter being the chief Glory of the Worship, and accounted Divine Inspiration: This, I say, a severe Man would think, tho' I dare not determine so far against so customary a Part now of good Breeding. And yet, who is there among our Gentry, that does not entertain a Dancing-Master for his Children as soon as they are able to walk? But,

Did

Did ever any Father provide a Tutor for his Son to instruct him betimes in the Nature and Improvements of that Land which he intended to leave him? That is at least a Superfluity, and this a Defect in our manner of Education; and therefore I could wish (but cannot in these times much hope to see it) that one College in each University were erected, and appropriated to this Study, as well as there are to Medicine, and the Civil Law: There would be no need of making a Body of Scholars and Fellows, with certain Endowments, as in other Colleges; it would suffice, if after the manner of Halls in *Oxford*, there were only four Professors constituted (for it would be too much Work for only one Master, or Principal, as they call him there) to teach these four Parts of it. First, *Aration*, and all things relating to it. Secondly, *Pasturage*. Thirdly, *Gardens*, *Orchards*, *Vineyards* and *Woods*. Fourthly, All parts of *Rural Oeconomy*, which would contain the Government of *Bees*, *Swine*, *Poultry*, *Decoys*, *Ponds*, &c. and all that which *Varro* calls *Villaticas Pastiones*, together with the Sports of the Field (which ought to be look'd upon not only as Pleasures, but as parts of House-keeping) and the Domestical Conservation and Uses of all that is brought in by Industry abroad. The Business of these Professors should not be, as is commonly practis'd in other Arts, only to read Pompous and Superficial Lectures out of *Virgil*'s *Georgicks*, *Pliny*, *Varro*, or *Columella*, but to instruct their Pupils in the whole Method and Course of this Study, which might be run through perhaps with Diligence in a Year or two; and the continual Succession of Scholars upon a moderate Taxation for their Diet, Lodging, and Learning, would be a sufficient constant Revenue for Maintenance of the House

House and the Professors, who should be Men not chosen for the Ostentation of Critical Literature, but for solid and experimental Knowledge of the things they teach such Men; so industrious and publick-spirited as I conceive Mr. *Hartlib* to be, if the Gentleman be yet alive: But it is needless to speak farther of my Thoughts of this Design, unless the present Disposition of the Age allow'd more Probability of bringing it into Execution. What I have further to say of the Country Life, shall be borrow'd from the Poets, who were always the most faithful and affectionate Friends to it. Poetry was born among the Shepherds.

Nescio qua Natale solum dulcedine Musas
Ducit, & immemores non sinit esse sui.

The Muses still love their own native Place,
'Thas secret Charms which nothing can deface.

The Truth is, no other Place is proper for their Work; one might as well undertake to Dance in a Croud, as to make good Verses in the midst of Noise and Tumult.

As well might Corn as Verse in Cities grow;
In vain the thankless Glebe we plough and sow,
Against th'unnatural Soil in vain we strive;
'Tis not a Ground in which these Plants will thrive.

It will bear nothing but the Nettles or Thorns of *Satyre*, which grow most naturally in the worst Earth: And therefore almost all Poets, except those who were not able to eat Bread without the Bounty of Great Men, that is, without what they could get by

by Flattering of them, have not only withdrawn themselves from the Vices and Vanities of the Grand World (*Pariter vitiisque Jocisque Altius humanis exeruere caput*) into the innocent Happiness of a retir'd Life; but have commended and adorned nothing so much by their Ever-living Poems. *Hesiod* was the first or second Poet in the World that remains yet extant (if *Homer*, as some think, preceded him, but I rather believe they were Contemptoraries) and he is the first Writer too of the Art of Husbandry: He has contributed (says *Columella*) not a little to our Profession; I suppose he means not a little Honour, for the Matter of his Instructions is not very important: His great Antiquity is visible through the Gravity and Simplicity of his Stile. The most acute of all his Sayings concerns our Purpose very much, and is couch'd in the reverend Obscurity of an Oracle, Πλεόν ἥμισυ Παντὸς, The half is more than the whole. The Occasion of the Speech is this; His Brother *Perses* had by corrupting some great Men (Βασιλῆας Δωροφάγους, Great Bribe-Eaters, he calls them) gotten from him the half of his Estate. It is no matter (says he) they have not done me so much Prejudice as they imagine.

Νήπιοι, οὐδ' ἴσασιν ὅσῳ Πλεόν Ἥμισυ Παντὸς,
Οὐδ' ὅσον ἐν μαλάχῃ τε καὶ ἀσφοδέλῳ μέγ' ὄνειαρ,
Κρύπταντες γὰρ ἔχουσι θεοὶ βίον ἀνθρώποισι.

Unhappy they to'whom God has not reveal'd,
By a strong Light which must their Sense controul,
That half a great Estate's more than the whole:
Unhappy, from whom still conceal'd does lye
Of Roots and Herbs, the wholesome Luxury.

This

This I conceive to have been honest *Hesiod*'s Meaning. From *Homer* we must not expect much concerning our Affairs. He was blind, and could neither work in the Country, nor enjoy the Pleasures of it, his helpless Poverty was likeliest to be sustain'd in the richest Places, he was to delight the *Grecians* with fine Tales of the Wars and Adventures of their Ancestors; his Subject remov'd him from all Commerce with us, and yet, methinks, he made a shift to show his good Will a little. For tho' he could do us no Honour in the Person of his *Hero Ulysses* (much less of *Achilles*) because his whole Time was consumed in Wars and Voyages, yet he makes his Father *Laertes* a Gard'ner all that while, and seeking his Consolation for the Absence of his Son in the Pleasure of Planting and even Dunging his own Grounds. Ye see he did not contemn us Peasants, nay, so far was he from that Insolence, that he always stiles *Eumœus*, who kept the Hogs, with wonderful Respect Διὸν ὕροβον, The Divine Swine-herd. He could have done no more for *Menelaus* or *Agamemnon*. And *Theocritus* (a very ancient Poet, but he was one of our own Tribe, for he wrote nothing but Pastorals) gave the same Epithete to an Husbandman, Ἐμείβετο Διὸς ἀγρώτης: The Divine Husbandman reply'd to *Hercules*, who was but Διὸς himself. These were Civil *Greeks!* and who understood the Dignity of our Calling! Among the *Romans* we have in the first place our truly Divine *Virgil*, who, though by the Favour of *Mecenas* and *Augustus*, he might have been one of the chief Men in *Rome*, yet chose rather to employ much of his Time in the Exercise, and much of his immortal Wit in the Praise and Instructions of a Rustick Life, who tho' he had written before whole Books of *Pastorals* and *Georgicks*,

could not abstain in his great and Imperial Poem from describing *Evander*, one of his best Princes, as living just after the homely manner of an ordinary Country-Man. He seats him in a Throne of Maple, and lays him but upon a Bear's Skin, the Kine and Oxen are lowing in his Court-yard, the Birds under the Eeves of his Window call him up in the Morning, and when he goes abroad, only two Dogs go along with him for his Guard; At last when he brings *Æneas* in his Royal Cottage, he makes him say this memorable Complement, greater than ever yet was spoken at the *Escurial*, the *Louvre*, or our *Whitehall*.

—Hæc (inquit) limina victor
Alcides subiit, hæc illum Regia cepit,
Aude, Hospes, contemnere opes, & te quoq; dignum
Finge Deo, rebusque veni non asper egenis.

This humble Roof, this rustick Court (said he)
Receiv'd *Alcides* crown'd with Victory.
Scorn not (great Guest) the Steps where he has trod,
But contemn Wealth, and imitate a God.

The next Man whom we are much oblig'd to, both for his Doctrine and Example, is the next best Poet in the World to *Virgil*, his dear Friend *Horace*; who when *Augustus* had desir'd *Mecænas* to persuade him to come and live domestically, and at the same Table with him, and to be Secretary of State of the whole World under him, or rather jointly with him, for he says, *ut nos in Epistolis scribendis adjuvet*, could not be tempted to forsake his *Sabin*, or *Tiburtin* Manor, for so rich and so glori-

ous

ous a Trouble. There was never, I think, such an Example as this in the World, that he should have so much Moderation and Courage as to refuse an Offer of such Greatness, and the Emperor so much Generosity and good Nature as not to be at all offended with his Refusal, but to retain still the same Kindness, and express it often to him in most friendly and familiar Letters, part of which are still extant. If I should produce all the Passages of this excellent Author upon the several Subjects which I treat of in this Book, I must be oblig'd to translate half his Works; of which I may say more truly than in my Opinion he did of *Homer*, *Qui quid sit pulchrum, quid Turpe, quid utile, quid non, plenius & melius Chrysippa, & Crantore dicit.* I shall content my self upon this particular Theme with three only, one out of his *Odes*, the other out of his *Satyrs*, the third out of his *Epistles*, and shall forbear to collect the Suffrages of all other Poets, which may be found scatter'd up and down through all their Writings, and especially in *Martial*'s. But I must not omit to make some Excuse for the bold Undertaking of my unskilful Pencil upon the Beauties of a Face that has been drawn before by so many great Masters, especially, that I should dare to do it in *Latin* Verses (tho' of another kind) and have the Confidence to translate them. I can only say that I love the Matter, and that ought to cover many Faults; and that I run not to contend with those before me, but follow to applaud them.

Virg. Georg. Lib. II.

O fortunatos nimium, *&c.*

A Translation out of Virgil.

OH happy (if his Happiness he knows) [flows
The Country Swain, on whom kind Heav'n be-
At home all Riches that wise Nature needs;
Whom the just Earth with easie Plenty feeds.
Tis true, no Morning Tide of Clients comes,
And fills the painted Channels of his Rooms,
Adoring the rich Figures as they pass,
In Tap'stry wrought, or cut in living Brass;
Nor is his Wool superfluously dy'd
With the dear Poison of *Assyrian* Pride:
Nor do *Arabian* Perfumes vainly spoil
The native Use, and Sweetness of his Oil.
Instead of these, his calm and harmless Life,
Free from th' Alarms of Fear, and Storms of Strife,
Does with substantial Blessedness abound,
And the soft Wings of Peace cover him round.
Through artless Grots the murm'ring Waters glide;
Thick Trees both against Heat and Cold provide,
From whence the Birds salute him; and his Ground
With lowing Herds, and bleating Sheep does sound;
And all the Rivers and the Forests nigh,
Both Food, and Game, and Exercise supply.

Here

Here a well-harden'd active Youth we see,
Taught the great Art of chearful Poverty.
Here, in this Place alone, there still do shine
Some Streaks of Love, both Human and Divine;
From hence *Astræa* took her Flight, and here
Still her last Foot-steps upon Earth appear.
'Tis true, the first Desire, which does controul
All the inferior Wheels that move my Soul,
Is, that the Muse me her High-Priest would make;
Into her holiest Scenes of Myst'ry take,
And open there, to my Mind's purged Eye,
Those Wonders which to Sense the God's deny;
How in the Moon such Change of Shapes is found,
The Moon, the changing World's eternal Bound.
What shakes the solid Earth, what strong Disease
Dares trouble the firm Center's ancient Ease;
What makes the Sea retreat, and what advance,
Varieties too regular for Chance.
What drives the Chariot on of Winter's Light,
And stops the lazy Waggon of the Night.
But if my dull and frozen Blood deny,
To send forth Spi'rits that raise a Soul so high;
In the next place, let Woods and Rivers be
My quiet, tho' unglorious Destiny.
In Life's cool Vale let my low Scene be laid,
Cover me, Gods, with *Tempe*'s thickest Shade.
Happy the Man, I grant, thrice happy he
Who can through gross Effects their Causes see:

Whose Courage from the Deeps of Knowledge springs,
Nor vainly fears inevitable things;
But does his Walk of Virtue calmly go,
Through all th' Alarms of Death and Hell below.
Happy! but next such Conqu'rors, happy they,
Whose humble Life lies not in Fortune's way.
They unconcern'd, from their safe distant Seat,
Behold the Rods and Scepters of the Great.
The Quarrels of the mighty without Fear,
And the Descent of foreign Troops they hear.
Nor can even *Rome* their steady Course misguide,
With all the Lustre of her perishing Pride.
Them never yet did Strife or Av'rice draw,
Into the noisie Markets of the Law,
The Camps of gowned War, nor do they live
By Rules or Forms that many Mad-men give.
Duty, for Nature's Bounty, they repay,
And her sole Laws religiously obey.

Some with bold Labour plough the faithless Main,
Some rougher Storms in Princes Courts sustain.
Some swell up their slight Sails with pop'ular Fame,
Charm'd with the foolish Whistlings of a Name.
Some their vain Wealth to Earth again commit;
With endless Cares some brooding o'er it sit.
Country and Friends are by some Wretches sold,
To lye on *Tyrian* Beds, and drink in Gold;
No Price too high for Profit can be shown;
Not Brothers Blood, nor Hazards of their own.

Around

Around the World in search of it they roam,
It makes ev'n their Antipodes their Home;
Mean while, the prudent Husbandman is found,
In mutual Duties striving with his Ground,
And half the Year he Care of that does take,
That half the Year grateful Returns does make.
Each fertile Month does some new Gifts present,
And with new Work his Industry content.
This, the young Lamb, that, the soft Fleece doth yield,
This, loads with Hay, and that, with Corn the Field;
All sorts of Fruit crown the rich *Autumn*'s Pride;
And on a swelling Hill's warm stony Side,
The pow'rful Princely Purple of the Vine,
Twice dy'd with the redoubled Sun, does shine.
In th' Evening to a fair ensuing Day,
With Joy he sees his Flocks and Kids to play;
And loaded Kine about his Cottage stand,
Inviting with known Sound the Milker's Hand;
And when from wholsome Labour he doth come,
With Wishes to be there, and wish'd for home,
He meets at Door the softest human Blisses,
His chaste Wife's Welcome, and dear Childrens Kisses,
When any Rural Holy-days invite
His Genius forth to innocent Delight,
On Earth's fair Bed, beneath some sacred Shade,
Amidst his equal Friends carelessly laid,
He sings thee, *Bacchus*, Patron of the Vine,
The Beechen Bowl foams with a Flood of Wine,

Not to the Loss of Reason, or of Strength:
To active Games and manly Sport at length,
Their Mirth ascends, and with fill'd Veins they see,
Who can the best at better Trials be.
Such was the Life the prudent *Sabins* chose,
From such the old *Hetrurian* Virtue rose.
Such, *Remus* and the God his Brother led,
From such firm footing *Rome* grew the World's Head.
Such was the Life that ev'n till now does raise
The Honour of poor *Saturn*'s Golden Days:
Before Men born of Earth, and bury'd there,
Let in the Sea their mortal Fate to share.
Before new Ways of perishing were sought,
Before unskilful Death on Anvils wrought.
Before those Beasts, which human Life sustain,
By Men, unless to the Gods Use, were slain.

Horat. Epodon.

Beatus ille qui procul, &c.

HAppy the Man whom bounteous Gods allows
With his own Hand Paternal Grounds to plow!
Like the first golden Mortals, happy he,
From Business and the Cares of Mony free!
No human Storms break off at Land his Sleep,
No loud Alarms of Nature on the Deep;
From all the Cheats of Law he lives secure,
Nor does th' Affronts of Palaces endure.

Some-

Sometimes the beauteous, marriageable Vine
He to the lusty Bridegroom Elm does join;
Sometimes he lops the barren Trees around,
And grafts new Life into the fruitful Wound;
Sometimes he sheers his Flock, and sometimes he
Stores up the Golden Treasures of the Bee.
He sees his lowing Herds walk o'er the Plain,
Whilst neighb'ring Hills low back to them again:
And when the Season, rich as well as gay,
All her Autumnal Bounty does display,
How is he pleas'd th' encreasing Use to see
Of his well-trusted Labours bend the Tree?
Of which large Shares, on the glad Sacred Days,
He gives to Friends, and to the Gods repays.
With how much Joy does he beneath some Shade,
By aged Trees rev'rend Embraces made,
His careless Head on the fresh Green recline,
His Head uncharg'd with Fear or with Design.
By him a River constantly complains,
The Birds above rejoice with various Strains,
And in the solemn Scene their *Orgies* keep,
Like Dreams mix'd with the Gravity of Sleep;
Sleep, which does always there for Entrance wait,
And nought within against it shuts the Gate.
Nor does the roughest Season of the Sky,
Or sullen *Jove*, all Sports to him deny.
He runs the Mazes of the nimble Hare,
His well-mouth'd Dogs glad Concert rends the Air;

Or

Or with Game bolder, and rewarded more,
He drives into a Toil the foaming Boar;
Here flies the Hawk t'assault, and there the Net
To intercept the travelling Fowl is set.
And all his Malice, all his Craft is shown
In innocent Wars, on Beasts and Birds alone.
This is the Life from all Misfortunes free,
From thee the great One, Tyrant Love, from thee;
And if a chaste and clean, tho' homely Wife
Be added to the Blessings of this Life,
Such as the ancient Sun-burnt *Sabins* were,
Such as *Apulia*, frugal still, does bear,
Who makes her Children and the House her Care,
And joyfully the Work of Life does share,
Nor thinks her self too noble, or too fine,
To pin the Sheep-fold, or to milch the Kine;
Who waits at Door against her Husband come,
From Rural Duties, late, and weary'd home;
Where she receives him with a kind Embrace,
A chearful Fire, and a more chearful Face;
And fills the Bowl up to her homely Lord,
And with Domestick Plenty loads the Board.
Not all the lustful Shell-fish of the Sea,
Dress'd by the wanton Hand of Luxury,
Nor *Ortalans*, nor *Godwits*, nor the rest
Of costly Names, that glorifie a Feast,
Are at the Princely Tables better Cheer,
Than Lamb and Kid, Lettuce and Olives here.

The

The Country Mouse.

A Paraphrase upon Horace, *Book* 2. *Sat.* 6.

AT the large Foot of a fair hollow Tree,
Close to plow'd Ground, seated commodiously,
His ancient and Hereditary House,
There dwelt a good substantial Country Mouse:
Frugal, and grave, and careful of the main,
Yet one, who once did nobly entertain
A City Mouse, well coated, sleek, and gay,
A Mouse of high degree, which lost his Way,
Wantonly walking forth to take the Air,
And arriv'd early, and belighted there
For a Day's Lodging: The good hearty Host
(The ancient Plenty of his Hall to boast)
Did all the Stores produce, that might excite,
With various Tastes, the Courtier's Appetite.
Fitches and Beans, Peason, and Oats, and Wheat,
And a large Chesnut, the delicious Meat
Which *Jove* himself, were he a Mouse, would eat.
And for a *Hautgoust* there were mix'd with these
The Swerd of Bacon, and the Coat of Cheese;
The precious Relicks, which at Harvest he
Had gather'd from the Reapers Luxury.
Freely (said he) fall on, and never spare,
The bounteous Gods will for to Morrow care.

And thus at Ease on Beds of Straw they lay,
And to their Genius sacrific'd the Day.
Yet the nice Guest's *Epicurean* Mind
(Tho' Breeding made him civil seem, and kind)
Despis'd this Country Feast, and still his Thought
Upon the Cakes and Pies of *London* wrought.
Your Bounty and Civility (said he)
Which I'm surpriz'd in these rude Parts to see,
Shews that the Gods have given you a Mind,
Too noble for the Fate which here you find.
Why should a Soul, so virtuous and so great,
Lose it self thus in an obscure Retreat?
Let Savage Beasts lodge in a Country Den,
You should see Towns, and Manners know, and Men:
And taste the gen'rous Lux'ury of the Court,
Where all the Mice of Quality resort;
Where thousand beauteous Shees about you move,
And by high Fare are pliant made to Love.
We all e'erlong must render up our Breath,
No Cave or Hole can shelter us from Death.
Since Life is so uncertain, and so short,
Let's spend it all in Feasting, and in Sport.
Come, worthy Sir, come with me, and partake
All the great things that Mortals happy make.
Alas, what Virtue hath sufficient Arms
T'oppose bright Honour, and soft Pleasure's Charms?
What Wisdom can their Magick Force repel?
It draws this rev'rend Hermit from his Cell.

It was the time, when witty Poets tell,
That Phœbus *into* Thetis *Bosom fell:*
She blush'd at first, and then put out the Light,
And drew the modest Curtains of the Night.
Plainly, the troth to tell, the Sun was set,
When to the Town our weary'd Travellers get.
To a Lord's House, as Lordly as can be,
Made for the Use of Pride and Luxury,
They come; the gentle Courtier at the Door
Stops, and will hardly enter in before.
But 'tis, Sir, your Command, and being so,
I'm sworn t'Obedience; and so in they go.
Behind a Hanging in a spacious Room,
(The richest Works of *Mortclake*'s noble Loom)
They wait awhile their weary'd Limbs to rest,
'Till Silence should invite them to their Feast.
About the Hour that Cynthia's *Silver Light,*
Had touch'd the pale Meridies of the Night;
At last the various Supper being done,
It happen'd that the Company was gone
Into a Room remote, Servants and all,
To please their noble Fancies with a Ball.
Our Host leads forth his Stranger, and does find
All fitted to the Bounties of his Mind.
Still on the Table half-fill'd Dishes stood,
And with delicious Bits the Floor was strow'd.
The courteous Mouse presents him with the best,
And both with fat Varieties are blest:

Th' in-

Th' industrious Peasant ev'ry where does range,
And thanks the Gods for his Life's happy Change.
Lo, in the midst of a well-fraighted Pie
They both at last, glutted and wanton, lye:
When see the sad Reverse of prosp'rous Fate,
And what fierce Storms on mortal Glories wait.
With hideous Noise down the rude Servants come,
Six Dogs before run barking into th' Room;
The wretched Gluttons fly with wild Affright,
And hate the Fulness which retards their Flight.
Our trembling Peasant wishes now in vain,
That Rocks and Mountains cover'd him again.
O how the Change of his poor Life he curs'd!
This, of all Lives (said he) is sure the worst.
Give me again, *ye Gods*, my Cave and Wood;
With Peace, let Tares and Acorns be my Food.

A Paraphrase upon the tenth Epistle of the first Book of *Horace*.

Horace to *Fuscus Aristius*.

HEalth, from the Lover of the Country, me;
Health, to the Lover of the City, thee:
A Diff'rence in our Souls this only proves,
In all things else we agree like marry'd Doves.
But the warm Nest, and crouded Dove-house, thou
Dost like; I loosely fly from Bough to Bough,

And

And Rivers drink, and all the ſhining Day,
Upon fair Trees, or moſſy Rocks I play;
In fine, I live and reign, when I retire
From all that you equal with Heav'n admire.
Like one at laſt from the Prieſts Service fled,
Loathing the honey'd Cakes, I long for Bread.
Would I a Houſe for Happineſs erect,
Nature alone ſhould be the Architect.
She'd build it more convenient, than great,
And doubtleſs in the Country chuſe her Seat.
Is there a Place doth better Helps ſupply,
Againſt the Wounds of Winter's Cruelty?
Is there an Air that gentl'er does aſſwage
The mad Celeſtial Dogs, or Lions Rage?
Is it not there that Sleep (and only there)
Nor Noiſe without, nor Cares within does fear?
Does Art through Pipes a purer Water bring,
Than that which Nature ſtrains into a Spring?
Can all your Tap'ſtries, or your Pictures, ſhow
More Beauties than in Herbs and Flow'rs do grow?
Fountains and Trees our weary'd Pride do pleaſe,
Ev'n in the midſt of gilded Palaces,
And in your Towns that Proſpect gives Delight,
Which opens round the Country to our Sight.
Men to the Good, from which they raſhly fly,
Return at laſt, and their wild Luxury
Does but in vain with thoſe true Joys contend,
Which Nature did to Mankind recommend.

The

The Man who changes Gold for burnish'd Brass,
Or small right Gems, for larger ones of Glass:
Is not, at length, more certain to be made
Ridiculous, and wretched by the Trade,
Than he, who sells a solid Good, to buy
The painted Goods of Pride and Vanity.
If thou be wise, no glorious Fortune chuse,
Which 'tis but Pain to keep, yet Grief to lose.
For, when we place ev'n Trifles in the Heart,
With Trifles too unwillingly we part.
An humble Roof, plain Bed, and homely Board,
More clear, untainted Pleasures do afford,
Than all the Tumult of vain Greatness brings
To Kings, or to the Favourites of Kings.
The horned Deer, by Nature arm'd so well,
Did with the Horse in common Pasture dwell;
And when they fought, the Field it always wan,
'Till the ambitious Horse begg'd Help of Man,
And took the Bridle, and thenceforth did reign
Bravely alone, as Lord of all the Plain:
But never after could the Rider get
From off his Back, or from his Mouth the Bit.
So they, who Poverty too much do fear,
T'avoid that Weight, a greater Burden bear;
That they might Pow'r above their Equals have,
To cruel Masters they themselves enslave.
For Gold, their Liberty exchang'd we see,
That fairest Flow'r which crowns Humanity.

And

And all this Miſchief does upon them light,
Only, becauſe they know not how, aright,
That great, but ſecret, Happineſs to prize,
That's laid up in a little, for the Wiſe:
That is the beſt, and eaſieſt Eſtate,
Which to a Man fits cloſe, but not too ſtrait;
'Tis like a Shoe; it pinches, and it burns,
Too narrow; and too large it over-turns.
My deareſt Friend, ſtop thy Deſires at laſt,
And chearfully enjoy the Wealth thou haſt.
And, if me ſtill ſeeking for more you ſee,
Chide and reproach, deſpiſe and laugh at me.
Mony was made, not to command our Will,
But all our lawful Pleaſures to fulfil.
Shame and Wo to us, if we' our Wealth obey;
The Horſe doth with the Horſe-man run away.

The COUNTRY LIFE.

Libr. 4. Plantarum.

BLeſs'd be the Man (and bleſs'd he is) whom e'er
(Plac'd far out of the Roads of Hope or Fear)
A little Field, and little Garden feeds;
The Field gives all that frugal Nature needs,
The wealthy Garden lib'rally beſtows
All ſhe can ask, when ſhe luxurious grows.
The ſpecious Inconveniencies that wait
Upon a Life of Buſineſs, and of State,

He sees (nor does the Sight disturb his Rest)
By Fools desir'd, by wicked Men possest.
Thus, thus (and this deserv'd great *Virgil*'s Praise)
The old *Corycian* Yeoman pass'd his Days.
Thus his wise Life *Abdolonymus* spent:
Th' Ambassadors, which the great Emp'ror sent
To offer him a Crown, with Wonder found
The rev'rend Gard'ner howing of his Ground;
Unwillingly, and slow, and discontent,
From his lov'd Cottage, to a Throne he went:
And oft he stopp'd in his triumphant Way,
And oft look'd back, and oft was heard to say,
Not without Sighs, Alas, I there forsake
A happier Kingdom than I go to take.
Thus *Aglaüs* (a Man unknown to Men,
But the Gods knew, and therefore lov'd him then)
Thus liv'd obscurely then without a Name,
Aglaüs, now consign'd t' eternal Fame.
For *Gyges*, the rich King, wicked and great,
Presum'd at wise *Apollo*'s *Delphick* Seat,
Presum'd to ask, Oh thou, the whole World's Eye,
See'st thou a Man that happier is than I?
The God, who scorn'd to flatter Man, reply'd,
Aglaüs happier is. But *Gyges* cry'd,
In a proud Rage, Who can that *Aglaüs* be?
We've heard as yet of no such King as he.
And true it was, through the whole Earth around
No King of such a Name was to be found.

Is

John Evelyn Esq.r

Is some old *Hero* of that Name alive,
Who his high Race does from the Gods derive?
Is it some mighty Gen'ral, that has done
Wonders in Fight, and God-like Honours won?
Is it some Man of endless Wealth? said he.
None, none of these; who can this *Aglaüs* be?
After long Search and vain Inquiries past,
In an obscure *Arcadian* Vale at last,
(Th' *Arcadian* Life has always shady been)
Near *Sopho*'s Town (which he but once had seen)
This *Aglaüs*, who Monarchs Envy drew,
Whose Happiness the Gods stood Witness to,
This mighty *Aglaüs* was lab'ring found,
With his own Hands, in his own little Ground.

So, gracious God, (if it may lawful be,
Among those foolish Gods to mention thee)
So let me act, on such a private Stage,
The last dull Scenes of my declining Age;
After long Toils and Voyages in vain,
This quiet Port let my toss'd Vessel gain;
Of Heav'nly Rest, this Earnest to me lend,
Let my Life sleep, and learn to love her End.

V. The GARDEN.

To J. Evelyn, *Esquire.*

I Never had any other Desire so strong, and so like to Covetousness, as that one which I have had always, that I might be Master at last of a small House

and large Garden, with very moderate Conveniences join'd to them, and there dedicate the Remainder of my Life only to the Culture of them, and the Study of Nature;

And there (with no Design beyond my Wall) whole
and entire to lye,
In no unactive Ease, and no unglorious Poverty.

Or as *Virgil* has said, shorter and better for me, that I might there *Studiis florere ignobilis otii* (though I could wish that he had rather said, *Nobilis otii*, when he spoke of his own) But several Accidents of my ill Fortune have disappointed me hitherto, and do still, of that Felicity; for though I have made the first and hardest Step to it, by abandoning all Ambitions and Hopes in this World, and by retiring from the Noise of all Business and almost Company, yet I stick still in the Inn of a hired House and Garden, among Weeds and Rubbish; and without that pleasantest Work of Human Industry, the Improvement of something which we call (not very properly, but yet we call) our own. I am gone out from *Sodom*, but I am not yet arriv'd at my little *Zoar*. *O let me escape thither* (*Is it not a Little one?*) *and my Soul shall live.* I do not look back yet; but I have been forc'd to stop, and make too many Halts. You may wonder, Sir, (for this seems a little too extravagant and Pindarical for Prose) what I mean by all this Preface: It is to let you know, That tho' I have miss'd, like a Chymist, my great End, yet I account my Affections and Endeavours well rewarded by something that I have met with by the By; which is, that they have procur'd me some Part in your Kindness and Esteem; and thereby the Honour of having my Name so advantageously recommended to Poste-

Posterity, by the *Epistle* you are pleas'd to prefix to the most useful Book that has been written in that kind, and which is to last as long as Months and Years.

Among many other *Arts* and *Excellencies* which you enjoy, I am glad to find this Favourite of mine the most predominant; that you chuse this for your Wife, tho' you have hundreds of other Arts for your Concubines; tho' you know them, and beget Sons upon them all (to which you are rich enough to allow great Legacies) yet the Issue of this seems to be design'd by you to the main of the Estate; you have taken most Pleasure in it, and bestow'd most Charges upon its Education: And I doubt not to see that Book which you are pleas'd to promise to the World, and of which you have given us a large Earnest in your *Calendar*, as Accomplish'd, as any thing can be expected from an *Extraordinary Wit*, and no ordinary Expences, and a long Experience. I know no Body that possesses more private Happiness than you do in your Garden; and yet no Man who makes his Happiness more publick, by a free Communication of the Art and Knowledge of it to others. All that I my self am able yet to do, is only to recommend to Mankind the Search of that Felicity, which you instruct them how to find and to enjoy.

I.

Happy art thou, whom God does bless
With the full Choice of thine own Happiness;
And happier yet, because thou'rt blest
With Prudence, how to chuse the best:

In Books and Gardens thou hast plac'd aright
(Things which thou well dost understand;
And both dost make with thy laborious Hand)
Thy noble, innocent Delight:
And in thy virtuous Wife, where thou again dost meet
Both Pleasures more refin'd and sweet:
The fairest Garden in her Looks,
And in her Mind the wisest Books.
Oh, who would change these soft, yet solid Joys,
For empty Shows, and senseless Noise;
And all which rank Ambition breeds,
Which seem such beauteous Flow'rs, and are such pois'-
[nous Weeds?

II.

When God did Man to his own Likeness make,
As much as Clay, tho' of the purest kind,
By the great Potter's Art refin'd,
Could the Divine Impression take;
He thought it fit to place him, where
A kind of Heav'n too did appear,
As far as Earth could such a Likeness bear:
That Man no Happiness might want,
Which Earth to her first Mother could afford;
He did a Garden for him plant,
By the quick Hand of his Omnipotent Word.
As the chief Help and Joy of human Life,
He gave him the first Gift; first, ev'n before a Wife.

III. For

III.

For God, the universal Architect,
'Thad been as easie to erect
A *Louvre*, or *Escurial*, or a Tower
That might with Heav'n Communication hold,
As *Babel* vainly thought to do of old:
He wanted not the Skill or Power,
In the World's Fabrick those were shown,
And the Materials were all his own.
But well he knew what Place would best agree
With Innocence, and with Felicity:
And we elsewhere still seek for them in vain,
If any Part of either yet remain;
If any Part of either we expect,
This may our Judgment in the Search direct;
God the first Garden made, and the first City, *Cain*.

IV.

O blessed Shades! O gentle cool Retreat
From all th' immoderate Heat,
In which the frantick World does burn and sweat!
This does the Lion-Star, Ambition's Rage;
This Avarice, the Dog-Star's Thirst asswage:
Ev'ry where else their fatal Pow'r to see,
They make and rule Man's wretched Destiny:
They neither set, nor disappear,
But tyrannize o'er all the Year;
Whilst we ne'er feel their Flame or Influence here.

The Birds that dance from Bough to Bough,
And sing above in ev'ry Tree,
Are not from Fears and Cares more free,
Than we who lye, or sit, or walk below,
And should by right be Singers too.
What Prince's Quire of Musick can excel
That which within this Shade does dwell?
To which we nothing pay, or give;
They like all other Poets live,
Without Reward, or Thanks for their obliging Pains;
'Tis well if they become not Prey:
The whistling Winds add their less artful Strains,
And a grave Base the murm'ring Fountains play;
Nature does all this Harmony bestow,
But to our Plants, Art's Musick too,
The Pipe, Theorbo, and Guitar we owe;
The Lute it self, which once was green and mute,
When *Orpheus* strook th' inspir'd Lute,
The Trees danc'd round, and understood
By Sympathy the Voice of Wood.

V.

These are the Spells that to kind Sleep invite,
And nothing does within Resistance make,
Which yet we moderately take;
Who would not chuse to be awake,
While he's encompass'd round with such Delight,
To th' Ear, the Nose, the Touch, the Taste and Sight?

When

When *Venus* would her dear *Aſcanius* keep
A Priſ'ner in the downy Bands of Sleep,
She Od'rous Herbs and Flow'rs beneath him ſpread,
As the moſt ſoft and ſweeteſt Bed;
Not her own Lap would more have charm'd his Head.
Who, that has Reaſon, and his Smell,
Would not among Roſes and Jaſmin dwell,
Rather than all his Spirits choak
With Exhalations of Dirt and Smoak?
And all th' Uncleanneſs which does drown
In Peſtilential Clouds a populous Town?
The Earth it ſelf breaths better Perfumes here,
Than all the Female Men or Women there,
Not without Cauſe, about them bear.

VI.

When *Epicurus* to the World had taught,
That Pleaſure was the chiefeſt Good,
(And was perhaps i' th' Right, if rightly underſtood)
His Life he to his Doctrine brought,
And in a Garden's Shade that ſov'reign Pleaſure ſought:
Whoever a true *Epicure* would be,
May there find cheap and virtuous Luxury.
Vitellius his Table, which did hold
As many Creatures as the Ark of old:
That Fiſcal Table, to which ev'ry Day
All Countries did a conſtant Tribute pay,
Could nothing more delicious afford,
Than Nature's Liberality,

Help'd

Help'd with a little Art and Industry,
Allows the meanest Gard'ner's Board.
The wanton Taste no Fish, or Fowl can chuse,
For which the Grape or Melon he would lose,
Tho' all th' Inhabitants of Sea and Air
Be listed in the Glutton's Bill of Fare;
Yet still the Fruits of Earth we see,
Plac'd the third Story high in all her Luxury.

VII.

But with no Sense the Garden does comply;
None courts, or flatters, as it does, the Eye;
When the great *Hebrew* King did almost strain
The wond'rous Treasures of his Wealth and Brain
His Royal Southern Guest to entertain;
Tho' she on Silver Floors did tread,
With bright *Assyrian* Carpets on them spread,
To hide the Metal's Poverty;
Tho' she look'd up to Roofs of Gold,
And nought around her could behold
But Silk and rich Embroidery,
And *Babylonian* Tapestry,
And wealthy *Hiram*'s Princely Dye:
Tho' *Ophir*'s starry Stones met ev'ry where her Eye
Tho' she her self, and her gay Host, were dress'd
With all the shining Glories of the East;
When lavish Art her costly Work had done,
The Honour and the Prize of Bravery
Was by the Garden from the Palace won;

An

And ev'ry Roſe and Lilly there did ſtand,
Better attir'd by Nature's Hand:
The Caſe thus judg'd againſt the King we ſee,
By one that would not be ſo rich, tho' wiſer far than he.

VIII.

Nor does this happy Place only diſpence
Such various Pleaſures to the Senſe;
Here Health it ſelf does live,
That Salt of Life, which does to all a Reliſh give;
Its ſtanding Pleaſure, and intrinſick Wealth,
The Body's Virtue, and the Soul's good Fortune, Health.
The Tree of Life, when it in *Eden* ſtood,
Did its Immortal Head to Heav'n rear,
It laſted a tall Cedar 'till the Flood,
Now a ſmall thorny Shrub it does appear,
Nor will it thrive too ev'ry where:
It always here is freſheſt ſeen,
'Tis only here an Ever-green.
If through the ſtrong and beauteous Fence
Of Temperance and Innocence,
And wholſome Labours, and a quiet Mind,
Any Diſeaſes Paſſage find,
They muſt not think here to aſſail
A Land unarmed, or without a Guard;
They muſt fight for it, and diſpute it hard,
Before they can prevail:
Scarce any Plant is growing here
Which againſt Death ſome Weapon does not bear.

Let

Let Cities boast, That they provide
For Life the Ornaments of Pride;
But 'tis the Country and the Field,
That furnish it with Staff and Shield.

IX.

Where does the Wisdom, and the Pow'r Divine
In a more bright and sweet Reflexion shine?
Where do we finer Stroaks and Colours see
Of the Creator's real Poetry,
Than when we with Attention look
Upon the third Day's Volume of the Book?
If we could open and intend our Eye,
We all, like *Moses*, should espy
Ev'n in a Bush the radiant Deity.
But we despise these his inferior Ways,
(Tho' no less full of Miracle and Praise)
Upon the Flow'rs of Heav'n we gaze;
The Stars of Earth no wonder in us raise.
Tho' these perhaps do more than they,
The Life of Mankind sway.
Altho' no Part of mighty Nature be
More stor'd with Beauty, Pow'r, and Mystery;
Yet, to encourage human Industry,
God has so order'd that no other Part
Such Space, and such Dominion leaves for Art.

X.

We no where Art do so triumphant see,
As when it Grafts or Buds the Tree:

In

In other things we count it to excel,
If it a docile Scholar can appear
To Nature, and but imitate her well;
It over-rules, and is her Master here.
It imitates her Maker's Power Divine,
And changes her sometimes, and sometimes does refine;
It does, like Grace, the fallen Tree restore
To its bless'd State of Paradise before:
Who would not joy to see his conqu'ring Hand
O'er all the Vegetable World command?
And the wild Giants of the Wood receive
What Law he's pleas'd to give?
He bids th'ill-natur'd Crab produce
The gentler Apple's Winy Juice;
The Golden Fruit, that worthy is
Of *Galatea*'s purple Kiss;
He does the savage Hawthorn teach
To bear the Medlar and the Pear,
He bids the rustick Plum to rear
A noble Trunk, and be a Peach.
Ev'n *Daphne*'s Coyness he does mock,
And weds the Cherry to her Stock,
Tho' she refus'd *Apollo*'s Suit;
Ev'n she, that chaste and Virgin Tree,
Now wonders at her self, to see
That she's a Mother made, and blushes in her Fruit.

XI. Me-

XI.

Methinks I see great *Diocletian* walk
In the *Salonian* Garden's noble Shade,
Which by his own Imperial Hands was made:
I see him smile (methinks) as he does talk
With the Ambassadors, who come in vain
T' entice him to a Throne again.
If I, my Friends (said he) should to you show
All the Delights which in these Gardens grow;
'Tis likelier much that you should with me stay,
Than 'tis that you should carry me away:
And trust me not, my Friends, if ev'ry Day
I walk not here with more Delight,
Than ever, after the most happy Fight,
In Triumph, to the Capitol, I rode, [God.
To thank the Gods, and to be thought, my self almost a

VI. *Of* GREATNESS.

SINCE we cannot attain to Greatness,, (says the *Sieur de Montagn*) let's have our Revenge by railing at it: This he spoke but in Jest. I believe he desir'd it no more than I do, and had less Reason, for he enjoy'd so plentiful and honourable a Fortune in a most excellent Country, as allow'd him all the real Conveniences of it, separated and purged from the Incommodities. If I were but in his Condition, I should think it hard measure, without being convinced of any Crime, to be sequester'd from it, and made one of the Principal Officers of State. But the Reader

Reader may think that what I now say, is of small Authority, because I never was, nor never shall be put to the Trial: I can therefore only make my Protestation,

If ever I more Riches did desire
Than Cleanliness and Quiet do require,
If e'er Ambition did my Fancy cheat,
With any Wish, so mean as to be great,
Continue, Heav'n, still from me to remove
The humble Blessings of that Life I love.

I know very many Men will despise, and some pity me, for this Humour, as a poor spirited Fellow; but I'm content, and like *Horace*, thank God for being so. *Dii bene fecerunt, inopis me quodque pusilli Finxerunt animi.* I confess, I love Littleness almost in all things. A little convenient Estate, a little chearful House, a little Company, and a very little Feast, and if I were ever to fall in Love again (which is a great Passion, and therefore, I hope, I have done with it) it would be, I think, with Prettiness, rather than with Majestical Beauty. I would neither wish that my Mistress, nor my Fortune, should be a *Bona Roba*, as *Homer* uses to describe his Beauties, like a Daughter of great *Jupiter* for the Statelineſs and Largeness of her Person, but as *Lucretius* says,

Parvula, pumilio, Χαρίτων μία, *tota merum sal.*

Where there is one Man of this, I believe there are a thousand of *Senecio*'s Mind, whose ridiculous Affectation of Grandeur, *Seneca* the Elder describes to this effect. *Senecio* was a Man of a tur'd and

confus'd Wit, who could not endure to speak any but mighty Words and Sentences, 'till this Humour grew at last into so notorious a Habit, or rather Disease, as became the Sport of the whole Town: He would have no Servants, but huge, massy Fellows, no Plate or Houshold-stuff, but thrice as big as the Fashion: You may believe me, for I speak without Railery, his Extravagancy came at last into such a Madness, that he would not put on a Pair of Shoes, each of which was not big enough for both his Feet: He would eat nothing but what was great, nor touch any Fruit but Horse-Plums and Pound-Pears: He kept a Concubine that was a very Giantess, and made her walk too always in *Chiopins*, 'till at last he got the Sirname of *Senecio Grandio*, which, *Messala* said, was not his *Cognomen*, but his *Cognomentum*: When he declaim'd for the three hundred *Lacedæmonians*, who alone oppos'd *Xerxes* his Army of above three hundred thousand, he stretch'd out his Arms, and stood on Tip-toes, that he might appear the taller, and cry'd out, in a very loud Voice, I rejoice, I rejoice—— We wonder'd, I remember, what new great Fortune had befallen his Eminence. *Xerxes* (says he) is all mine own. He who took away the Sight of the Sea, with the Canvas Vails of so many Ships——and then he goes on so, as I know not what to make of the rest, whether it be the Fault of the Edition, or the Orator's own burly way of Nonsense.

This is the Character that *Seneca* gives of this *Hyperbolical* Fop, whom we stand amaz'd at, and yet there are very few Men who are not in some things, and to some degrees *Grandio*'s. Is any thing more common, than to see our Ladies of Quality wear such high Shoes as they cannot walk in, with-

out one to lead them? and a Gown as long again as the Body, ſo that they cannot ſtir to the next Room without a Page or two to hold it up? I may ſafely ſay, That all the Oſtentation of our Grandees is juſt like a Train of no Uſe in the World, but horribly cumberſome and incommodious. What is all this, but a ſpice of *Grandio*? How tedious would this be, if we were always bound to it? I do believe there is no King, who would not rather be depos'd, than endure every Day of his Reign all the Ceremonies of his Coronation. The mightieſt Princes are glad to fly often from theſe Majeſtick Pleaſures (which is, methinks, no ſmall Diſparagement to them) as it were for Refuge, to the moſt contemptible Divertiſements, and meaneſt Recreations of the Vulgar, nay, even of Children. One of the moſt powerful and fortunate Princes of the World, of late, could find out no Delight ſo ſatisfactory, as the keeping of little ſinging Birds, and hearing of them, and whiſtling to them. What did the Emperors of the whole World? If ever any Men had the free and full Enjoyment of all Human Greatneſs (nay, that would not ſuffice, for they would be Gods too) they certainly poſſeſs'd it: And yet one of them, who ſtil'd himſelf Lord and God of the Earth, could not tell how to paſs his whole Day pleaſantly, without ſpending conſtantly two or three Hours in catching of Flies, and killing them with a Bodkin, as if his Godſhip had been *Beelzebub*. One of his Predeceſſors, *Nero* (who never put any Bounds, nor met with any Stop to his Appetite) could divert himſelf with no Paſtime more agreeable, than to run about the Streets all Night in a Diſguiſe, and abuſe the Women, and affront the Men whom he met, and ſometimes to beat them, and ſometimes to be beaten

by them: This was one of his Imperial Nocturnal Pleasures. His chiefest in the Day, was to sing and play upon a Fiddle, in the Habit of a Minstrel, upon the publick Stage; he was prouder of the Garlands that were given to his Divine Voice (as they call'd it then) in those kind of Prizes, than all his Forefathers were of their Triumphs over Nations. He did not at his Death complain, that so mighty an Emperor, and the last of all the *Cæsarian* Race of Deities, should be brought to so shameful and miserable an end, but only cry'd out, Alas, what Pity 'tis that so excellent a Musician should perish in this manner! His Uncle *Claudius* spent half his Time at playing at Dice, that was the main fruit of his Sovereignty. I omit the Madnesses of *Caligula*'s Delights, and the execrable Sordidness of those of *Tiberius*. Would one think that *Augustus* himself, the highest and most fortunate of Mankind, a Person endow'd too with many excellent Parts of Nature should be so hard put to it sometimes for want of Recreations, as to be found playing at Nuts and bounding Stones, with little *Syrian* and *Mooriſh* Boys whose Company he took Delight in, for their Pratin and their Wantonness?

Was it for this, that *Rome*'s best Blood he spill
With so much Falshood, so much Guilt?
Was it for this that his Ambition strove,
To equal *Cæsar* first, and after *Jove*?
Greatness is barren sure of solid Joys;
Her Merchandise (I fear) is all in Toys,
She could not else sure so uncivil be,
To treat his Universal Majesty,

His new-created Deity,
With Nuts, and Bounding-stones, and Boys.

But we must excuse her for this meager Entertainment, she has not really wherewithal to make such Feasts as we imagine, her Guests must be contented sometimes with but slender Cates, and with the same cold Meats serv'd over and over again, even'till they become nauseous. When you have par'd away all the Vanity, what solid and natural Contentment does there remain, which may not be had with five hundred Pounds a Year? Not so many Servants or Horses; but a few good ones, which will do all the Business as well: Not so many choice Dishes at every Meal; but at several Meals all of them, which makes them both the more healthy, and the more pleasant: Not so rich Garments, nor so frequent Changes, but as warm and as comely, and so frequent Change too, as is every jot as good for the Master, tho' not for the Tailor, or *Valet de Chambre:* Not such a stately Palace, nor gilt Rooms, or the costliest sorts of Tapestry; but a convenient Brick House, with decent Wainscot, and pretty Forest-work Hangings. Lastly, (for I omit all other Particulars, and will end with that which I love most in both Conditions) not whole Woods cut in Walks, nor vast Parks, nor Fountain, or Cascade-Gardens; but Herb, and Flower, and Fruit-Gardens, which are more useful, and the Water every whit as clear and wholsome, as if it darted from the Breasts of a marble Nymph, or the Urn of a River-God. If for all this, you like better the Substance of that former Estate of Life, do but consider the inseparable Accidents of both: Servitude, Disquiet, Danger, and most commonly Guilt, inherent in the one; in the other Liberty, Tranquility,

lity, Security and Innocence; and when you have thought upon this, you will confess that to be a Truth, which appear'd to you before but a ridiculous *Paradox*, That a low Fortune is better guarded and attended than a high one. If indeed we look only upon the flourishing Head of the Tree, it appears a most beautiful Object,

——Sed quantum vertice ad auras
Ætherias, tantum radice ad Tartara tendit.

As far as up tow'rds Heav'n the Branches grow,
So far the Root sinks down to Hell below.

Another horrible Disgrace to Greatness is, that it is for the most part in pitiful Want and Distress: What a wonderful thing is this? unless it degenerate into Avarice, and so cease to be Greatness: It falls perpetually into such Necessities, as drive it into all the meanest and most sordid Ways of Borrowing, Cozenage, and Robbery, *Mancipiis locuples eget æris Cappadocum Rex*, This is the case of almost all Great Men, as well as of the poor King of *Cappadocia*. They abound with Slaves, but are indigent of Mony. The ancient *Roman* Emperors, who had the Riches of the whole World for their Revenue, had wherewithal to live (one would have thought) pretty well at Ease, and to have been exempt from the Pressures of extream Poverty. But yet, with most of them it was much otherwise, and they fell perpetually into such miserable Penury, that they were forced to devour or squeeze most of their Friends and Servants, to cheat with infamous Projects, to ransack and pillage all their Provinces. This Fashion of Imperial Grandeur, is imitated by all inferior and subordi-

ordinate sorts of it, as if it were a Point of Honour. They must be cheated of a third Part of their Estates, two other Thirds they must expend in Vanity, so that they remain Debtors for all the necessary Provisions of Life, and have no way to satisfie those Debts, but out of the Succours and Supplies of Rapine. *As Riches encrease* (says *Solomon*) *so do the Mouths that devour it.* The Master Mouth has no more than before. The Owner, methinks, is like *Ocnus* in the Fable, who is perpetually winding a Rope of Hay, and an Ass at the End perpetually eating it. Out of these Inconveniences arises naturally one more, which is, that no Greatness can be satisfy'd or contented with it self: Still if it could mount up a little higher, it would be happy; if it could gain but that Point, it would obtain all its Desires; but yet at last, when it is got up to the very Top of the Pic of *Tenariff*, it is in very great Danger of breaking its Neck downwards, but in no possibility of ascending upwards into the Seat of Tranquility above the Moon. The first ambitious Men in the World, the old Giants, are said to have made an Heroical Attempt of scaling Heaven in despight of the Gods, and they cast *Ossa* upon *Olympus*, and *Pelion* upon *Ossa*; two or three Mountains more they thought would have done the Business, but the Thunder spoil'd all the Work, when they were come up to the third Story.

And what a noble Plot was crost,
And what a brave Design was lost.

A famous Person of their Off-spring, the late Giant of our Nation, when from the Condition of a very inconsiderable Captain, he had made himself Lieutenant-General of an Army of little *Titans*, which

was his first Mountain, and afterwards General, which was his second, and after that absolute Tyrant of three Kingdoms, which was the third, and almost touch'd the Heaven which he affected, is believ'd to have dy'd with Grief and Discontent, because he could not attain to the honest Name of a King, and the old Formality of a Crown, though he had before exceeded the Power by a wicked Usurpation. If he could have compass'd that, he would perhaps have wanted something else that is necessary to Felicity, and pined away for want of the Title of an Emperor or a God. The Reason of this is, that Greatness has no reality in Nature, but a Creature of the Fancy, a Notion that consists only in Relation and Comparison: It is indeed an Idol; but St. *Paul* teaches us, *That an Idol is nothing in the World.* There is in truth no rising or Meridian of the Sun, but only in respect to several Places; there is no Right or Left, no Upper Hand in Nature; every thing is Little, and every thing is Great, according as it is diversely compar'd. There may be perhaps some Village in *Scotland* or *Ireland* where I might be a great Man, and in that case I should be like *Cæsar*; (you would wonder how *Cæsar* and I should be like one another in any thing) and chuse rather to be the First Man of the Village, than Second at *Rome*. Our Country is call'd *Great Britany*, in regard only of a lesser of the same Name; it would be but a ridiculous Epithete for it, when we consider it together with the Kingdom of *China*. That too, is but a pitiful Rood of Ground in Comparison of the whole Earth besides; and this whole Globe of Earth, which we account so immense a Body, is but one Point or Atome in relation to those numberless Worlds that are scatter'd up and down in the infinite

Space

Space of the Sky which we behold. The other many Inconveniences of Grandeur I have spoken of dispersedly in several Chapters, and shall end this with an *Ode* of *Horace*, not exactly copy'd, but rudely imitated.

Horace. L. 3. Ode. 1.

Odi profanum vulgus, &c.

I.

HEnce, ye Profane; I hate ye all;
Both the Great, Vulgar, and the Small.
To Virgin Minds, which yet their native Whiteness
Nor yet discolour'd with the Love of Gold, [hold,
(That Jaundice of the Soul,
Which makes it look so gilded and so foul)
To you, ye very few, these Truths I tell;
The Muse inspires my Song, hark, and observe it well.

II.

We look on Men, and wonder at such odds
'Twixt things that were the same by Birth;
We look on Kings as Giants of the Earth,
These Giants are but Pigmies to the Gods.
The humblest Bush nd proudest Oak,
Are but of equal P oof against the Thunder-stroke.
Beauty, and Strength, and Wit, and Wealth, and Pow'r
Have their short flourishing Hour;
And to see themselves, and smile,
And joy in their Pre-eminence a while;

Ev'n so in the same Land,
Poor Weeds, rich Corn, gay Flow'rs together stand;
Alas, Death mows down all with an impartial Hand.

III.

And all you Men, whom Greatness does so please,
Ye feast (I fear) like *Damocles*:
If you your Eyes could upwards move,
(But you (I fear) think nothing is above)
You would perceive by what a little Thread
The Sword still hangs over your Head.
No Tide of Wine would drown your Cares;
No Mirth or Musick over-noise your Fears.
The Fear of Death would you so watchful keep,
As not t'admit the Image of it, Sleep.

IV.

Sleep is a God too proud to wait in Palaces,
And yet so humble too, as not to scorn
The meanst Country Cottages;
This Poppy grows among the Corn.
The Halcyon Sleep will never build his Nest
In any stormy Breast.
'Tis not enough that he does find
Clouds and Darkness in their Mind;
Darkness but half his Work will do,
'Tis not enough, he must find Quiet too.

V.

The Man, who in all Wishes he does make,
Does only Nature's Counsel take,

That wiſe and happy Man will never fear
The evil Aſpects of the Year,
Nor tremble, tho' two Comets ſhould appear;
He does not look in Almanacks, to ſee
Whether he fortunate ſhall be;
Let *Mars* and *Saturn* in the Heav'ns conjoin,
And what they pleaſe againſt the World deſign,
So *Jupiter* within him ſhine.

VI.

If of your Pleaſures and Deſires no End be found,
God to your Cares and Fears will ſet no Bound.
What would content you? Who can tell?
Ye fear ſo much to loſe what you have got,
As if you lik'd it well;
Ye ſtrive for more, as if ye lik'd it not.
Go, level Hills, and fill up Seas,
Spare nought that may your wanton Fancy pleaſe;
But truſt me, when you've done all this,
Much will be miſſing ſtill, and much will be amiſs.

VII. *Of AVARICE.*

THERE are two ſorts of *Avarice*, the one is but of a Baſtard kind, and that is, the rapacious Appetite of Gain; not for its own ſake, but for the Pleaſure of refunding it immediately through all the Channels of Pride and Luxury. The other is the true kind, and properly ſo call'd; which is a reſtleſs and unſatiable Deſire of Riches, not for any farther End or Uſe, but only to hoard, and preſerve,

and

and perpetually encrease them. The Covetous Man, of the first kind, is like a greedy *Ostrich*, which devours any Metal, but 'tis with an Intent to feed upon it, and in effect it makes a shift to digest and excern it. The second is like the foolish Chough, which loves to steal Mony only to hide it. The first does much Harm to Mankind, and a little Good too to some few: The second does Good to none; no, not to himself. The first can make no Excuse to God, or Angels, or rational Men for his Actions: The second can give no Reason or Colour, not to the Devil himself, for what he does; he is a Slave to Mammon without Wages. The first makes a shift to be belov'd; ay, and envy'd too by some People: The second is the universal Object of Hatred and Contempt. There is no Vice has been so pelted with good Sentences, and especially by the Poets, who have pursu'd it with Stories, and Fables, and Allegories, and Allusions; and mov'd, as we say, every Stone to fling at it: Among all which, I do not remember a more fine and Gentleman-like Correction, than that which was given it by one Line of *Ovid*'s.

Desunt Luxuriæ multa, Avaritiæ omnia.

Much is wanting to Luxury, All to Avarice.

To which Saying I have a mind to add one Member, and render it thus,

Poverty wants some, Luxury many, Avarice all Things.

Somebody says of a virtuous and wise Man, That having nothing, he has all: This is just his Antipode, who, having all things, yet has nothing. He's a Guardian Eunuch to his beloved Gold; *Audivi eos*

Arma-

Amatores eſſe maximos ſed nil poteſſe. They are the fondeſt Lovers, but impotent to enjoy.

And, oh, what Man's Condition can be worſe
Than his, whom Plenty ſtarves, and Bleſſings curſe;
The Beggars but a common Fate deplore,
The Rich poor Man's Emphatically Poor.

I wonder how it comes to paſs, that there has never been any Law made againſt him: Againſt him, do I ſay? I mean, For him; as there are publick Proviſions made for all other Madmen: It is very reaſonable that the King ſhould appoint ſome Perſons (and I think the Courtiers would not be againſt this Propoſition) to manage his Eſtate during his Life (for his Heirs commonly need not that Care) and out of it to make it their Buſineſs to ſee, that he ſhould not want Alimony befitting his Condition, which he could never get out of his own cruel Fingers. We relieve idle Vagrants, and counterfeit Beggars, but have no Care at all of theſe really Poor Men, who are (methinks) to be reſpectfully treated in regard of their Quality. I might be endleſs againſt them, but I am almoſt choak'd with the Superabundance of Matter; too much Plenty impoveriſhes me as it does them. I will conclude this odious Subject with Part of *Horace*'s firſt *Satyre*, which take in his own familiar Stile.

I 'admire, *Mecænas*, how it comes to paſs,
That no Man ever yet contented was,
Nor is, nor perhaps will be, with that State
In which his own Choice plants him, or his Fate.

Happy

Happy the Merchant, the old Soldier cries;
The Merchant, beaten with tempestuous Skies,
Happy the Soldier, one half Hour to thee
Gives speedy Death, or glorious Victory.
The Lawyer, knock'd up early from his Rest
By restless Clients, calls the Peasant blest:
The Peasant, when his Labours ill succeed,
Envies the Mouth which only Talk does feed.
'Tis not (I think you'll say) that I want store
Of Instances, if here I add no more;
They are enough to reach at least a Mile
Beyond long Orator *Fabius* his Stile.
But, hold, you whom no Fortune e'er endears,
Gentlemen, Malecontents, and Mutineers,
Who bounteous *Jove* so often cruel call,
Behold, *Jove*'s now resolv'd to please you all.
Thou Soldier be a Merchant; Merchant, thou
A Soldier be; and, Lawyer, to the Plough.
Change all their Stations strait, why do they stay?
The Devil a Man will change, now when he may.
Were I in General *Jove*'s abused case,
By *Jove* I'd cudgel this Rebellious Race:
But he's too good; be all then as you were,
However make the best of what you are,
And in that State be chearful and rejoice,
Which either was your Fate, or was your Choice.
No, they must labour yet, and sweat, and toil,
And very miserable be a while:

But 'tis with a Design only to gain
What may their Age with plenteous Ease maintain.
The prudent Pismire does this Lesson teach,
And Industry to lazy Mankind preach.
The little Drudge does trot about and sweat,
Nor does he strait devour all he can get,
But in his temp'rate Mouth carries it home,
A Stock for Winter, which he knows must come.
And when the rolling World to Creatures here
Turns up the deform'd wrong Side of the Year,
And shuts him in, with Storms, and Cold, and Wet,
He chearfully does his past Labours eat :
O, does he so? Your wise Example, th' Ant,
Does not at all times Rest and Plenty want;
But weighing justly 'a mortal Ant's Condition,
Divides his Life 'twixt Labour and Fruition.
Thee neither Heat, nor Storms, nor Wet, nor Cold,
From thy unnatural Diligence can with-hold.
To th' *Indies* thou wouldst run, rather than see
Another, tho' a Friend, richer than thee.
Fond Man! What Good or Beauty can be found
In heaps of Treasure bury'd under Ground?
Which rather than diminish'd e'er to see,
Thou would'st thy self too bury'd with them be.
And what's the Diff'rence? Is't not quite as bad
Never to use, as never to have had?
In thy vast Barns Millions of Quarters store,
Thy Belly, for all that, will hold no more

Than

Than mine does: Ev'ry Baker makes much Bread
What then? He's with no more than others fed.
Do you within the Bounds of Nature live,
And to augment your own you need not ſtrive.
One hundred Acres will no leſs for you
Your Life's whole Buſineſs than ten thouſand do.
But pleaſant 'tis to take from a great Store;
What, Man, tho' you're reſolv'd to take no more
Than I do from a ſmall one? If your Will
Be but a Pitcher or a Pot to fill,
To ſome great River for it muſt you go,
When a clear Spring juſt at your Feet does flow?
Give me the Spring which does to human Uſe
Safe, eaſie, and untroubled Stores produce;
He who ſcorns theſe, and needs would drink at *Nile*
Muſt run the Danger of the Crocodile,
And of the rapid Stream it ſelf, which may
At unawares bear him perhaps away.
In a full Flood *Tantalus* ſtands, his Skin
Waſh'd o'er in vain, for ever dry within;
He catches at the Stream with greedy Lips,
From his touch'd Mouth the wanton Torment ſlips
You laugh now, and expand your careful Brow;
'Tis finely ſaid, but what's all this to you?
Change but the Name, this Fable is thy Story;
Thou in a Flood of uſeleſs Wealth doſt glory,
Which thou canſt only touch, but never taſte;
Th' Abundance ſtill, and ſtill the Want does laſt.

The Treasures of the Gods thou wouldst not spare,
But when they're made thine own, they Sacred are,
And must be kept with Rev'rence, as if thou
No other Use of precious Gold didst know,
But that of curious Pictures, to delight,
With the fair Stamp, thy *Virtuoso* Sight.
The only true and genuine Use is this,
To buy the things which *Nature* cannot miss
Without Discomfort, Oil, and vital Bread,
And Wine by which the Life of Life is fed,
And all those few things else by which we live;
All that remains is giv'n for thee to give.
If Cares and Troubles, Envy, Grief and Fear,
The better Fruits be, which fair Riches bear,
If a new Poverty grow out of Store;
The old plain way, ye Gods, let me be Poor.

A Paraphrase on an Ode in Horace's *third Book, beginning thus,* Inclusam Danaen turris ahenea.

I.

A Tow'r of Brass, one would have said,
And Locks, and Bolts, and Iron Bars,
And Guards, as strict as in the Heat of Wars,
Might have preserv'd one innocent Maiden-head.
The jealous Father thought he well might spare
All further jealous Care,

And

And as he walk'd, t'himself alone he smil'd,
To think how *Venus* Arts he had beguil'd;
And when he slept, his Rest was deep,
But *Venus* laugh'd to see and hear him sleep.
She taught the am'rous *Jove*
A magical Receipt in Love,
Which arm'd him stronger, and which help'd him more
Than all his Thunder did, and his Almighty ship before

II.

She taught him Love's Elixir, by which Art
His Godhead into Gold he did convert;
No Guards did then his Passage stay,
He pass'd with Ease; Gold was the Word;
Subtle as Lightning, bright and quick and fierce,
Gold tho' Doors and Wal.. pierce;
And as that works sometimes upon the Sword,
Melted the Maiden-head away,
Ev'n in the secret Scabbard where it lay.
The prudent *Macedonian* King,
To blow up Towns, a Golden Mine did spring.
He broke thro' Gates with this *Petar*,
'Tis the great Art of Peace, the Engine 'tis of War:
And Fleets and Armies follow it afar,
The Ensign 'tis at Land, and 'tis the Seaman's Star.

III.

Let all the World Slave to this Tyrant be,
Creature to this Disguised Deity,
Yet it shall never conquer me.

A Guard of Virtues will not let it paſs,
And Wiſdom is a Tow'r of ſtronger Braſs.
The Muſes Lawrel round my Temples ſpread,
Does from this Lightning's Force ſecure my Head;
Nor will I lift it up ſo high,
As in the violent Meteor's way to lye.
Wealth for its Power do we honour and adore?
The things we hate, ill Fate, and Death, have more.

IV.

From Towns and Courts, Camps of the Rich and Great.
The vaſt *Xerxean* Army, I retreat,
And to the ſmall *Laconick* Forces fly,
Which hold the Straights of Poverty.
Cellars and Granaries in vain we fill,
With all the bounteous Summer's Store,
If the Mind thirſt and hunger ſtill.
The poor rich Man's emphatically poor.
Slave to the things we too much prize,
We Maſters grow of all that we deſpiſe.

V.

A Field of Corn, a Fountain, and a Wood,
Is all the Wealth by Nature underſtood.
The Monarch on whom fertile *Nile* beſtows
All which that grateful Earth can bear,
Deceives himſelf, if he ſuppoſe
That more than this falls to his Share.
Whatever an Eſtate does beyond this afford,
Is not a Rent paid to the Lord;

But is a Tax illegal and unjust,
Exacted from it by the Tyrant Lust.
Much will always wanting be,
To him who much desires. Thrice happy he
To whom the wise Indulgency of Heav'n,
With sparing Hand, but just enough has giv'n.

VIII. *The Dangers of an Honest Man in much Company.*

IF twenty thousand naked *Americans* were not able to resist the Assaults of but twenty well-arm'd *Spaniards*, I see but little Possibility for one honest Man to defend himself against twenty thousand Knaves, who are all-furnish'd *Cap-a-pe*, with the defensive Arms of worldly Prudence, and the offensive too of Craft and Malice. He will find no less odds than this against him, if he have much to do in human Affairs. The only Advice therefore which I can give him, is, to be sure not to venture his Person any longer in the open Campaign, to retreat and entrench himself, to stop up all Avenues, and draw up all Bridges against so numerous an Enemy. The truth of it is, that a Man in much Business must either make himself a Knave, or else the World will make him a Fool; and if the Injury went no farther than the being laugh'd at, a wise Man would content himself with the Revenge of Retaliation; but the case is much worse, for these civil *Cannibals* too, as well as the wild ones, not only dance about such a taken Stranger, but at last devour him. A sober Man cannot get too soon out of drunken Company, tho' the

they be never so kind and merry among themselves, 'tis not unpleasant only, but dangerous to him. Do ye wonder that a virtuous Man should love to be alone? It is hard for him to be otherwise; he is so, when he is among ten thousand: Neither is the Solitude so uncomfortable to be alone without any other Creature, as it is to be alone, in the midst of wild Beasts. Man is to Man all kind of Beasts, a fawning Dog, a roaring Lion, a thieving Fox, a robbing Wolf, a dissembling Crocodile, a treacherous Decoy, and a rapacious Vulture. The civilest, methinks, of all Nations, are those whom we account the most barbarous, there is some Moderation and good Nature in the *Toupinambaltians*, who eat no Men but their Enemies, whilst we learned and polite and Christian *Europeans*, like so many Pikes and Sharks, prey upon every thing that we can swallow. It is the great Boast of Eloquence and Philosophy, that they first congregated Men dispers'd, united them into Societies, and built up the Houses and the Walls of Cities. I wish they could unravel all they have woven; that we might have our Woods and our Innocence again, instead of our Castles and our Policies. They have assembled many thousands of scatter'd People into one Body; 'tis true, they have done so, they have brought them together into Cities to cozen, and into Armies to murder one another: They found them Hunters and Fishers of wild Creatures, they have made them Hunters and Fishers of their Brethren; they boast to have reduc'd them to a State of Peace, when the truth is, they have only taught them the Art of War; they have fram'd, I must confess, wholesome Laws for the Restraint of Vice, but they rais'd first that Devil which now they conjure and cannot bind; tho' there were before no Punish-

ments for Wickedness, yet there was less committed because there were no Rewards for it. But the Men who praise Philosophy from this Topick are much deceiv'd; let Oratory answer for it self, the tinkling perhaps of that may unite a Swarm; it never was the Work of Philosophy to assemble Multitudes, but to regulate only, and govern them when they were assembled, to make the best of an Evil, and bring them, as much as is possible, to Unity again. Avarice and Ambition only were the first Builders of Towns and Founders of Empire; they said,

Gen. 11. 4. *Go to, let us build us a City and a Tower whose Top may reach unto Heav'n, and let us make us a Name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the Face of the Earth.* What was the Beginning of *Rome*, the *Metropolis* of all the World? What was it, but a Concourse of Thieves, and a Sanctuary of Criminals? It was justly nam'd by the *Augury* of no less than twelve Vultures, and the Founder cemented his Walls with the Blood of his Brother; not unlike to this was the Beginning even of the first Town too in the World, and such is the Original Sin of most Cities; their actual Encrease daily with their Age and Growth; the more People, the more wicked all of them; every one brings in his Part to enflame the Contagion, which becomes at last so universal and so strong, that no Precepts can be sufficient Preservatives, nor any thing secure our Safety, but Flight from among the Infected. We ought in the Choice of a Situation to regard above all things the Healthfulness of the Place, and the Healthfulness of it for the Mind rather than for the Body. But suppose (which is hardly to be suppos'd) we had Antidote enough against this Poison; nay, suppose farther, we were always and at all Pieces arm'd and provided

provided both against the Assaults of Hostility, and the Mines of Treachery, 'twill yet be but an uncomfortable Life to be ever in Alarms; tho' we were compass'd round with Fire, to defend our selves from wild Beasts, the Lodging would be unpleasant, because we must always be oblig'd to watch that Fire, and to fear no less the Defects of our Guard, than the Diligence of our Enemy. The sum of this is, that a virtuous Man is in danger to be trod upon and destroy'd in the Croud of his Contraries, nay, which is worse, to be chang'd and corrupted by them, and that 'tis impossible to escape both these Inconveniences, without so much Caution, as will take away the whole Quiet, that is, the Happiness of his Life. Ye see then what he may lose, but, I pray, what can he get there? *Quid Romæ faciam? Mentiri nescio.* What should a Man of Truth and Honesty do at *Rome?* he can neither understand, nor speak the Language of the Place. A naked Man may swim in the Sea, but 'tis not the way to catch Fish there; they are likelier to devour him, than he them, if he bring no Nets, and use no Deceits. I think therefore it was wise and friendly Advice which *Martial* gave to *Fabian*, when he met him newly arriv'd at *Rome*. Juv. Sat. 3. Mart. L. 3.

Honest and poor, faithful in Word and Thought;
What has thee, *Fabian*, to the City brought?
Thou neither the Buffoon, nor Bawd canst play,
Nor with false Whispers th' Innocent betray:
Nor corrupt Wives, nor from rich Beldams get
A Living, by thy Industry and Sweat;

Nor with vain Promises nor Projects cheat,
Nor bribe or flatter any of the Great.
But you're a Man of Learning, prudent, just;
A Man of Courage, firm, and fit for Trust.
Why you may stay, and live unenvy'd here;
But (faith) go back, and keep you where you were.

Nay, if nothing of all this were in the case, yet the very Sight of Uncleanness is loathsome to the cleanly; the Sight of Folly and Impiety vexatious to the Wise and Pious.

Lucr. Lib. 2. *Lucretius*, by his Favour, tho' a good Poet, was but an ill-natur'd Man, when he said, It was delightful to see other Men in a great Storm: And no less ill-natur'd should I think *Democritus*, who laugh'd at all the World, but that he retir'd himself so much out of it, that we may perceive he took no great Pleasure in that kind of Mirth. I have been drawn twice or thrice by Company to go to *Bedlam*, and have seen others very much delighted with the fantastical Extravagancy of so many various Madnesses, which upon me wrought so contrary an Effect, that I always return'd, not only melancholy, but even sick with the Sight. My Compassion there was perhaps too tender, for I meet a thousand Madmen abroad, without any Perturbation; tho', to weigh the Matter justly, the total Loss of Reason is less deplorable than the total Depravation of it. An exact Judge of human Blessings, of Riches, Honours, Beauty, even of Wit it self, should pity the Abuse of them more than the Want.

Briefly, tho' a wise Man could pass never so securely through the great Roads of human Life, yet

he

he will meet perpetually with so many Objects and Occasions of Compassion, Grief, Shame, Anger, Hatred, Indignation, and all Passions but Envy (for he will find nothing to deserve that) that he had better strike into some private Path; nay, go so far, if he could, out of the common way, *Ut nec facta audiat Pelopidarum*; that he might not so much as hear of the Actions of the Sons of *Adam*. But, whither shall we fly then? Into the Desarts, like the ancient Hermites?

Quâ terra patet fera regnat Erynnis, Metam. 1.
In facinus jurasse putes.

One would think that all Mankind had bound themselves by an Oath to do all the Wickedness they can; that they had all (as the Scripture speaks) sold themselves to Sin; the Difference only is, that some are a little more crafty (and but a little, God knows) in making of the Bargain. I thought, when I went first to dwell in the Country, that without doubt I should have met there with the Simplicity of the old Poetical Golden Age: I thought to have found no Inhabitants there, but such as the Shepherds of Sir *Phil. Sydney* in *Arcadia*, or of *Monsieur d' Urfe* upon the Banks of *Lignon*; and began to consider with my self, which way I might recommend no less to Posterity the Happiness and Innocence of the Men of *Chertsea*: But to confess the Truth, I perceiv'd quickly, by infallible Demonstrations, that I was still in old *England*, and not in *Arcadia*, or *La Forrest*; that if I could not content my self with any thing less than exact Fidelity in human Conversation, I had almost as good go back and seek for it in the Court, or the *Exchange*, or *Westminster-hall*. I ask

again then Whither shall we fly, or what shall we do? The World may so come in a Man's way, that he cannot chuse but salute it, he must take heed tho' not to go a whoring after it. If by any lawful Vocation, or just Necessity, Men happen to be marry'd to it, I can only give them St. *Paul*'s Advice.

1 Cor. 7. 29. Verse 7. *Brethren, the time is short, it remains that they that have Wives be as though they had none. But I would that all Men were even as I my self.*

In all Cases they must be sure that they do *Mundum ducere*, and not *Mundo nubere*. They must retain the Superiority and Headship over it: Happy are they who can get out of the Sight of this deceitful Beauty, that they may not be led so much as into Temptation; who have not only quitted the Metropolis, but can abstain from ever seeing the next Market Town of their Country.

Claudian's *Old Man of* Verona.

HAppy the Man, who his whole Time doth bound
Within th' Enclosure of his little Ground.
Happy the Man, whom the same humble Place,
(Th' hereditary Cottage of his Race)
From his first rising Infancy has known,
And by degrees sees gently bending down,
With natural Propension to that Earth,
Which both preserv'd his Life, and gave him Birth.
Him no false distant Lights, by Fortune set,
Could ever into foolish Wandrings get.

He

He never Dangers either saw or fear'd :
The dreadful Storms at Sea he never heard.
He never heard the shrill Alarms of War,
Or the worse Noises of the Lawyers Bar.
No Change of Consuls marks to him the Year,
The Change of Seasons is his Calendar.
The Cold and Heat, Winter and Summer shows,
Autumn by Fruits, and Spring by Flow'rs he knows.
He measures Time by Land-marks, and has found
For the whole Day the Dial of his Ground.
A neighb'ring Wood born with himself he sees,
And loves his old contemporary Trees.
H'as only heard of near *Verona*'s Name,
And knows it, like the *Indies*, but by Fame.
Does with a like Concernment Notice take
Of the Red-Sea, and of *Benacus* Lake.
Thus Health and Strength he to'a third Age enjoys,
And sees a long Posterity of Boys.
About the spacious World let others roam,
The Voyage Life is Longest made at home.

IX. *The Shortness of Life, and Uncertainty of Riches.*

IF you should see a Man who were to cross from *Dover* to *Calais*, run about very busie and solliciтous, and trouble himself many Weeks before in making Provisions for his Voyage, would you commend him for a cautious and discreet Person, or laugh at

at him for a timorous and impertinent Coxcomb? A Man who is excessive in his Pains and Diligence, and who consumes the greatest Part of his Time in furnishing the Remainder with all Conveniences and even Superfluities, is to Angels and wise Men no less ridiculous; he does as little consider the Shortness of his Passage, that he might proportion his Cares accordingly. It is, alas, so narrow a Streight betwixt the Womb and the Grave, that it might be call'd the *Pas de Vie*, as well as that the *Pas de Calais*. We are all Ἐφήμεροι (as *Pindar* calls us) Creatures of a Day, and therefore our Saviour bounds our Desires to that little Space; as if it were very probable that every Day should be our last, we are taught to demand even Bread for no longer a Time. The Sun ought not to set upon our Covetousness no more than upon our Anger, but as to God Almighty a thousand Years are as one Day, so in direct Opposition, one Day to a covetous Man is as a thousand Years; *Tam brevi fortis jaculatur ævo multa*, so far he shoots beyond his Butt: One would think he were of the Opinion of the *Millenaries*, and hop'd for so long a Reign upon Earth. The Patriarchs before the Flood, who enjoy'd almost such a Life, made, we are sure, less Stores for the maintaining of it; they who liv'd nine hundred Years scarcely provided for a few Days: we who live but a few Days, provide at least for nine hundred Years; what a strange Alteration is this of human Life and Manners? And yet we see an Imitation of it in every Man's particular Experience, for we begin not the Cares of Life 'till it be half spent, and still encrease them as that decreases. What is there among the Actions of Beasts so illogical and repugnant to Reason? When they do any thing which seems to proceed from that which we call Reason,

We

we diſdain to allow them that Perfection, and attribute it only to a natural Inſtinct; and are not we Fools too by the ſame kind of Inſtinct? If we could but learn to number our Days (as we are taught to pray that we might) we ſhould adjuſt much better our other Accounts; but whilſt we never conſider an End of them, it is no Wonder if our Cares for them be without End too. *Horace* adviſes very wiſely, and in excellent good Words, *Spatio brevi ſpem longam reſeces*, From a ſhort Life cut off all Hopes that grow too long. They muſt be prun'd away like Suckers that choak the Mother-Plant, and hinder it from bearing Fruit. And in another Place to the ſame Senſe, *Vitæ ſumma brevis ſpem nos vetat inchoare longam;* which *Seneca* does not mend when he ſays, *Oh quanta dementia eſt ſpes longas inchoantium!* But he gives an Example there of an Acquaintance of his named *Senecio*, who from a very mean Beginning by great Induſtry in turning about of Mony through all ways of Gain, had attain'd to extraordinary Riches, but dy'd on a ſudden, after having ſupped merrily, *In ipſo actu bené cedentium rerum, in ipſo procurrentis fortunæ impetu*, In the full Courſe of his good Fortune, when ſhe had a high Tide, a ſtiff Gale, and all her Sails on; upon which Occaſion he cries, out of *Virgil*,

Inſere nunc Melibæe pyros, pone ordine vites,

Go *Melibæus*, now,
Go graff thy Orchards and thy Vineyards plant;
Behold the Fruit!

For this *Senecio* I have no Compaſſion, becauſe he was taken, as we ſay, in *ipſo facto*, ſtill labouring

in

in the Work of Avarice; but the poor rich Man in St. *Luke* (whose Case was not like this) I could pity, methinks, if the Scripture would permit me, so he seems to have been satisfy'd at last, he confesses he had enough for many Years, he bids his Soul take it Ease, and yet for all that God says to him *Thou Fool, this Night thy Soul shall be required of thee,* and the things thou hast laid up, whom shall they belong to? Where shall we find the Causes of this bitter Reproach and terrible Judgment? We may find, I think, two, and God perhaps saw more. First, That he did not intend true Rest to his Soul, but only to change the Employments of it from Avarice to Luxury, his Design is to eat, and to drink, and to be merry. Secondly, That he went on too long before he thought of resting; the Fulness of his old Barns had not sufficed him, he would stay 'till he was forc'd to build new ones; and God meted out to him the same Measure: Since he would have more Riches than his Life could contain, God destroy'd his Life, and gave the Fruits of it to another.

Luke 12. 20.

Thus God takes away sometimes the Man from his Riches, and no less frequently Riches from the Man; what Hope can there be of such a Marriage, where both Parties are so fickle and uncertain? By what Bonds can such a Couple be kept long together?

I.

Why dost thou heap up Wealth, which thou must quit,
Or, what is worse, be left by it?
Why dost thou load thy self, when thou'rt to fly,
Oh Man ordain'd to die?

II. Why

II.

Why dost thou build up stately Rooms on high,
Thou who art under Ground to lye?
Thou sow'st and planteſt, but no Fruit must see,
For Death, alas! is sowing thee.

III.

Suppose thou Fortune couldst to Tameness bring,
And clip or pinion her Wing;
Suppose thou couldst on Fate so far prevail,
As not to cut off thy Entail:

IV.

Yet Death at all that Subtilty will laugh;
Death will that foolish Gard'ner mock,
Who does a slight and annual Plant engraff,
Upon a lasting Stock.

V.

Thou dost thy self Wise and Industrious deem;
A mighty Husband thou wouldst seem;
Fond Man! like a bought Slave, thou all the while
Dost but for others sweat and toil.

VI.

Officious Fool! that needs must medling be
In Business that concerns not thee!
For when to future Years thou' extend'st thy Cares
Thou deal'st in other Mens Affairs.

VII.

Ev'n aged Men, as if they truly were
Children again, for Age prepare;

Provi-

Provisions for long Travel they design,
In the last point of their short Line.

VIII.

Wisely the Ant against poor Winter hoards
The Stock which Summer's Wealth affords;
In Grashoppers, which must in Autumn die,
How vain were such an Industry?

IX.

Of Pow'r and Honour the deceitful Light
Might half excuse our cheated Sight,
If it of Life the whole small Time would stay,
And be our Sun-shine all the Day,

X.

Light Lightning that, begot but in a Cloud,
(Tho' shining bright, and speaking loud)
Whilst it begins, concludes its violent Race,
And where it gilds, it wounds the Place.

XI.

Oh Scene of Fortune, which dost fair appear,
Only to Men that stand not near!
Proud Poverty, that Tinsel Brav'ry wears!
And, like a Rainbow, painted Tears!

XII.

Be prudent, and the Shore in Prospect keep,
In a weak Boat trust not the Deep.
Plac'd beneath Envy, above Envying rise;
Pity great Men, great Things despise.

XIII.

The wise Example of the Heav'nly Lark,
Thy Fellow-Poet, *Cowley*, mark,
Above the Clouds let thy proud Musick sound,
Thy humble Nest build on the Ground.

X. The Danger of Procrastination.

A Letter to Mr. S. L.

I Am glad that you approve and applaud my Design, of withdrawing my self from all Tumult and Business of the World; and consecrating the little rest of my Time to those Studies, to which Nature had so motherly inclin'd me, and from which Fortune, like a Step-Mother, has so long detain'd me. But nevertheless (you say, which, *But*, is, *Ærugo mera*, a Rust which spoils the good Metal it grows upon. But you say) you would advise me not to precipitate that Resolution, but to stay a while longer with Patience and Complaisance, 'till I had gotten such an Estate as might afford me (according to the Saying of that Person whom you and I love very much, and would believe as soon as another Man) *Cum dignitate otium*. This were excellent Advice to *Joshua*, who could bid the Sun stay too. But there's no fooling with Life, when it is once turn'd beyond Forty. The seeking of a Fortune then, is but a desperate After-game, 'tis a hundred to one if a Man fling two Sixes, and recover all; especially, if his Hand be no luckier than mine. There is some Help for all the Defects of Fortune, for if a Man cannot attain to the Length of his Wishes, Horat.

Wishes, he may have his Remedy by cutting of them shorter. *Epicurus* writes a Letter to *Idomeneas* (who was then a very powerful, wealthy, and (it seems) bountiful Person) to recommend to him who had made so many Men rich, one *Pythocles*, a Friend of his, whom he desir'd might be made a rich Man too; But I entreat you that you would not do it just the same way as you have done to many less deserving Persons, but in the most Gentlemanly Manner of obliging him, which is not to add any thing to his Estate, but to take something from his Desires. The sum of this is, that for the uncertain Hopes of some Conveniencies, we ought not to defer the Execution of a Work that is necessary, especially when the Use of those Things which we would stay for, may otherwise be supply'd, but the Loss of Time never recover'd: Nay, farther yet, tho' we were sure to obtain all that we had a Mind to, tho' we were sure of getting never so much by continuing the Game, yet when the Light of Life is so near going out, and ought to be so precious, *Le jeu ne vaut pas la Chandelle*, The Play is not worth the Expence of the Candle: After having been long tost in a Tempest, if our Masts be standing, and we have still Sail and Tackling enough to carry us to our Port, it is no matter for the want of Streamers and Top-Gallants; *Utere velis, Totos pande sinus.* A Gentleman in our late Civil Wars, when his Quarters were beaten up by the Enemy, was taken Prisoner, and lost his Life afterwards, only by staying to put on a Band, and adjust his Periwig: He would escape like a Person of Quality, or not at all, and dy'd the noble Martyr of Ceremony and Gentility. I think your Counsel of *Festina lente* is as ill to a Man who is flying from the World, as it would have been to

to that unfortunate well-bred Gentleman, who was so cautious as not to fly undecently from his Enemies, and therefore I prefer *Horace*'s Advice before yours.

———*Sapere Aude, Incipe*———

Begin; the getting out of Doors is the greatest Part of the Journey. *Varro* teaches us that *Latin* Proverb, *Portam itineri longissimam esse:* But to return to *Horace*, *Libr.* 1. *Agric.*

———*Sapere aude,*

Incipe, vivendi qui recte prorogat horam,
Rusticus expectat dum defluat Amnis, at ille
Labitur, & labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise;
He who defers this Work from Day to Day,
Does on a River's Bank expecting stay,
'Till the whole Stream, which stopp'd him, should be gone,
That runs, and as it runs, for ever will run on.

Cæsar (the Man of Expedition above all others) was so far from this Folly, that whensoever in a Journey he was to cross any River, he never went one Foot out of his Way for a Bridge, or a Foord, or a Ferry, but flung himself into it immediately and swam over; and this is the Course we ought to imitate, if we meet with any Stops in our Way to Happiness. Stay 'till the Waters are low, stay 'till some Boats come by to transport you, stay 'till a Bridge be built for you; You had even as good stay 'till the River be quite pass'd. *Persius* (who, you use to say, you do not know whether he be a good Poet or no, because you cannot understand him, and whom there-

fore (I say) I know to be not a good Poet) has an odd Expression of these Procrastinators, which, methinks, is full of Fancy.

Jam Cras Hesternum consumpsimus, Ecce aliud Cras Egerit hos annos.

Pers. Satyr. 5.

Our Yesterday's To-morrow now is gone,
And still a new To-morrow does come on,
We by To-morrows draw up all our Store,
'Till the Exhausted Well can yield no more.

And now, I think, I am even with you, for your *Otium cum dignitate*, and *Festina lente*, and three or four other more of your new *Latin* Sentences: If I should draw upon you all my Forces out of *Seneca* and *Plutarch* upon this Subject, I should overwhelm you, but I leave those as *Triarii* for your next Charge. I shall only give you now a light Skirmish out of an Epigrammatist, your special good Friend, and so *Vale.*

Mart. Lib. 5. Epigr. 59.

To Morrow you will live, you always cry;
In what far Country does this Morrow lye,
That 'tis so mighty long e'er it arrive?
Beyond the *Indies* does this Morrow live?
'Tis so far fetch'd this Morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very Old, and very Dear.
To Morrow I will live, the Fool does say;
To Day it self's too late, the Wise liv'd Yesterday.

Mart.

Mart. Lib. 2. *Ep.* 90.

Wonder not, Sir, (you who instruct the Town
In the true Wisdom of the Sacred Gown)
That I make haste to live, and cannot hold
Patiently out, 'till I grow rich and old.
Life for Delays and Doubts no Time does give,
None ever yet made Haste enough to Live.
Let him defer it, whose prepposterous Care
Omits himself, and reaches to his Heir:
Who does his Father's bounded Stores despise,
And whom his own too never can suffice.
My humble Thoughts no glittering Roofs require,
Or Rooms that shine with ought but constant Fire.
I well content the Av'rice of my Sight,
With the fair Gildings of reflected Light:
Pleasures abroad, the Sport of Nature yields,
Her living Fountains, and her smiling Fields:
And then at home, what Pleasure is't to see
A little pleasant chearful Family?
Which if a chaste Wife crown, no less in her,
Than Fortune, I the Golden Mean prefer.
Too noble, nor too wise, she should not be,
No, nor too rich, too fair, too fond of me.
Thus let my Life slide silently away,
With Sleep all Night, and Quiet all the Day.

XI. *Of MY SELF.*

IT is a hard and nice Subject for a Man to write of himself, it grates his own Heart to say any thing of Disparagement, and the Reader's Ears to hear any thing of Praise from him. There is no Danger from me of offending him in this kind; neither my Mind, nor my Body, nor my Fortune allow me any Materials for that Vanity. It is sufficient, for my own Contentment, that they have preserv'd me from being scandalous, or remarkable on the defective Side. But besides that, I shall here speak of my self, only in relation to the Subject of these precedent Discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the Contempt, than rise up to the Estimation of most People. As far as my Memory can return back into my past Life, before I knew, or was capable of guessing what the World, or Glories, or Business of it were, the natural Affections of my Soul gave me a secret Bent of Aversion from them, as some Plants are said to turn away from others, by an Antipathy imperceptible to themselves, and inscrutable to Man's Understanding. Even when I was a very young Boy at School, instead of running about on Holy-days, and playing with my Fellows; I was wont to steal from them, and walk into the Fields, either alone with a Book, or with some one Companion, if I could find any of the same Temper. I was then too, so much an Enemy to all Constraint, that my Masters could never prevail on me, by any Persuasions or Encouragements to learn without Book the common Rules of Grammar, in which they dispens'd with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual Exercise out of my own Reading and Observation. That I was then

then of the same Mind as I am now (which, I confess, I wonder at my self) may appear by the latter End of an Ode, which I made when I was but thirteen Years old, and which was then Printed with many other Verses. The Beginning of it is Boyish, but of this Part which I here set down (if a very little were corrected) I should hardly now be much asham'd.

IX.

This only grant me, that my Means may lye
Too low for Envy, for Contempt too high,
Some Honour I would have
Not from great Deeds, but good alone.
The unknown are better than ill known,
Rumour can ope the Grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends
Not on the Number, but the Choice of Friends.

X.

Books should, not Business, entertain the Light;
And Sleep, as undisturb'd as Death, the Night.
My House a Cottage, more
Than Palace, and should fitting be
For all my Use, no Luxury.
My Garden painted o'er
With Nature's Hand, not Art's; and Pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his *Sabine* Field.

XI.

Thus would I double my Life's fading Space;
For he that runs it well, runs twice his Race,

And in this true Delight,
These unbought Sports, this happy State,
I would not fear, nor wish my Fate,
But boldly say each Night,
To Morrow let my Sun his Beams display,
Or in Clouds hide them; I have liv'd to Day.

You may see by it, I was even then acquainted with the Poets (for the Conclusion is taken out of *Horace*;) and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate Love of them which stamp'd first, or rather engrav'd these Characters in me: They were like Letters cut into the Bark of a young Tree, which with the Tree still grow proportionably. But, how this Love came to be produc'd in me so early, is a hard Question: I believe I can tell the particular little Chance that filled my Head first with such Chimes of Verse, as have never since left ringing there: For I remember when I began to read, and to take some Pleasure in it, there was wont to lye in my Mother's Parlour (I know not by what accident, for she her self never in her Life read any Book but of Devotion) but there was wont to lye *Spencer*'s Works; this I happen'd to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the Stories of the Knights, and Giants, and Monsters, and brave Houses, which I found every where there: (Tho' my Understanding had little to do with all this) and by degrees with the Tinkling of the Rhyme and Dance of the Numbers, so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve Years old, and was thus made a Poet as irremediably as a Child is made an Eunuch. With these Affections of Mind, and my Heart wholly set upon Letters, I went to the University; but was soon torn from thence by that violent publick Storm which would

would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every Plant, even from the Princely Cedars to me, the Hyssop. Yet I had as good Fortune as could have befallen me in such a Tempest; for I was cast by it into the Family of one of the best Persons, and into the Court of one of the best Princesses in the World. Now tho' I was here engag'd in Ways most contrary to the Original Design of my Life, that is, into much Company, and no small Business, and into a daily Sight of Greatness, both Militant and Triumphant (for that was the State then of the *English* and *French* Courts) yet all this was so far from altering my Opinion, that it only added the Confirmation of Reason to that which was before but Natural Inclination. I saw plainly all the Paint of that kind of Life, the nearer I came to it; and that Beauty which I did not fall in Love with, when, for ought I knew, it was real, was not like to bewitch or entice me, when I saw that it was Adulterate. I met with several great Persons, whom I liked very well, but could not perceive that any Part of their Greatness was to be lik'd or desir'd, no more than I would be glad, or content to be in a Storm, tho' I saw many Ships which rid safely, and bravely in it. A Storm would not agree with my Stomach, if it did with my Courage; tho' I was in a Croud of as good Company as could be found any where, tho' I was in Business of great and honourable Trust, tho' I eat at the best Table, and enjoy'd the best Conveniences for present Subsistance that ought to be desir'd by a Man of my Condition, in Banishment and publick Distresses; yet I could not abstain from renewing my old School-Boy's Wish in a Copy of Verses to the same effect.

Well then; I now do plainly see
This busie World and I shall ne'er agree, *&c.*

And I never then propos'd to my self any other Advantage from his Majesty's happy Restoration, but the getting into some moderately convenient Retreat in the Country, which I thought in that Case I might easily have compass'd, as well as some others, who with no greater Probabilities or Pretences have arriv'd to extraordinary Fortunes: But I had before written a shrewd Prophecy against my self, and I think *Apollo* inspir'd me in the Truth, though not in the Elegance of it:

Thou neither great at Court, nor in the War,
Nor at th' *Exchange* shalt be, nor at the wrangling Bar;
Content thy self with the small barren Praise,
Which neglected Verse does raise, *&c.*

Pindar. Od. Destiny.

However by the failing of the Forces which I had expected, I did not quit the Design which I had resolv'd on, I cast my self into it *A Corps perdue*, without making Capitulations, or taking Counsel of Fortune. But God laughs at a Man, who says to his Soul, *Take thy ease*: I met presently not only with many little Incumbrances and Impediments, but with so much Sickness (a new Misfortune to me) as would have spoil'd the Happiness of an Emperor as well as Mine: Yet I do neither repent nor alter my course. *Non ego perfidum Dixi Sacramentum*: Nothing shall separate me from a Mistress, which I have lov'd so long, and have now at last marry'd; though she neither has brought me a rich Portion, nor liv'd yet so quietly with me as I hop'd from her.

——*Nec*

—Nec vos dulciſſima mundi
Nomina, vos Muſæ, Libertas, Otia, Libri,
Hortique Sylvæque anima remanente relinquam.

Nor by me e'er ſhall you,
You of all Names the ſweeteſt, and the beſt,
You Muſes, Books, and Liberty and Reſt;
You Gardens, Fields, and Woods forſaken be,
As long as Life it ſelf forſakes not me.

But this is a very petty Ejaculation; becauſe I have concluded all the other Chapters with a Copy of Verſes, I will maintain the Humour to the laſt.

Martial. L. 10. Ep. 47.

Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem, &c.

SInce, deareſt Friend, 'tis your deſire to ſee
A true Receipt of Happineſs from me;
Theſe are the chief Ingredients, if not all;
Take an Eſtate neither too great nor ſmall,
Which *Quantum Sufficit* the Doctors call.
Let this Eſtate from Parents Care deſcend;
The getting it too much of Life does ſpend.
Take ſuch a Ground, whoſe Gratitude may be
A fair Encouragament for Induſtry.
Let conſtant Fires the Winters fury tame;
And let thy Kitchens be a Veſtal Flame.
Thee to the Town let never Suit at Law,
And rarely, very rarely Buſineſs draw.

Thy

Thy active Mind in equal Temper keep,
In undisturbed Peace, yet not in Sleep.
Let Exercise a vigorous Health maintain,
Without which all the Composition's vain.
In the same Weight Prudence and Innocence take,
Ana of each, does the just Mixture make.
But a few Friendships wear, and let them be
By Nature and by Fortune fit for thee.
Instead of Art and Luxury in Food,
Let Mirth and Freedom make thy Table good.
If any Cares into thy Day-time creep,
At Night, without Wine's Opium, let them sleep.
Let Rest, which Nature does to Darkness wed,
And not Lust, recommend thee to thy Bed;
Be satisfy'd, and pleas'd with what thou art,
Act chearfully and well th' allotted Part,
Enjoy the present Hour, be thankful for the past,
And neither fear, nor wish, th' Approaches of the last.

Martial *Book* 10. *Epigram* 96.

ME who have liv'd so long among the Great,
You wonder to hear talk of a Retreat:
And a Retreat so distant, as may show
No thoughts of a Return when once I go.
Give me a Country, how remote soe'er,
Where Happiness a mod'rate Rate does bear,

Where

George Villiers
Duke of Buckingham

Where Poverty it self in Plenty flows;
And all the solid use of Riches knows.
The Ground about the House maintains it there;
The House maintains the Ground about it here.
Here even Hunger's dear, and a full Board
Devours the vital Substance of the Lord.
The Land it self does there the Feast bestow,
The Land it self must here to Market go.
Three or four Suits one Winter here does waste,
One Suit does there three or four Winters last.
Here every frugal Man must oft be cold,
And little Luke-warm-Fires are to you sold.
There Fire's an Element, as cheap and free
Almost as any other of the three.
Stay you then here, and live among the Great,
Attend their Sports, and at their Tables eat.
When all the Bounties here of Men you score:
The Places Bounty there, shall give me more.

To the Duke of Buckingham, *upon his Marriage with the Lord* Fairfax *his Daughter.*

I.

BEauty and Strength together came,
Even from the Birth with *Buckingham*;
The little active Seeds which since are grown
So fair, so large and high,

With

With Life it self were in him sown;
Honour and Wealth stood like the Midwifes by,
To take the Birth into their happy Hands,
And wrap'd him warm in their rich swadling Bands:
To the great Stock the thriving Infant soou
Made greater Acquisitions of his own;
With Beauty generous Goodness he Combin'd,
Courage to Strength, Judgment to Wit he join'd;
He pair'd, and match'd his native Virtues right,
Both to improve their Use, and their Delight.

II,

O blest Conjunction of the fairest Stars,
That Shine in Human Nature's Sphere!
But O! what envious Cloud your Influence bars,
Ill Fortune, what dost thou do there?
Hadst thou the least of Modesty,
Thoud'st be asham'd that we should see
Thy deform'd Looks, and Dress, in such a Company:
Thou wert deceiv'd, rash Goddess, in thy Hate,
If thou didst foolishly believe
That thou could'st him of ought deprive
But, what Men hold of thee, a great Estate.
And here indeed thou to the full didst shew
All that thy Tyrant Deity could do,
His Virtues never did thy Power obey,
In dissipating Storms, and Routed Battels they
Did close and constant with their Captain stay;

They

They with him into Exile went,
And kept their Home in Baniſhment.
The noble Youth was often forc'd to flee
From the inſatiate Rage of thee,
Diſguiſed, and Unknown;
In all his Shapes they always kept their own,
Nay, with the Foil of Darkneſs, brighter ſhone,
And might Unwillingly have done,
But, that juſt Heav'n thy wicked Will abhorr'd,
What Virtues moſt deteſt, might have betray'd their
[Lord.

III.

Ah ſloathful *Love*, could'ſt thou with Patience ſee
Fortune uſurp that flow'ry Spring from thee;
And nip thy roſie Seaſon with a Cold,
That comes too ſoon, when Life's ſhort Year grows old
Love his groſs Error ſaw at laſt,
And promis'd large Amends for what was paſt,
He promis'd, and has done it, which is more
Than I, who knew him long, e'er knew him do before.
H'has done it Nobly, and we muſt confeſs
Could do no more, though h'ought to do no leſs.
What has he done? He has repaid
The Ruins which a luckleſs War did make,
And added to it a Reward
Greater than Conqueſt for its ſhare could take.
His whole Eſtate could not ſuch Gain produce,
Had it laid out a hundred Years at uſe.

IV. Now

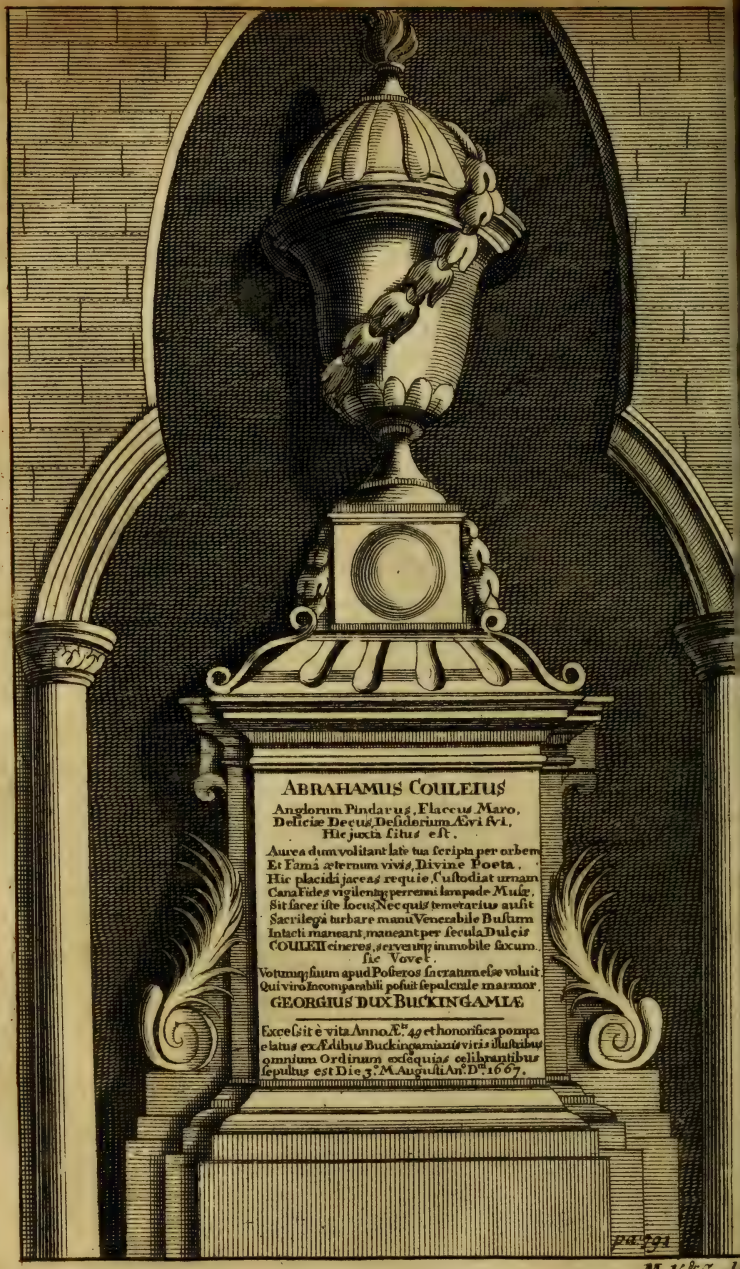
IV.

Now Blessings to thy Noble Choice betide,
Happy, and Happy-making Bride.
Though thou art born of a Victorious Race,
And all their rougher Victory does grace
With gentle Triumphs of thy Face,
Permit us, in this milder War, to prize
No less thy yielding Heart, than thy Victorious Eyes.
Nor doubt the Honour of that Field,
Where thou did first o'ercome, e'er thou didst yield.
And tho' thy Father's Martial Name
Has fill'd the Trumpets and the Drums of Fame,
Thy Husband triumphs now no less than he,
And it may justly question'd be,
Which was the Hapiest Conqueror of the three.

V.

There is in Fate (which none but Poets see)
There is in Fate the noblest Poetry
And she has shown, Great Duke, her utmost Art in thee;
For after all the Troubles of thy Scene,
Which so confus'd, and intricate have been,
She has ended with this Match thy Tragicomedy;
We all admire it, for the Truth to tell,
Our Poet Fate ends not all Plays so well;
But this she as her Master-piece does boast,
And so indeed She may;
For in the Middle Acts, and Turnings of the Play,
Alas! we gave our Heroe up for lost.

All


ABRAHAMUS COULEIUS
Anglorum Pindarus, Flaccus Maro,
Deliciæ Decus, Desiderium Ævi fui,
Hic juxta situs est.
Aurea dum volitant late tua scripta per orbem
Et Famâ æternum vivis, Divine Poeta,
Hic placidâ jaceas requie, Custodiat urnam
Cana Fides vigilentq; perrenni lampade Musæ,
Sit sacer iste locus, Nec quis temerarius ausit
Sacrilegâ turbare manu Venerabile Bustum
Intacti maneant, maneant per secula Dulcis
COULEII cineres, serventq; immobile saxum.
sic Vovet.
Votumq; suum apud Posteros sacratum esse voluit.
Qui viro Incomparabili posuit sepulcrale marmor.
GEORGIUS DUX BUCKINGAMIÆ
Excessit è vita Anno Æts. 49 et honorifica pompa
elatus ex Ædibus Buckingamianis viris illustribus
omnium Ordinum exsequias celibrantibus
sepultus est Die 3.° M. Augusti An.° Dni. 1667.
pa. 291

M. V.dr Guch

All Men, I ſee, this with Applauſe receive,
And now let me have leave,
A Servant of the Perſon, and the Art,
To Speak this Prologue to the ſecond Part.

Epitaphium Vivi Auctoris.

HIC, O Viator, ſub Lare parvulo,
Couleius *Hic eſt Conditus, Hic Jacet*
Defunctus humani Laboris
Sorte, ſupervacuaque vita,
Non Indecora pauperie *Nitens,*
Et non inerti *nobilis* otio,
Vanoque dilectis popello
Divitiis animoſus hoſtis.
Poſſis ut illum dicere mortuum,
En Terra jam nunc Quantula *ſufficit?*
Exempta ſit Curis, viator,
Terra ſit illa Levis, precare.
Hic ſparge Flores, *ſparge breves* Roſas,
Nam Vita gaudet Mortua Floribus,
Herbiſque Odoratis Corona
Vatis adhuc Cinerem Calentem.

CUT-

L. Laguere delin:
M: V.dr Guch

CUTTER

OF

Coleman-Street.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year MDCCX.

PREFACE.

A *Comedy, call'd the* Guardian, *and made by me when I was very Young, was Acted formerly at* Cambridge, *and several times after privately during the Troubles, as I am told, with good Approbation, as it has been lately too at* Dublin. *There being many Things in it which I disliked, and finding my self for some Days idle, and alone in the Country, I fell upon the changing of it almost wholly, as now it is, and as it was play'd since at his Royal Highness's Theatre under this new Name. It met at the first Representation with no favourable Reception, and I think there was something of Faction against it, by the early Appearance of some Mens Disapprobation before they had seen enough of it to build their Dislike upon their Judgment. Afterwards it got some Ground, and found Friends as well as Adversaries. In which Condition I should willingly let it die, if the main Imputation under which it suffer'd, had been shot only against my Wit or Art in these Matters, and not directed against the tenderest Parts of Human Reputation, good Nature, good Manners, and Piety it self. The first Clamour which some malicious Persons rais'd, and made a great Noise with, was, That it was a Piece intended for Abuse and Satyre against the King's Party. Good God! Against the King's Party? After having served it twenty Years during all the time of their Misfortunes and Afflictions, I must be a very rash and imprudent Person if I chose out that of their Restitution to begin a Quarrel with them. I must be too much a Madman to be trusted with such an edg'd Tool as Comedy. But first, why should either the whole Party (as it was once distinguish'd by that Name, which I hope is abolish'd now by Universal Loyalty) or any Man of Virtue or Honour in it, believe themselves injur'd or at all concern'd, by the Representation of the Faults and Follies of a few who in the general Division of the Nation had crowded in among them? In all mix'd*

Numbers (which is the Case of Parties) nay, in the most entire and continu'd Bodies there are often some degenerated and corrupted Parts, which may be cast away from that, and even cut off from this Unity, without any Infection of Scandal to the remaining Body. The Church of Rome *with all her Arrogance, and her wide Pretences of Certainty in all Truths, and Exemption from all Errors, does not clap on this enchanted Armour of Infallibility upon all her particular Subjects, nor is offended at the Reproof of her greatest Doctors. We are not, I hope, become such Puritans our selves as to assume the Name of the Congregation of the Spotless. It is hard for any Party to be so Ill as that no Good, impossible to be so Good as that no Ill, should be found among them. And it has been the perpetual Privilege of Satyre and Comedy, to pluck their Vices and Follies, though not their Persons, out of the Sanctuary of any Title. A Cowardly ranting Soldier, an ignorant Charlatanical Doctor, a foolish Cheating Lawyer, a silly Pedantical Scholar, have always been, and still are the Principal Subjects of all Comedies, without any Scandal given to those Honourable Professions, or even taken by their severest Professors. And, if any good Physician or Divine should be offended with me here for inveighing against a Quack, or for finding Deacon* Soaker *too often in the Butteries, my Respect and Reverence to their Callings would make me troubled at their Displeasure, but I could not abstain from taking them for very Cholerick and Quarrelsome Persons. What does this therefore amount to, if it were true which is objected? But it is far from being so; for the Representation of two Sharks about the Town (Fellows merry and ingenious enough, and therefore admitted into better Companies than they deserve, yet withal two very Scoundrels, which is no unfrequent Character at* London*) the Representation I say of these as Pretended Officers of the Royal Army, was made for no other purpose but to show the World, that the Vices and Extravagances imputed vulgarly to the Cavaliers, were really committed by Aliens who only usurp'd that Name, and endeavour'd to cover the Reproach of their Indigency or Infamy of their Actions with so honourable a Title. So that the Business was not here to correct or cut off any natural Branches, though never so corrupted or luxuriant, but to separate and cast away that Vermin which by sticking so close to them had done great and considerable Prejudice both to the Beauty and Fertility*

of

of the Tree; and this is as plainly said and as often inculcated, as if one should write round about a Sign, This is a Dog, This is a Dog, out of over-much Caution lest some might happen to mistake it for a Lion. Therefore when this Calumny could not hold (for the Case is clear, and will take no Colour) some others sought out a subtler Hint to traduce me upon the same Score, and were angry that the Person whom I made a true Gentleman, and one both of considerable Quality and Sufferings in the Royal Party, should not have a fair and noble Character throughout, but should submit in his great Extremities to wrong his Neice for his own Relief. This is a refin'd Exception, such as I little foresaw, nor should with the Dulness of my usual Charity, have found out against another Man in twenty Years. The truth is, I did not intend the Character of a Hero, *one of exemplary Virtue, and, as* Homer *often terms such Men, Unblamable, but an ordinary jovial Gentleman, commonly call'd a Good-Fellow, one not so conscientious as to starve rather than do the least Injury, and yet endow'd with so much sense of Honour, as to refuse, when that Necessity was removed, the Gain of five thousand Pounds which he might have taken from his Neice by the rigour of a Forfeiture; and let the Frankness of this latter Generosity so expiate for the former Frailty, as may make us not asham'd of his Company, for if his true Metal is but equal to his Allay, it will not indeed render him one of the finest sorts of Men, but it will make him Current, for ought I know, in any Party that ever yet was in the World. If you be to chuse Parts for a Comedy out of any noble or elevated Rank of Persons, the most proper for that Work are the worst of that Kind. Comedy is humble of her Nature, and has always been bred low, so that she knows not how to behave her self with the Great and Accomplish'd. She does not pretend to the brisk and bold Qualities of Wine, but to the Stomachal Acidity of Vinegar, and therefore is best plac'd among that sort of People which the* Romans *call, The Lees of* Romulus. *If I had design'd here the Celebration of the Virtues of our Friends, I would have made the Scene nobler where I intended to erect their Statues. They should have stood in Odes, and Tragedies, and Epick Poems (neither have I totally omitted those great Testimonies of my Esteem of them)* Sed nunc non erat his Locus, *&c. And so much for this little spiny Objection which a Man cannot see without a Magnifying-Glass.*

The next is enough to knock a Man down, and accuses me of no less than Prophaneness. Prophane, to deride the Hypocrisie of those Men whose Skulls are not yet bare upon the Gates since the publick and just Punishment of it? But there is some Imitation of Scripture-Phrases; God forbid; There is no Representation of the true Face of Scripture, but only of that Vizard which these Hypocrites (that is, by Interpretation, Actors with a Vizard) draw upon it. Is it prophane to speak of Harrison's *return to Life again, when some of his Friends really profest their Belief of it, and he himself had been said to promise it? A Man may be so imprudently scrupulous as to find Prophaneness in any thing, either said or written, by applying it under some Similitude or other to some Expressions in Scripture. This Nicety is both vain and endless. But I call God to witness, That rather than one Tittle should remain among all my Writings, which, according to my severest Judgment, should be found guilty of the Crime objected, I would my self burn and extinguish them all together. Nothing is so detestably lewd and wretchless as the Derision of things sacred, and would be in me more unpardonable than any Man else, who have endeavour'd to root out the ordinary Weeds of Poetry, and to plant it almost wholly with Divinity. I am so far from allowing any loose or irreverent Expressions, in Matters of that Religion which I believe, that I am very tender in this Point, even for the grossest Errors of Conscientious Persons; they are the propereſt Object (methinks) both of our Pity and Charity too; they are the innocent and white Sectaries, in comparison of another kind who engraft Pride upon Ignorance, Tyranny upon Liberty, and upon all their Heresies, Treason and Rebellion. These are Principles so destructive to the Peace and Society of Mankind, that they deserve to be pursu'd by our serious Hatred, and the putting a Mask of Sanctity upon such Devils, is so Ridiculous, that it ought to be exposed to Contempt and Laughter. They are indeed Prophane, who counterfeit the Softness of the Voice of Holiness, to disguise the Roughness of the Hands of Impiety, and not they, who with Reverence to the thing which others dissemble, deride nothing but their Dissimulation. If some Piece of an admirable Artist should be ill Copy'd, even to Ridiculousness, by an ignorant Hand, and another Painter should undertake to draw that Copy, and make it yet more Ridiculous, to shew apparently the Difference of the two Works, and Deformity*

mity of the latter, will not every Man see plainly, that the Abuse is intended to the foolish Imitation, and not to the excellent Original? I might say much more to confute and confound this very false and malicious Accusation; but this is enough, I hope, to clear the Matter, and is, I am afraid, too much for a Preface to a Work of so little Consideration. As for all other Objections, which have been, or may be made against the Invention or Elocution, or any thing else which comes under the Critical Jurisdiction, let it stand or fall as it can answer for it self, for I do not lay the great stress of my Reputation upon a Structure of this Nature, much less upon the slight Reparations only of an old and unfashionable Building. There is no Writer but may fail sometimes in point of Wit, and it is no less frequent for the Auditors to fail in point of Judgment. I perceive plainly, by daily Experience, that Fortune is Mistress of the Theatre, as Tully *says it is of all Popular Assemblies. No Man can tell sometimes from whence the Invisible Winds rise that move them. There are a multitude of People, who are truly and only Spectators at a Play, without any use of their Understanding, and these carry it sometimes by the Strength of their Numbers. There are others who use their Understandings too much; who think it a sign of Weakness and Stupidity, to let any thing pass by them unattack'd, and that the Honour of their Judgments (as some Brutals imagine of their Courage) consists in Quarrelling with every thing. We are therefore wonderful wise Men, and have a fine Business of it, we who spend our time in Poetry, I do sometimes laugh, and am often angry with my self, when I think on it, and if I had a Son inclin'd by Nature to the same Folly, I believe I should bind him from it by the strictest Conjurations of a paternal Blessing. For what can be more Ridiculous, than to labour to give Men Delight, whilst they labour, on their Part more earnestly, to take Offence? To expose ones self voluntarily and frankly to all the Dangers of that narrow Passage to unprofitable Fame, which is defended by rude Multitudes of the Ignorant, and by armed Troops of the Malicious? If we do ill, many discover it, and all despise us; if we do well, but few Men find it out, and fewer entertain it kindly. If we commit Errors, there is no Pardon; if we could do Wonders, there would be but little Thanks, and that too extorted from unwilling Givers. But some perhaps may say, Was it not always thus? Do you expect*

a particular Privilege, that was never yet enjoy'd by any Poet? Were the ancient Græcian, *or noble* Roman *Authors, was* Virgil *himself exempt from this Possibility,* Qui multis melior quam tu fuit, Improbe, rebus, *Who was, in many things, thy Better far, thou impudent Pretender? As was said by* Lucretius *to a Person, who took it ill that he was to die, though he had seen so many do it before him, who better deserv'd Immortality, and this is to repine at the natural Condition of a Living Poet, as he did at that of a Living Mortal. I do not only acknowledge the Præ-eminence of* Virgil *(whose Footsteps I adore) but submit to many of his* Roman *Brethren, and I confess, That even they, in their own times, were not so secure from the Assaults of Detraction (though* Horace *brags at last,* Jam dente minus mordeor invido) *but then the Barkings of a few were drown'd in the Applause of all the rest of the World, and the Poison of their Bitings extinguish'd by the Antidote of great Rewards, and great Encouragements, which is a way of curing now out of use, and I really profess, That I neither expect, nor think I deserve it. Indolency would serve my turn instead of Pleasure; but the Case is not so well; for though I comfort my self with some Assurance of the Favour and Affection of very many candid and good natur'd (and yet too judicious and even Critical) Persons, yet this I do affirm, That from all which I have written I never receiv'd the least Benefit, or the least Advantage, but, on the contrary, have felt sometimes the Effects of Malice and Misfortune.*

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

AS when the Midland Sea is no where clear
From dreadful Fleets of Tunis *and* Argier,
Which Coaſt about, to all they meet with Foes,
And upon which nought can be got but Blows,
The Merchant-ſhips ſo much their Paſſage doubt,
That, tho' full-freighted, none dares venture out,
And Trade decays, and Scarcity enſues:
Juſt ſo the timo'rous Wits of late refuſe,
Tho' laded, to put forth upon the Stage,
Affrighted by the Criticks of this Age.
It is a Party nume'rous, watchful, bold;
They can from nought, which ſails in ſight, with-hold.
Nor do their cheap, tho' mortal, Thunder ſpare;
They ſhoot, alas, with Wind-Guns, charg'd with Air.
But yet, Gentlemen Criticks of Argier,
For your own Int'reſt I'd adviſe ye here,
To let this little forlorn Hope go by,
Safe and untouch'd. That muſt not be (you'll cry)
If ye be wiſe, it muſt; I'll tell ye why.
There are 7, 8, 9,——ſtay——there are behind
Ten Plays at leaſt, which wait but for a Wind,
And the glad News that we the Enemy miſs;
And thoſe are all your own if you ſpare this.
Some are but new trimm'd up, others quite New,
Some by known Shipwrights built, and others too
By that great Author made, who-e'er he be,
That ſtiles himſelf Perſon of Quality.
All theſe, if we miſcarry here to Day,
Will rather 'till they rot in th' Harbour ſtay,
Nay, they will back again, tho' they were come
Ev'n to their laſt ſafe Road, the Tyring-room.
Therefore again I ſay, if you be wiſe,
Let this for once paſs free, let it ſuffice

That

PROLOGUE.

That we, your Sov'reign Pow'r here to avow,
Thus humbly e'er we pass, strike Sail to you.

Added at Court.

STay, Gentlemen; what I have said, was all
But forc'd Submission, which I now recal.
Ye're all but Pirates now again; for here
Does the true Sov'reign of the Seas appear,
The Sov'reign of these narrow Seas of Wit;
'Tis his own Thames; *he knows and governs it.*
'Tis his Dominion, and Domain; as he
Pleases, 'tis either Shut to us, or Free.
Not only if his Pass-port we obtain,
We fear no little Rovers of the Main:
But if our Neptune *his calm Visage show,*
No Wave shall dare to Rise, or Wind to Blow.

The PERSONS.

COlonel *Jolly*, a Gentleman whose Estate was confiscated in the late Troubles.

Mrs. *Aurelia*, his Daughter.

Mrs. *Lucia*, his Neice, left to his Tuition.

Cutter, a merry, sharking Fellow about the Town, pretending to have been a Colonel in the King's Army.

Worm, his Companion, and such another Fellow, pretending to have been a Captain.

Mr. *Puny*, a young, rich, brisk Fop, pretending to extraordinary Wit, Suiter to Mrs. *Lucia*.

Mr. *Truman* Senior, an old, testy, covetous Gentleman.

Mr. *Truman* Junior, his Son, in Love with Mrs. *Lucia*.

Mrs. *Barebottle*, a Sope-boiler's Widow, who had bought *Jolly*'s Estate, a pretended Saint.

Mrs. *Tabitha*, her Daughter.

Mrs. *Jane*, Mrs. *Lucia*'s Maid, a little laughing Fop.

Mr. *Soaker*, a little fudling Deacon.

Several Servants.

The SCENE *LONDON*, in the Year 1658.

CUTTER

OF

Coleman-Street.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Truman *Junior.*

Truman Jun. HOW hard, alas, is that young Lover's Fate,
Who has a Father covetous and cholerick!
What has he made me ſwear?——
I dare not think upon the Oath, leſt I ſhould keep it---
Never to ſee my Miſtreſs more, or hear her ſpeak
Without his Leave; and farewel then the Uſe of Eyes and Ears:——
And all this Wickedneſs I ſubmitted to,
For fear of being diſinherited;
For fear of loſing Dirt and Droſs, I loſe
My Miſtreſs----There's a Lover! Fitter much
For Hell, than thouſand Perjuries could make him.
Fit to be made th' Example which all Women
Should reproach Men with, when themſelves grow falſe;

Yet

Yet ſhe, the good and charitable *Lucia*,
With ſuch a Bounty as hath only been
Practis'd by Heav'n, and Kings inſpir'd from thence,
Forgives ſtill, and ſtill loves her perjur'd Rebel.
I'll to my Father ſtrait, and ſwear to him
Ten thouſand Oaths, ne'er to obſerve that wicked one
Which he has extorted from me——Here he comes;
And my weak Heart, already us'd to Falſhood,
Begins to waver.

SCENE II.

Truman *Senior*, *and* Truman *Jun.*

Trum. ſen. Well, *Dick*, you know what you ſwore to me yeſterday, and ſolemnly.

I ha' been conſidering, and conſidering all Night, *Dick*, for your good; and methinks, ſuppoſing I were a young Man again, and the Caſe my own (for I love to be juſt in all things) methinks 'tis hard for a young Man, I ſay, who has been a Lover, ſo long as you ha' been, to break off on a ſudden. Am I in the right or no, *Dick?* Do you mark me?

Trum. jun. Hard, Sir; 'tis harder much than any Death prolong'd by Tortures.

Trum. ſen. Why ſo I thought; and therefore out o' my Care for your Eaſe, I have hit upon an Expedient that I think will ſalve the matter!

Trum. jun. And I will thank you for it more, Sir, than for the Life you gave me.

Trum. ſen. Why! well ſaid, *Dick*, and I am glad with all my Heart I thought upon't; in brief, 'tis this, *Dick*;
I ha' found out another Miſtreſs for you.

Trum. jun. Another? Heav'n forbid, Sir!

Trum. ſen. Ay; another, Good-man Jack Sawce; marry come up; wo'nt one of my chuſing ſerve your turn,

turn, as well as one of your own? ſure I am the older Man, Jack Sawce, and ſhould be the wiſer!

Trum. jun. But Nature, Sir, that's wiſer than all Mankind,
Is Miſtreſs in the Choice of our Affections.
Affections are not rais'd from outward Reaſons, but inward Sympathies.

Trum. ſen. Very well, *Dick*, if you be a dutiful Son to me, you ſhall have a good Eſtate, and ſo has ſhe; There's Sympathy for you now; but I perceive you're hank'ring ſtill after Mrs. *Lucy*.

Do, do! forſwear your ſelf; do, damn your ſelf, and be a Beggar too; ſure, I would never undo my ſelf by Perjury; if I had a mind to go to Hell, *Cromwell* ſhould make me a Lord for't! ay, and one of his Council too; I'd never be damn'd for nothing, for a Whim-wham in a Coif. But to be ſhort, the Perſon I deſign for you is Mrs. *Tabitha Barebottle*, our Neighbour, the Widow's Daughter. What do you ſtart at, Sirrah? Ay, Sirrah, Jack-an-apes, if you ſtart when your Father ſpeaks to you.

Trum. jun. You did not think her Father once, I'm ſure, a fit Perſon for your Alliance, when he plunder'd your Houſe in *Hartfordſhire*, and took away the very Hop-poles, pretending they were Arms too.

Trum. ſen. He was a very Rogue, that's the Truth on't, as to the Buſineſs between Man and Man; but as to God-ward he was always counted an upright Man, and very devout. But that's all one, I'm ſure he'as rais'd a fine Eſtate out of Nothing, by his Induſtry in theſe Times: An' I had not been a Beaſt too——but Heav'ns Will be done, I could not ha' don't with a good Conſcience. Well, *Dick*, I'll go talk with her Mother about this Matter, and examine

mine fully what her Eſtate is, for unleſs it prove a good one, I'll tell you true, *Dick*, I'm o'your Opinion, not to marry ſuch a Rogue's Daughter.

Trum. jun. I beſeech you, Sir—[*Exit* Trum. *ſen.*
It is in vain to ſpeak to him———
Tho' I, to ſave this Dunghill, an Eſtate,
Have done a Crime like theirs,
Who have abjur'd their King for the ſame Cauſe;
I will not yet, like them, purſue the Guilt,
And in thy Place, *Lucia*, my lawful Sov'reign,
Set up a low and ſcandalous Uſurper!

Enter Servant.

Ser. 'Tis well the old Man's juſt gone. There's a Gentlewoman without, Sir, deſires to ſpeak one Word with you.

Trum. jun. With me? Who is't?

Ser. It ſhould be Mrs. *Lucia* by her Voice, Sir, but ſhe's veil'd all over.
Will you pleaſe to ſee her, Sir?

Trum. jun. Will I ſee her? Blockhead?
Yes, go out and kneel to her,
And pray her to come in. [*Exit* Serv.

SCENE III.

Enter Lucia *veil'd.*

Trum. jun. This is a Favour, Madam!
That I as little hop'd, as I am able
To thank you for it——But why all this muffling?
Why a Diſguiſe, Deareſt, between us?
Unleſs to encreaſe my Deſire firſt, and then my Joy to ſee thee,
Thou caſt this ſubtle Night before thy Beauty.
And now like one ſcorch'd with ſome raging Fever,
Upon whoſe Flames no Dew of Sleep has fall'n,

I do begin to quarrel with the Darkneſs,
And blame the ſlothful Riſing of the Morn;
And with more Joy ſhall welcome it, than they
Whoſe icy Dwellings the cold Bear o'erlooks,
When after half the Year's Winter and Night,
Day and the Spring at once ſalutes their Sight!
Thus it appears, that like thy matchleſs Beauty,
[*Offers to pull off the Vail.*
When this black Cloud is vaniſh'd.
Why d'ye ſhrink back, my deareſt?
I prithee let me look a little upon thee:
Tis all the Pleaſure Love has yet allow'd me,
And more than Nature does in all things elſe.
At leaſt ſpeak to me; well may I call it Night,
When Silence too thus joins it ſelf with Darkneſs.
Ha! I had quite forgot the curſed Oath I made—
Piſh! What's an Oath forc'd from a Lover's Tongue?
Tis not recorded in Heav'n's dreadful Book,
But ſcatter'd looſely by the Breath that made it:
Away with it; to make it was but a Raſhneſs,
To keep it were a Sin——Dear Madam——
Ha! let's ſee this then firſt!
[*Offers again, but ſhe refuſes, and gives him a Note.*

He reads.] *You know I have forgiven your unkind Oath to your Father, and ſhall never ſuffer you to be perjur'd. I come only to let you know, the* Phyſician *and the* Pothecary *will do this Morning what we propos'd; be ready at hand, if there ſhould be occaſion for your Preſence: I dare not ſtay one Minute.* Farewel.

Now thouſand Angels wait upon thee, *Lucia*,
And thouſand Bleſſings upon all thou doſt.
Let me but kiſs your Hand, and I'll diſmiſs you.
Ah cruel Father, when thou mad'ſt the Oath,

Thou

Thou little thought'ſt that thou hadſt left
Such Bleſſings for me out of it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Col. Jolly *in an* Indian *Gown and Night-Cap, with* Will. *his Man.*

Joll. Give me the Pills; and what ſaid the Doctor, *Will?*

Will. He ſaid a great deal, Sir, but I was not Doctor enough to underſtand half of it.

Joll. A Man may drink, he ſays, for all theſe Baubles?

Will. He's ill adviſ'd if he give your Worſhip drinking Pills, for when you were drinking laſt together, a Fit took you to beat the Doctor, which your Worſhip told him was a new Diſeaſe.

Joll. He was drunk then himſelf firſt, and ſpoke falſe *Latin*, which becomes a Doctor worſe than a beating. He does not remember that, I hope, now.

Will. I think he does, Sir, for he ſays the Pills
Are to purge black Choler!

Joll. Ay, Melancholy; I ſhall ha' need of them then, for my old Purger of Melancholy, Canary, will grow too dear for me ſhortly; my own Eſtate was ſold for being with the King at *Oxford*. A Curſe upon an old Dunce that needs muſt be going to *Oxford* at my Years! My good Neighbour, I thank him, Colonel *Fear-the-Lord Barebottle*, a Saint and a Sope-boiler, bought it; but he's dead, and boiling now himſelf, that's the beſt of't; there's a Cavalier's Comfort! If his damnable Wife now would marry me, it would return again, as I hope all things will at laſt; and even that too were as hard a Compoſition for ones own, as ever was made at *Haberdaſhers-Hall*; but hang her, ſhe'll ha' none o' me, unleſs I were

were True Rich and Counterfeit Godly; let her go to her Husband; (ſo much for that—[*Takes a Pill.* It does not go down ſo glib as an Egg in Muskadine.) Now when my Neice's Portion too goes out o'my Hands, which I can keep but 'till a handſome Wench of eighteen pleaſes to marry (a pitiful ſlender Tenure, that's the Truth on't) I ha' nothing to do but to live by Plots for the King, or at leaſt to be hang'd by 'em. (So, go thou too) [*Takes the two other Pills.* Well, ſomething muſt be done, unleſs a Man could get true Gems by drinking, or, like a Mouſe in a Cheeſe, make himſelf a Houſe by eating.

Will. Did you ſend for Colonel *Cutter* and Captain *Worm*, to come and keep me Company this Morning that I take Phyſick? They'll be loth to come to Day, there's ſo little hope o' drinking here.

Will. They ſaid they would be here, Sir, before this time;

Some Morning's Draught, I believe, has intercepted 'em.

Joll. I could repent now heartily, but that 'twould look as if I were compell'd to it; and beſides, if it ſhould draw me to Amendment, 'twould undo me now, 'till I ha' gotten ſomething. 'Tis a hard caſe to wrong my pretty Neice; but unleſs I get this wicked Widow, I and my Daughter muſt ſtarve elſe; and that's harder yet: Neceſſity is, as I take it, Fatality, and that will excuſe all things. O! Here they are!

SCENE V.

Col. Jolly, *Col.* Cutter, *Capt.* Worm.

Joll. Welcome! Men o' War, what News abroad in Town?

Cut Brave News i'faith, it arrived but Yeſterday

by an *Iriſh* Prieſt, that came over in the Habit of a Fiſh-wife, a cunning Fellow, and a Man o' Buſineſs, he's to lye Lieger here for a whole *Iriſh* College beyond Sea, and do all their Affairs of State. The Captain ſpoke with him laſt Night at the *Blue-Anchor!*

Joll. Well, and what is't?

Worm. Why, Buſineſs is afloat again; the King has muſter'd five and twenty thouſand Men in *Flanders*, as tall Fellows as any are in *Chriſtendom.*

Joll. A Pox upon you for a Couple of groſs Cheats! I wonder from what Fools in what blind Corners you get a Dinner for this Stuff.

Cut. Nay, there's another News that's ſtranger yet, but that let the Captain anſwer.

Wor. I confeſs I ſhould ha' thought it very ridiculous, but that I ſaw it from a good Hand beyond Sea, under Black and White, and all in Cypher.

Joll. O it can't miſs then; what may it be, pray?

Wor. Why, that the Emperor of *Muſcovy* has promis'd to land ten thouſand Bears in *England* to over-run the Country.

Joll. Oh! that's in revenge of the late barbarous Murder of their Brethren here I warrant you.

Cut. Why, Colonel, Things will come about again! We ſhall have another Bout for't!

Joll. Why all this to a Friend that knows you; where were thy former Bouts, I prithee, *Cutter?* Where didſt thou ever ſerve the King, and when?

Cut. Why every where; and the laſt time at *Worceſter.* If I never ſerv'd him ſince, the Fault's not mine; an' there had been any Action——

Joll. At *Worceſter*, *Cutter?* Prithee how got'ſt thou thither?

Cut. Why, as you and all other Gentlemen ſhould ha

ha' done; I carry'd him in a Troop of Reformado Officers; moſt of them had been under my Command before!

Joll. I'll be ſworn they were Reformado Tapſters then; but how got'ſt thou off?

Cut. Why, as the King himſelf, and all the reſt of the great ones; in a Diſguiſe, if you'll needs know't.

Wor. He's very cautious, Colonel, he'as kept it ever ſince.

Joll. That's too long i'faith, *Cutter*, prithee take one Duiſguiſe now more at laſt, and put thy ſelf into the Habit of a Gentleman.

Cut. I'll anſwer no more Prithees; Is this the Morning's-Draught you ſent for me to?

Joll. No, I ha' better News for ye both, than ever ye had from a good *Iriſh* Hand; the Truth is I have a Plot for you, which if it take, ye ſhall no more make monſtrous Tales from *Bruges* to revive your ſinking Credits in loyal Ale-houſes, nor inveigle into Taverns young Foremen of the Shop, or little beardleſs Blades of the Inns of Court, to drink to the Royal Family Parabolically, and with bouncing Oaths, like Cannon at every Health; nor upon unlucky failing Afternoons take melancholy Turns in the *Temple* Walks, and when you meet Acquaintance, cry, You wonder why your Lawyer ſtays ſo long, with a Pox to him.

Wor. This Phyſick has ſtirr'd ill Humours in the Colonel, would they were once well purg'd, and we a drinking again lovingly together as we were wont to do.

Joll. Nor make headleſs Quarrels about the reckoning Time, and leave the Houſe in Confuſion; nor when you go to Bed produce ten ſeveral Snuffs to make up one poor Pipe o' Tobacco!

Cut. Would I had one here now; I han't had my Morning Smoak yet, by this Day!

Joll. Nor change your Names and Lodgings as often as a Whore; for as yet if ye liv'd like *Tartars* in a Cart (as I fear ye muſt die in one) your home could not be more uncertain. To Day at *Wapping*, and to Morrow you appear again at *Mill-bank* (like a Duck that dives at this End of the Pond, and riſes unexpectedly at the other) I do not think *Pythagoras* his Soul e'er chang'd ſo many Dwellings as you ha' done within theſe two Years.

Cut. Why, what then, Colonel? Soldiers muſt remove their Tents ſometimes, *Alexander the Great* did it a thouſand times.

Wor. Nine hundred, *Cutter*, you're but a Dunce in Story;
But what's all this to th' Matter, Noble Colonel?
You run a Wool-gathering like a zealous Teacher;
Where's the uſe of Conſolation that you promis'd us?

Joll. Why thou ſhalt have it, little *Worm*, for theſe damn'd Pills begin to make me horrible ſick, and are not like to allow of long Digreſſions; Thus briefly then, as befits a Man in my caſe!

When my Brother the Merchant went into *Africk*, to follow his great Trade there———

Wor. How o' Devil could he follow it? why he had quite loſt his Memory; I knew him when he was fain to carry his own Name in Writing about him, for fear leſt he ſhould forget it.

Joll. Oh his Man *John*, you know, did all, yet ſtill he would go about with old *John*, and thought if he did go, he did his Buſineſs himſelf; well, when he went he left his Daughter with a Portion o' five thouſand Pounds to my Tuition, and if ſhe marry'd without my Conſent, ſhe was to have but a thou-

ſand

ſand of it. When he was gone two Years he dy'd---

Wor. He did a little forget himſelf methinks, when he left the Eſtate in your Hands, Colonel.

Joll. Hold your Tongue, Capt. Coxcomb; now the Caſe is this; ye ſhall give me a thouſand Pounds for my Intereſt and Favour in this Buſineſs, ſettle the reſt upon her and her Children, or me and mine, if ſhe ha'none (d'ye mark me? For I will not have one Penny of the Principal paſs through ſuch glewy Fingers) upon theſe Terms I'll marry her to one of you; always provided tho' that he whom ſhe ſhall chuſe (for ſhe ſhall have as fair a Choice as can be between two ſuch Fellows) ſhall give me good Aſſurances of living afterwards like a Gentleman, as beſits her Husband, and caſt off the t'other's Company!

Cut. The Conditions may be admitted of, tho' if I have her, ſhe'll ha' no ill Bargain on't when the King comes home; but how, Colonel, if ſhe ſhould prove a fooliſh fantaſtical Wench, and refuſe to marry either of us?

Joll. Why! then ſhe ſhall never ha' my Conſent to marry any body; and ſhe'll be hang'd, I think, firſt in the Friar's Rope, e'er ſhe turn Nun.

Wor. I'll be a *Carthuſian* an' ſhe do!

Joll. If't were not for Chaſtity and Obedience thou might'ſt be ſo; their t'other Vow of never carrying any Mony about them, thou haſt kept from thy Youth upwards.

Wor. I'll have her, I'm the better Scholar; and we're both equal Soldiers, I'm ſure.

Cut. Thou, Captain *Bobadil*? What with that Ember-week Face o' thine? that Razor o' thy Noſe? thou look'ſt as if thou hadſt never been fed ſince thou ſuck'dſt thy Mother's Milk. Thy Cheeks begin to fall into thy Mouth, that thou might'ſt eat them.

Why thou very Lath, with a thing cut like a Face at top, and a Slit at bottom. I am a Man ha' ſerv'd my King and Country, a Perſon of Honour, Dog-bolt, and a Colonel.

Wor. Yes, as Prieſts are made now-a-days, a Colonel made by thine own ſelf. I muſt confeſs thus much o' thy good Parts, thour't beholding to no body but thy ſelf for what thou art. Thou a Soldier? Did not I ſee thee once in a Quarrel at Nine-pins behind *Sodom*-Lane diſarm'd with one o' the Pins? Alas, good *Cutter*! There's difference, as I take it, betwixt the clattering o' Swords and Quart-pots, the Effuſion of Blood and Claret-Wine———

Cut. (What a bragging little Cur's this?)

Wor. The Smoak of Guns and Tobacco----nor can you, *Cutter*, fight the better, becauſe you ha' beat an old Bawd or a Drawer; beſides, what Parts haſt thou? Haſt thou Scholarſhip enough to make a Brewer's Clerk? Canſt thou read the Bible? I'm ſure thou haſt not; canſt thou write more than thine own Name, and that in ſuch vile Characters, that moſt Men take 'em for *Arabian* Pot-hooks! Doſt thou not live, *Cutter*, in the *Chymærian* Darkneſs of Ignorance?

Joll. Cymmerian, Captain, let it be *Cymmerian*!

Wor. Ay; I know ſome will have it ſo; but by this Light I always call't *Chymærian*!

Cut. O brave Scholar! Has the Colonel caught you in falſe *Latin*, you Dunce you? You'd e'en as good ſtick to your Captainſhip; and that you may thank me for, you ingrateful Pimp you, was not I the firſt that ever call'd you ſo; and ſaid you had ſerv'd ſtoutly in my Regiment at *Newberry*?

Joll. Thy Regiment?---Well! Leave your quarrelling, Baboons, and try your Fortunes fairly; I

begin

begin to be very ſick, I'll leave you, and ſend in my Neice to entertain you: Upon my Life, if you quarrel any more, as great Soldiers as you are, I'll ha' you caſhier'd for ever out o' this Garriſon o' mine, look to't. [*Exit Col.* Jolly.

Wor. Come, *Cutter*, we'd e'en better play fair Play with one another, than loſe all to a third. Let's draw Cuts who ſhall accoſt her firſt when ſhe comes in, and the t'other void the Room for a little while.

Cut. Agreed! You may thank the Colonel for coming off ſo eaſily; you know well enough I dare not offend him at ſuch a time as this!

Wor. The longeſt firſt—— [*Draw Lots.*

Cut. Mine! Od's my Life! here ſhe is already!

SCENE VI.

Enter Lucia, Cutter, Worm.

Luc. Not chuſe amiſs? Indeed I muſt do, Uncle, [*To her ſelf at her Entrance.*
If I ſhould chuſe again; eſpecially
If I ſhould do't out of your Drinking Company.
Tho' I have ſeen theſe Fellows here, I think,
A hundred times, yet I ſo much deſpiſe 'em,
I never ask'd their Names: But I muſt ſpeak to 'em now.

My Uncle, Gentlemen, will wait upon you preſently again, and ſent me hither to deſire your Patience!

Cut. Patience, Madam, will be no Virtue requiſite for us, whilſt you are pleas'd to ſtay here: Ha, ha! *Cutter!* that lit pretty pat 'faith for a beginning. [Worm *goes out.*

Luc. Is your Friend going, Sir?

Cut. Friend, Madam?——(I hope I ſhall be even with him preſently) he's a merry Fellow that your Uncle and I divert our ſelves withal.

Luc. What is he, pray, Sir?

Cut. That's ſomething difficult to tell you, Madam; But he has been all things. He was a Scholar once, and ſince a Merchant, but broke the firſt half Year; after that he ſerv'd a Juſtice o' Peace, and from thence turn'd a kind o' Sollicitor at *Goldſmiths-Hall*; he'as a pretty Smattering too in Poetry, and would ha' been my Lady Protectreſs's Poet; he writ once a Copy in Praiſe of her Beauty, but her Highneſs gave him for it but an old Half-crown Piece in Gold, which ſhe had hoarded up before theſe Troubles, and that diſcourag'd him from any further Applications to the Court. Since that, he'as been a little Agitator of the Cavalier Party, and drew in one of the 'Prentices that were hang'd lately: He's a good ingenious Fellow, that's the Truth on't, and a pleaſant Droll when he'as got a Cup o' Wine in his Pate, which your Uncle and I ſupply him with; but for Matters that concern the King, neither of us truſt him. Not that I can ſay h'as betray'd any body, but he's ſo indigent a Varlet, that I'm afraid he would ſell his Soul to *Oliver* for a Noble. But, Madam, what a pox ſhould we talk any more o' that Mole-catcher? Now I'm out again——I am ſo us'd only to ranting Whores, that a modeſt Gentlewoman puts me to the Nonplus!

Luc. Why, my Uncle recommended him to me, Sir, as a Perſon of Quality, and of the ſame Condition with your ſelf, only that you had been a Colonel o' Foot, and he a Captain of Horſe in his Majeſty's Service.

Cut. You know your Uncle's drolling Humour, Madam; he thought there was no Danger in the Raillery, and that you'd quickly find out who he was: Here he comes again,---[*Enter* Worm.]---I'll leave

leave him with you, Madam, for a Minute, and wait upon you immediately, (I am at a Loſs, and muſt recover my ſelf) Captain, I ha' dealt better by you than you deſerv'd, and given you a high Character to her; ſee you do me right too, if there be occaſion----I'll make bold tho' to hearken whether you do or no. [*Exit* Cutter, *and ſtands at the Door.*

Wor. Madam, my noble Friend your Uncle has been pleas'd to honour me ſo far with his good Opinion, as to allow me the Liberty to kiſs your Hands.

Luc. You're welcome, Sir; but pray, Sir, give me Leave,
Before you enter into farther Compliment,
To ask one Queſtion of you.

Wor. I ſhall reſolve you, Madam, with that Truth
Which may, I hope, invite you to believe me
In what I'm to ſay afterwards.

Luc. 'Tis to tell me your Friend's Name, Sir, and his Quality, which, tho' I have ſeen him oft, I am yet ignorant of: I ſuppoſe him to be ſome honourable Perſon, who has eminently ſerv'd the King in the late Wars.

Cut. 'Tis a ſhrewd diſcerning Wench, ſhe has hit me right already. [*At the Door.*

Wor. They call him Colonel *Cutter*, but to deal faithfully with you, Madam, he's no more a Colonel than you're a Major-General.

Cut. Ha! Sure I miſtake the Rogue!

Wor. He never ſerv'd his King, not he, no more than he does his Maker: 'Tis true, h'as drunk his Health as often as any Man, upon other Mens Charges; and he was for a little while, I think, a kind of Hector, 'till he was ſoundly beaten one Day, and dragg'd about the Room, like old *Hector* o' *Troy* about the Town.

Cut.

Cut. What does this Dog mean, trow?

Wor. Once indeed he was very low for almoſt a Twelve-month, and had neither Mony enough to hire a Barber, nor buy Ciſſars, and then he wore a Beard (he ſaid) for King *Charles*; he's now in pretty good Cloaths, but would you ſaw the Furniture of his Chamber! Marry, half a Chair, an earthen Chamber-pot without an Ear, and the Bottom of an Ink-horn for a Candle-ſtick; the reſt is broken foul Tobacco-pipes, and a Dozen o' Gally-pots with Salve in 'em.

Cut. Was there ever ſuch a curſed Villain!

Wor. H'as been a known Cheat about the Town theſe twenty Years.

Luc. What does my Uncle mean to keep him Company, if he be ſuch a one?

Wor. Why he's infatuated, I think! I ha' warn'd him on't a thouſand times; he has ſome Wit, (to give the Devil his due) and that 'tis makes us endure him, but however I'd adviſe your Uncle to be a little more cautious how he talks before him o' State Matters, for he's ſhrewdly wrong'd if he ben't *Cromwell*'s Agent for all the Taverns between *King's-Street*, and the *Devil* at *Temple-Bar*, indeed he's a kind o' Reſident in 'em.

Cut. Fleſh and Blood can bear no longer—— *Worm*, you're a ſtinking, lying, perjur'd, damn'd Villain; and if I don't bring you, Madam, his Noſe and both his Ears, and lay 'em at your Feet here before Night, may the Pillory and the Pox take mine; 'till then ſuſpend your Judgment. [*Exit* Cutter.

Luc. Nay, you're both even; juſt ſuch an excellent Character did he beſtow on you;
Why, thou vile Wretch,
Go to the Stews, the Goal, and there make Love,
Thoul't

Thoul't find none there but ſuch as will ſcorn thee!

Wor. Why here's brave Work i' faith! I ha' carry'd it ſwimmingly, I'll e'en go ſteal away and drink a dozen before I venture to think one I thought o' the Buſineſs. [*Exit.*

Luc. Go curſed Race, which ſtick your loathſome Crimes
Upon the honourable Cauſe and Party;
And to the noble Loyal Sufferers,
A worſer Suffering add of Hate and Infamy.
Go to the Robbers and the Parricides,
And fix your Spots upon their painted Vizards,
Not on the Native Face of Innocence.
'Tis you retard that Induſtry by which
Our Country would recover from this Sickneſs;
Which, whilſt it fears th' Eruption of ſuch Ulcers,
Keeps a Diſeaſe tormenting it within,
But if kind Heav'n pleaſe to reſtore our Health,
When once the great Phyſician ſhall return,
He quickly will, I hope, reſtore our Beauty. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Aurelia.

I See 'tis no ſmall part of Policy
To keep ſome little Spies in Enemies Quarters:
The Parliament had Reaſon———
I would not for five hundred Pounds but ha' corrupted my Couſin *Lucia*'s Maid; and yet it coſts me nothing but Sack-poſſets, and Wine, and Sugar when her Miſtreſs is a Bed, and tawdry Ribbonds, or fine trimm'd Gloves ſometimes, and once I think a pair of Counterfeit Ruby Pendants.

That

That coſt me half a Crown. The poor Wench loves
Dy'd Glaſs like an *Indian*; for a Diamond Bob I'd have her Maiden-head if I were a Man and ſhe a Maid. If her Miſtreſs did but talk in her Sleep ſometimes, o' my Conſcience ſhe'd ſit up all Night and watch her, only to tell me in the Morning what ſhe ſaid; 'tis the prettieſt diligent Wretch in her Calling, now ſhe has undertaken't.
Her Intelligence juſt now was very good, and May be o'Conſequence; That young *Truman* is Stoln up the back way into my Couſin's Chamber. Theſe are your grave Maids that ſtudy Romances, and will be all *Mandana*'s and *Caſſandra*'s, and never ſpit but by the Rules of Honour; Oh, here ſhe comes, I hope, with freſh Intelligence from the Foes Rendezvous.

SCENE II.

Aurelia *and* Jane.

Jane. Ha, ha, ha! for the Love of Goodneſs hold me, or I ſhall fall down with laughing. Ha, ha, ha! 'Tis the beſt Humour——no——I can't tell it you for laughing---Ha, ha, ha! the prettieſt Sport, Ha, ha, ha!

Aur. Why, thou haſt not ſeen him lye with her, haſt thou?
The Wench is mad; prithee what is't?

Jane. Why (hee, hei, ha!) my Miſtreſs ſits by her Servant in a long Veil that covers her from Top to Toe, and ſays not one Word to him, becauſe of the Oath you know that the old Man forc'd his Son to take after your Father had forbid him the Houſe, and he talks half an Hour, like an Aſs as he is, all alone, and looks upon her Hand all the while, and kiſſes

kiſſes it. But that which makes me die with laughing at the Conceit (Ha, ha, ha!) is, that when he asks her any thing, ſhe goes to the Table, and writes her Anſwer: You never ſaw ſuch an innocent Puppet-play!

Aur. Dear *Jane*, (kiſs me, *Jane*) how ſhall I do to ſee 'em?

Jane. Why, Madam, I'll go look the Key of my Miſtreſs's Cloſet above, that looks into her Chamber, where you may ſee all, and not be ſeen.

Aur. Why that's as good as the Trick o'the Veil; do, dear *Jane*, quickly, 'twill make us excellent Sport at Night, and we'll fuddle our Noſes together, ſhall we dear *Jane?*

Jane. Ay, dear Madam! I'll go ſeek out the Key.

Aur. 'Tis ſtrange, if this Trick o' my Couſin's ſhould beget no Trick o' mine, That would be pitifull dull doings.

SCENE III.

Aurelia *and Mr.* Puny.

Aur. Here comes another of her Servants; a young, rich, fantaſtical Fop, that would be a Wit, and has got a new way of being ſo; he ſcorns to ſpeak any thing that's common, and finds out ſome impertinent Similitude for every thing. The Devil, I think, can't find one for him. This Coxcomb has ſo little Brains too, as to make me the Confident of his Amours. I'll thank him for his Confidence e'er I ha' done with him.

Pun. Who's here? O Madam! is your Father out of his Metaphorical Grave yet? You underſtand my Meaning, my dear Confident? You're a Wit!

Aur. Like what, Mr. *Puny?*

Pun. Why—— like——me!

Aur.

Aur. That's right your way, Mr. *Puny*, it's an odd Similitude.

Pun. But where's your Father, little Queen o'Diamonds? Is he extant? I long like a Woman big with Twins to ſpeak with him!

Aur. You can't now poſſibly. There was never any Creature ſo ſick with a Diſeaſe as he is with Phyſick, to Day, the Doctor and the Apothecary's with him, and will let no body come in. But, Mr. *Puny*, I have Words o' Comfort for you!

Pun. What, my dear Queen o' *Sheba!* and I have *Ophir* for thee if thou haſt.

Aur. Why your Rival is forbid our Houſe, and has ſworn to his Father never to ſee or hear your Miſtreſs more.

Pun. I knew that Yeſterday as well as I knew my *Credo*, but I'm the very *Jew* of *Malta*, if ſhe did not uſe me ſince that, worſe than I'd uſe a rotten Apple.

Aur. Why that can't be, Brother Wit, why that was uncivilly done of her!

Pun. O hang her, Queen of Fairies, (I'm all for Queens to Day I think) ſhe cares much for that; no, that *Aſſyrian* Crocodile *Truman* is ſtill ſwimming in her *Præcordiums*, but I'll ſo Ferret him out, I'll beat him as a *Bloomsbury* Whore beats Hemp; I'll ſpoil his grave Dominical Poſtures; I'll make him ſneak, and look like a Door off the Hinges.

Aur. That's hard! but he deſerves it truly, if he ſtrive to Annihilate.

Pun. Why well ſaid, Siſter Wit, now thou ſpeak'ſt odly too!

Aur. Well, without Wit or Foolery, Mr. *Puny*, what will you give me, if this Night, this very improbable Night, I make you marry my Couſin *Lucia?*

Pun.

Pun. Thou talk'ſt like *Meduſa*'s Head, thou aſtoniſheſt me.

Aur. Well, in plain Langage as befits a Bargain; there's Pen and Ink in the next Chamber, give but a Bill under your Hand to pay me five hundred Pounds in Gold (upon Forfeiture of a thouſand if you fail) within an Hour after the Buſineſs is done, and I'll be bound Body for Body my Couſin *Lucia* ſhall be your Wife this Night; if I deceive you, your Bond will do you no hurt, if I do not, conſider a little before-hand, whether the Work deſerves the Reward, and do as you think fit.

Pun. There ſhall be no more conſidering than in a Haſty-Pudding; I'll write it an' you will, in Short-hand, to diſpatch immediately, and preſently go put five hundred Marygolds in a Purſe for you. Come away like an Arrow out of a *Scythian* Bow.

Aur. I'll do your Buſineſs for you, I'll warrant you; *Allons Mon-Cher.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Cutter, Worm.

Cut. Now I ha' thee at the Place where thou affronted'ſt me, here will I cut thy Throat.

Wor. You'll be hang'd firſt.

Cut. No by this Light.

Wor. You'll be hang'd after then.

Cut. Not ſo neither; for I'll hew thee into ſo many Morſels, that the Crowner ſhall not be able to give his Verdict, whether 'twas the Body of a Man or of a Beaſt, as thou art. Thou ſhalt be Mince-meat, *Worm*, within this Hour.

Wor. He was a Coward once, nor have I ever heard one Syllable ſince of his Reformation, he ſhall not daunt me.

Cut.

Cut. Come on; I'll ſend thee preſently to *Erebus*; [*Draws*
Without either Bail or Main-prize.

Wor. Have at you, *Cutter*, an' thou hadſt as many Lives as are in *Plutarch*, I'd make an end of 'em all.

Cut. Come on, Miſcreant.

Wor. Do, do! ſtrike an' thou dar'ſt.

Cut. Coward, I'll give thee the Advantage of the firſt Puſh, Coward.

Wor. I ſcorn to take any thing o' thee, *Jew*.

Cut. If thou dar'ſt not ſtrike firſt, thou ſubmitt'ſt, and I give thee thy Life.

Wor. Remember, *Cutter*, you were treacherous firſt to be, and therefore muſt begin. Come, pox upon't, this Quarrel will coſt us Quarts of Wine a-piece before the Treaty o' Peace be ended.

Cut. Here's Company coming in; I'll hear o' no Treaties, *Worm*, we'll fight it out.

SCENE V.

Enter to them Aurelia *and* Puny.

Aur. Five hundred neat Gentlemen-like twenty Shilling Pieces, tho' never waſh'd nor barb'd—— [*Reading.*
A Curſe upon him, can't he write a Bond without theſe Sotteries?

Pun. Why how now *Panims?* Fighting like two Sea-fiſh in the Map? Why how now my little *Gallimaufry*, my little *Oleopodrido* of Arts and Arms; Hold the fierce Gudgeons!

Aur. 'Ods my Life, *Puny*, let's go in again; that's the only way to part 'em.

Pun. Do, do! kill one another, and be hang'd like Ropes of Onions.

Cut.

Cut. At your Command? No, *Puny*, I'll be forc'd by no Man; put up, *Worm*; we'll fight for no Man's Pleaſure, but our own.

Wor. Agreed! I won't make Sport with murdering any Man, an' he were a *Turk*.

Pun. Why now ye ſpeak like the Pacifick Sea; we'll to the King's Pole anon, and drink all into *Pylades* again; we'll drink up a whole Veſſel there to Redintegration, and that ſo big, that the Tun of *Heydelberg* ſhall ſeem but a Barrel of Pickl'd Oyſters to it; mean time, thou pretty little Smith o' my good Fortune, beat hard upon the Anvil of your Plot, I'll go and provide the Spankers. [*Exit* Puny.

Cut. Your Couſin, Mrs. *Aurelia*, has abus'd us moſt irreverently.

Aur. Why what's the Matter?

Cut. Your Father recommended us two as Suiters to her.

Aur. And ſhe'd ha' none of you? What a fooliſh Girl 'tis, to ſtand in her own Light ſo?

Wor. Nay, that's not all, but ſhe us'd us worſe than if we'd been the veriеſt Rogues upon the Face of the whole Earth.

Aur. That's a little thought too much, but 'twas ſafer erring o' that hand.

Cut. Ay, we're like to get much, I ſee, by complaining to you.

Enter Jane.

Jane. Ha, ha, ha! Here's the Key o' the Cloſet, go up ſoftly, Madam, Ha, ha, ha! and make no Noiſe, dear Madam, I muſt be gone. [*Exit.*

Aur. Why does this little Foppotee laugh always? 'Tis ſuch a Ninny that ſhe betrays her Miſtreſs, and thinks ſhe does no hurt at all, no, not ſhe; well,

wretched Lovers, come along with me now, (but ſoftly upon your Lives, as you would ſteal to a Miſtreſs through her Mother's Chamber) and I'll ſhew you this ſevere *Penelope*, lock'd up alone in a Chamber with your Rival.

Cut. As ſoftly as Snow falls.

Wor. Or Vapours riſe.

Aur. What are you Puniſh too with your Similitudes? Mum---not a Word---pull off your Shoes at Bottom of the Stairs, and follow me.

SCENE VI.

Enter Truman *Junior.*

And preſently Aurelia, Cutter, *and* Worm, *appear at a little Window.*

Trum. Why ſhould her cruel Uncle ſeek t' oppoſe
A Love in all reſpects ſo Good and Equal?
He has ſome wicked End in't, and deſerves
To be deceiv'd!

Cut. Deceiv'd? pray mark that, Madam.

Trum. She is gone in to ſee if things be ripe yet,
To make our laſt Attempt upon her Uncle;
If our Plot fail——

Aur. A Plot i'faith, and I ſhall Counter-plot ye.

Trum. In ſpight of our worſt Enemies, our Kindred,
And a raſh Oath that's cancell'd in the making,
We will purſue our Loves to the laſt Point.
And buy that Paradiſe, though 't be with Martyrdom!

SCENE VII.

Enter Lucia.

She goes to the Table and writes whilſt he Speaks, and gives him the Paper.

Trum. She's come, methinks I ſee her through her Veil; She's

She's naked in my Heart with all her Beauties.

Wor. Thou haſt a bawdy Heart, I'll warrant thee.

Cut. Hold your Peace, Coxcomb.

Trum. That has, I think, taken an Oath Quite contrary to mine, never to ſee Any thing elſe!

He's extreamly Sick, and thinks he ſhall die; the Doctor and 'Pothecary have acted very well; I'll be with him preſently, go into my little Oratory, and pray for the Succeſs---I'll pray with as much Zeal as any Sinner, converted juſt upon the Point of Death, prays his ſhort time out. [Reads a Paper given him by *Lucia.*

[A Cry within, Mrs. *Aurelia!*

[*Exeunt* Truman *and* Lucia.

Aur. What can this mean? [*They cry within.* and the Cry within there? Pray let's go down and ſee what's the Matter.

Enter Will *and* Ralph *crying.*

Will. Ah, Lord! My poor Maſter! Mrs. *Aurelia*, Mrs. *Aurelia*!

Aur. Here, what's the Buſineſs?

Ralph. O Lord! The ſaddeſt Accident.

Aur. For the love of Heav'n ſpeak quickly.

Will. I cannot ſpeak for weeping; my poor Maſter's Poiſon'd,

Aur. Poiſon'd! How prithee, and by whom?

Will. Why by the ſtrangeſt Accident, Miſtreſs. The Doctor preſcrib'd one, what d'ye call it, with a hard Name, and that careleſs Rogue the 'Pothecary's Man (miſtaking one Glaſs for another that ſtood by it) put in another what d'ye call it, that is a mortal Poiſon.

Aur. Oh then 'tis plain, there was the Plot they talk'd of; ye heard, Gentlemen, what they ſaid; pray follow me, and bear Witneſs. [*Exit* Aurelia.

Cut. Undoubtedly they had a Hand in't; we ſhall be brought to ſwear againſt them, *Worm.*

Wor. I'll ſwear what I heard, and what I heard not, but I'll hang 'em. I ſee I ſhall be reveng'd o' that proud Tit; but it grieves me for the Colonel.

SCENE VIII.

Colonel Jolly (*brought in a Chair*) Aurelia, Cutter, Worm, Will, Ralph, *other Servants.*

Joll. Oh! I ha' vomited out all my Guts, and all my Entrails———

Aur. Oh my dear Father!

Joll. I'm going, Daughter——ha' ye ſent the pocky Doctor and the plaguy 'Pothecary to a Juſtice o' Peace to be examin'd?

Will. Yes, Sir, your Worſhip's Steward and the Conſtable are gone with 'em; does your Worſhip think they did it out o' Malice, and not by a Miſtake? If I had thought they did, I'd a hang'd 'em preſently, that you might ha' ſeen it done before you dy'd.

Joll. Huh, huh, huh! I think that Rogue the Doctor did it, becauſe I beat him t'other Day in our drinking! Huh, huh, huh!

Aur. No, Sir, (O my dear Father) no, Sir, you little think who were the Contrivers of your Murder, e'en my Couſin *Luce* and her Gallant——Oh Lord----'tis diſcover'd by a miraculous Providence ----they're both together in her Chamber now, and there we overheard 'em as it pleas'd-----theſe two Gentlemen heard 'em as well as I———

Joll Can they be ſuch Monſters? Oh! I'm as hot as *Lucifer*---Oh---Oh! What did you hear 'em ſay? ——Oh my Stomach! *Cut.*

Cut. Why that they had a Plot——

Aur. And that the Doctor and 'Pothecary had done it very well.

Wor. Ay, and your Neice ask'd if he thought the Poiſon was ſtrong enough.

Aur. There never was ſuch an Impudence!

Will. How Murder will out! I always thought, Fellow *Ralph*, your Miſtreſs *Lucia* was nought with that young ſmooth-fac'd Varlet; do you remember, *Ralph*, what I told you in the Butteries once?

Aur. Here ſhe comes! O Impudence!

Enter Lucia.

Joll. Oh! Oh! Oh!—go all aſide a little, and let me ſpeak with her alone. Come hither, Neice—Oh! Oh! You ſee by what Accident 't has pleas'd—huh—huh—huh—to take away your loving Uncle, Neice! huh——

Luc. I ſee't, Sir, with that Grief which your Misfortune, and mine in the Loſs of you does require.

Cut. There's a Devil for you; But, Captain, did you hear her ſpeak o' Poiſon, and whether it were ſtrong enough? [Joll. *and* Luc. *talk together.*

Wor. No, but I love to ſtrike home when I do a buſineſs, I'm for thorough-ſtitch; I'm through pac'd, what a pox ſhould a Man ſtand mincing?

Luc. I hope, Sir, and have Faith, that you'll recover! But Sir, becauſe the Danger's too apparent, and who (alas) knows how Heav'n may diſpoſe of you? Before it grow too late (after your Bleſſing) I humbly beg one Boon upon my Knees.

Joll. What is't (riſe up, Neice) Oh——I can deny you nothing at this time ſure!

Luc. It is (I wo'not riſe, Sir, 'till you grant it)
That ſince the Love 'twixt *Truman* and my ſelf
Has been ſo fix'd, and like our Fortunes equal,
Ye would be pleas'd to ſign, before your Death,
The Confirmation of that Love, our Contract,
And when your Soul ſhall meet above my Father's,
As ſoon as he has bid you Welcome thither,
He'll thank you for this Goodneſs to his Daughter;
I do conjure you, Sir, by his Memory!
By all your Hopes of Happineſs hereafter
In a better World! and all your deareſt
Wiſhes of Happineſs for thoſe whom ye
Love moſt, and leave behind ye here!

Joll. You ha' deſerv'd ſo well o' me, Neice, that 'tis impoſſible to deny you any thing: Where's gentle Mr. *Truman?*

Luc. In the next Room, Sir, waiting on your Will,
As on the Sentence of his Life and Death too.

Joll. Oh—I'm very ſick—pray bring him in.

Luc. A thouſand Angels guard you Life, Sir!
Or, if you die, carry you up to Heav'n. [*Exit.*

Wor. Was there ever ſuch a young diſſembling Witch?

Cut. Here's Woman in Perfection!
The Devil's in their Tails, and in their Tongues!
They're poſſeſs'd both ways!

Joll. Will, Ralph, is *Jeremy* there too? Be ready when I ſpeak to you.

Enter Truman, Lucia *(veil'd.)*

Trum. Our Prayers are heard, 'tis as we wiſh'd, dear *Lucia.* Oh this bleſs'd Hour!

Joll. Take him and carry him up to the Green Chamber----Oh my Belly----lock him in ſure there, 'till you ſee what becomes of me; if I do die, he

and

and his Miſtreſs ſhall have but an ill Match of it at *Tyburn*. Oh my Guts——Lock up *Luce* too in her Chamber.

Trum. What do ye mean, Gentlemen? Are you mad?

Will. We mean to lock you up ſafe, Sir, for a great Jewel as you are!

Luc. Pray hear me all.

Joll. Away with 'em. [*Exeunt all the Servants with* Truman *and* Lucia, *ſeveral ways.*

Aur. How do you, Sir? I hope you may o'ercome it, your Nature's ſtrong, Sir.

Joll. No, 'tis impoſſible; and yet I find a little Eaſe, but 'tis but a flaſh——*Aurelia*—Oh there it wrings me again—fetch me the Cordial-glaſs in the Cabinet Window, and the little Prayer-Book; I would fain repent, but it comes ſo hardly——I am very unfit to die, if it would pleaſe Heav'n——ſo, ſet down the Glaſs——there——give me——

Aur. The Prayer-Book, Sir, 's all mouldy, I muſt wipe it firſt.

Joll. Lay it down too——ſo——it begins t'aſſwage a little——there lay down the Book; 'twill but trouble my Brains now I'm a dying.

Enter Will.

Will. Here's the Widow, Sir, without, and Mrs. *Tabitha* her Daughter; they have heard o' your Misfortune, and ha' brought Mr. *Knock-down* to comfort you.

Joll. How? Everlaſting *Knock-down!* Will they trouble a Man thus when he's a dying? Sirrah! Blockhead! Let in *Joſeph Knock-down*, and I'll ſend thee to Heav'n before me; I have but an Hour or

two to live perhaps, and that's not enough for him I'm ſure to Preach in!

Will. Shall Mrs. *Barebottle* come in, Sir?

Joll. That's a She *Knock-down* too; well, let her come in—huh! huh! huh! I muſt bear all things patiently now: But Sirrah, Rogue! Take heed o' *Joſeph Knock-down*, thou ſhalt not live with Ears, if *Joſeph Knock-down* enter.

Enter Widow, Tabitha.

Wid. How do you do, Neighbour Colonel? How is't? Take Comfort.

Joll. Cut off i'th' Flower o' my Age, Widow.

Wid. Why, Man's Life is but a Flower, Mr. *Joll*, and the Flower withers, and Man withers, as Mr. *Knock-down* obſerv'd laſt Sabbath-day at Evening Exerciſe: But, Neighbour, you're paſt the Flower, you're grown old as well as I———

Joll. I'the very Flower; that damn'd Quack-ſalver———

Tab. Methoughts he was the uglieſt Fellow, Mother; and they ſay he's a Papiſh too, forſooth.

Wid. I never lik'd a Doctor with a red Noſe; my Husband was wont to ſay----How do you, Mrs. *Aurelia?* Comfort your ſelf, we muſt all die ſooner or later; to Day here, to Morrow gone.

Joll. Oh the Torture of ſuch a Tongue! Would I were dead already, and this my Funeral Sermon.

Wid. Alas poor Man! his Tongue I warrant ye is as hot as paſſes; you have a better Memory than I, *Tabitha*, tell him what Mr. *Knock-down* ſaid was a Saint's Duty in tormenting Sickneſſes; now Poiſon's a great Tormenter.

Joll. Oh! Oh!----this additional Poiſon will certainly make an end of me!

Wid.

Wid. Why ſeek for ſpiritual Incomes, Mr. Colonel; I'll tell you what my Husband *Barebottle* was wont to obſerve (and he was a Colonel too) he never ſought for Incomes, but he had ſome Bleſſing follow'd immediately; once he ſought for 'em in *Hartfordſhire*, and the next Day he took as many Horſes and Arms in the Country, as ſerv'd to raiſe three Troops; another time he ſought for 'em in *Bucklersbury*, and three Days after a Friend of his, that he ow'd five hundred Pounds to, was hang'd for a Malignant; and the Debt forgiven him by the Parliament; a third time he ſought for 'em in *Hartfordſhire*———

Tab. No, Mother, 'twas in *Worceſterſhire*, forſooth.

Wid. Ay Child, it was indeed in *Worceſterſhire*; and within two Months after the Dean of *Worceſter*'s Eſtate fell to him.

Joll. He ſought for 'em once out o' my Eſtate too, I thank him: Oh my Head!

Wid. Why truly, Neighbour Colonel, he had that but for his Penny, and would have had but a hard Bargain of it, if he had not by a Friend's means of the Council hook'd in two thouſand Pounds of his Arrears.

Cut. For Shame let's relieve him; Colonel, you ſaid you had a Mind to ſettle ſome Affairs of your Eſtate with me, and Capt. *Worm* here.

Wid. I'll leave you then for a while, pray ſend for me, Neighbour, when you have a Mind to't: Heav'n ſtrengthen you; come, *Tabitha.*

Joll. Aurelia, go out with them, and leave us three together for half an Hour.

[*Exit* Wid. Tab. Aur.

Stay you, *Will*, and reach me the Cordial; I begin to

to hope that my extream violent Fit of Vomiting and Purging has wrought out all the Poiſon, and ſav'd my Life——my Pain's almoſt quite gone, but I'm ſo ſore and faint—give me the Glaſs.

Wor. What d'you mean, Colonel? You will not doat, I hope, now you're dying? Drink I know not what there, made by a Doctor and a 'Pothecary? Drink a Cup o' Sack, Man, healing Sack; you'll find your old Antidote beſt.

Cut. He'as Reaſon, Colonel, it agrees beſt with your Nature; 'tis good to recover your Strength—as for the Danger, that's paſt, I'm confident, already.

Joll. Doſt thou think ſo, honeſt *Cutter?* Fetch him a Bottle o' Sack, *Will*, for that News; I'll drink a little my ſelf, one little Beer-glaſs.

Cut. Poor Creature! He would try all ways to live!

Joll. Why if I do die, *Cutter*, a Glaſs o' Sack will do me no Hurt I hope: I do not intend to die the whining way, like a Girl that's afraid to lead Apes in Hell—[*Enter* Will, *with a Bottle and great Glaſs.* So, give it me; a little fuller,—yet—it warms exceedingly—and is very Cordial——So,—fill to the Gentlemen.

Wor. Let's drink, let's drink, whilſt Breath we have; [*Sings.*
You'll find but cold, but cold drinking in the Grave.

Cut. A Catch i'faith! Boy, go down, Boy, go down,
And fill us t'other Quart,
That we may drink the Colonel's Health,

Wor. That we may drink the Colonel's Health,

Both. Before that we do part.

Wor. Why doſt thou frown, thou arrant Clown?
Hey Boys——Tope ——

Joll.

Joll. Why this is very chearly! Pray let's ha' the Catch that we made t'other Night againſt the Doctor.

Wor. Away with't, *Cutter*; hum——— Come fill us the Glaſs o' Sack.

Cut. What Health do we lack?

Wor. Confuſion to the Quack.

Both. Confound him, confound him, Diſeaſes all around him.

Cut. And fill again the Sack,

Wor. That no Man may lack,

Cut. Confuſion to the Quack,

Both. Confuſion to the Quack, Confound him, confound him, Diſeaſes all around him.

Wor. He's a kind of Grave-maker,

Cut. An Urinal Shaker,

Wor. A wretched Groat-taker,

Cut. A ſtinking Cloſe-Stool raker,

Wor. He's a Quack, that's worſe than a Quaker.

Both. He's a Quack, *&c.*

Wor. Hey Boys——*Gingo*——

Joll. Give me the Glaſs, *Will.* I'll venture once more, whate'er come on't. Here's a Health to the Royal Traveller, and ſo *Finis Coronat.*

Wor. Come on Boys, *Vivat*; have at you again then. Now a Pox on the Poll of old Politick *Noll.*

Both. We'll drink 'till we bring In Triumph back the King.

Wor. May he live 'till he ſee Old *Noll* upon a Tree.

Wor. And many ſuch as he.

Both. May he live 'till, *&c.*

Joll. I'm very ſick again; *Will,* help me into my Bed; reſt you merry, Gentlemen.

Cut.

Cut. Nay, we'll go in with him, Captain, he ſhall not die this bout.

Wor. It's pity but he ſhould, he does't ſo bravely; come along then, kiſs me, *Cutter*; Is not this better than Quarrelling?

Both. May he live 'till he ſee, *&c.*
Hey for Fidlers now! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Jolly *and* Aurelia.

Joll. 'TIS true, *Aurelia*, the Story they all agree in; 'twas nothing but a ſimple Plot o'the two Lovers to put me in fear o' Death, in hope to work then upon my good Nature, or my Conſcience, and Quack conſpir'd with them out o' Revenge; 'twas a curſed Rogue tho' to give me ſuch an unmerciful Doſe of *Scammony!* It might ha' prov'd but an ill Jeſt; but however, I will not be a loſer by the Buſineſs, e'er I ha' done with't.

Aur. Methinks there might be ſomething extracted out of it.

Joll. Why ſo there ſhall; I'll pretend *Aurelia*, to be ſtill deſperately Sick, and that I was really poiſon'd, no Man will blame me after that, for whatſoever I do with my Neice. But that's not all, I will be mightily troubled in Conſcience, ſend for the Widow, and be converted by her, that will win her Heart, join'd with the hopes of my ſwallowing *Lucia*'s Portion.

Aur. For that Point I'll aſſiſt you, Sir: Aſſure her that my Couſin *Lucia* is marry'd privately this Afternoon to Mr. *Puny*.

Joll.

Joll. I would ſhe were, Wench (for thine and my ſake) her Portion would be forfeited then indeed, and ſhe would ha' no great need of 't, for that Fop's very rich.

Aur. Well, Sir, I'll bring ſufficient Proofs of that, to ſatisfie the Widow, and that's all you require; be pleas'd to let the Secret of the Buſineſs reſt with me yet a while, to morrow you ſhall know't. But for my own part, Sir, if I were in your place, I'd rather patiently loſe my Eſtate for ever, than take't again with her.

Joll. Oh! hold your ſelf contented, good frank-hearted *Aurelia*; would I were to marry ſuch a one every Week theſe two Years: See how we differ now?

Aur. Bleſs us! What humming and hawing will be i' this Houſe! What preaching, and houling, and faſting, and eating among the Saints! Their firſt pious Work will be to baniſh *Fletcher* and *Ben Johnſon* out o' the Parlour, and bring in their rooms *Martin Mar-Prelate*, and Poſies of Holy Hony-ſuckles, and a Salve-box for a wounded Conſcience, and a Bundle of Grapes from *Canaan*. I can't abide 'em; but I'll break my Siſter *Tabitha*'s Heart within a Month one way or other. But, Sir, ſuppoſe the King ſhould come in again, (as I hope he will for all theſe Villains) and you have your own again o' courſe, you'd be very proud of a Soap-boiler's Widow then in *Hide-Park*, Sir.

Joll. Oh! Then the Biſhops will come in too, and ſhe'll away to *New-England*; well, this does not do my Buſineſs; I'll about it, and ſend for her. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Ralph.

Aur. And I'll about mine; *Ralph*, did you ſpeak to Mr. *Puny* to meet me an Hour hence at the Back-door in the Garden? He muſt not know the Eſtate the Houſe is in yet.

Ralph. Yes, forſooth, he bad me tell you, he'd no more fail you than the Sun fails *Barnaby-day*, I know not what he means by't, but he charg'd me to tell you ſo, and he would bring (forſooth) his Regiment of five hundred. He's a Mad-man, I think.

Aur. Well, did you ſpeak to Mr. *Soaker* to ſtay within too, the little Deacon that uſes to drink with *Will* and you?

Ralph. Yes, forſooth, he's in the Buttery.

Aur. Pray Heav'n he don't forget my Inſtructions there! But firſt I have a little Trick for my Lovers to begin withal, they ſhall ha' twenty more before I ha' done with 'em. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Truman *Junior.*

Trum. The Veil of this Miſtake will ſoon be caſt away, I would I could remove *Lucia*'s as eaſily, and ſee her Face again, as fair, as ſhortly our Innocence will appear.

But if my angry Father come to know our late Intelligence in this unlucky Buſineſs though we ha' fulfill'd the Letter of his Will, that which can ſatisfie a Lover's Conſcience, will hardly do ſo to an old Man's Paſſion; ye heav'nly Powers, or take away my Life, or give me quickly that for which I only am content to keep it.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Aurelia, (*veil'd.*)

Ha! I did but ſpeak juſt now of heav'nly Powers,
And my bleſt Angel enters, ſure they have
Heard me, and promiſe what I pray'd for.
My dear *Lucia*, I thought you'd been a kind of Priſoner too. [*She gives him a Paper, and embraces him.*
She's kinder too than ſhe was wont to be;
My Prayers are heard and granted, I'm confirm'd in't.

By my Maid's means I have gotten Keys both of my own Chamber and yours; we may eſcape if you pleaſe; but that I fear would ruin you; We lye both now in the ſame Houſe, a good Fortune that is not like to continue; ſince I have the Engagement of your Faith, I account my ſelf your Wife already, and ſhall put my Honour into your Hands; about Midnight I ſhall ſteal to you; If I were to ſpeak this I ſhould bluſh, but I know whom I truſt. [Reads.
Yours, *Lucia.*

Trum. Thou doſt not know me, *Lucia*, [*Aſide.*
And haſt forgot thy ſelf: I am amaz'd.
Stay, here's a Poſtſcript. *Burn this Paper as ſoon as you have read it.*
Burn it? Yes, would I had don't before,
[*Burns it at the Candle.*
May all Remembrance of thee periſh with thee,
Unhappy Paper!
Thy very Aſhes ſure will not be innocent.
But fly about and hurt ſome chaſte Man's Eyes,
As they do mine. [*Weeps.*
Oh, *Lucia*, this I thought of all Misfortunes
Would never have befall'n me, to ſee thee
Forget the Ways of Virtue and of Honour.

I little thought to ſee upon our Love,
That flouriſh'd with ſo ſweet and freſh a Beauty,
The ſlimy Traces of that Serpent, Luſt.
What Devil has poiſon'd her? I know not what to ſay to her.
Go, *Lucia*, retire, prithee, to thy Chamber,
And call thy wandring Virtue home again,
It is not yet far gone, but call it quickly,
'Tis in a dangerous way; I will forget thy Error,
And ſpend this Night in Prayers that Heav'n may do ſo. [*Exit* Aur.
Would ſhe have had me been mine own Adulterer?
Before my Marriage?---Oh Luſt---Oh Frailty----
Where in all human Nature ſhall we miſs
The ulcerous Fermentations of thy Heat,
When thus (alas) we find thee breaking out
Upon the comli'ſt Viſage of Perfection? [*Exit*.

SCENE IV.

Enter Aurelia.

Aur. Pray Heav'n, I han't made my fooliſh Wit ſtay for me; if he talk with others of the Houſe before me, I'm undone. Stay, have I my Paper ready? Oh! that's well! my Hand I'm ſure's as like hers as the Left is to the Right, we were taught by the ſame Maſter, pure *Italian*, there's her *A*s and her G's I'll ſwear----Oh! are you come? That's well.

Pulls out a Paper.

SCENE V.

Enter Puny.

'Tis almoſt four o' Clock, and that's the precious Hour.

Pun. My little *Heliogabalus*, here I am, *Præſto!*

Aur.

Aur. You're always calling me Names, Mr. *Puny*, that's unkindly done to one that's labouring for you as I am.

Pun. I ha' made more haſte hither than a Parſon does to a Living o' three hundred and fifty Pounds a Year.

Aur. Puny, you're not a Man o' Buſineſs I ſee, that's not the Stile o' Buſineſs; Well, I ha' done, I think, the Work for you, 'tis as odd a Plot as ever you heard.

Pun. I like it better, I love odd things.

Aur. Why thus then, you know Mr. *Truman* took an Oath to his Father never to ſee my Couſin more without his leave.

Pun. Piſh, do I know that a Lawyer loves to take Mony in a *Michaelmaſs* Term?

Aur. A pies upon you: Well, my Father has made *Lucy* ſwear too never to ſee *Truman* without his Conſent.

Pun. Good, there will be a good Bo-peep Love.

Aur. For all this, they're reſolv'd to Marry this Afternoon (nay, don't interrupt me with your Fopperies, or I'll be gone) and to ſave their Oaths (like cunning Caſuiſts, as all Lovers are) they'll be marry'd in a dark Room (do you mark me?) the Miniſter, Mr. *Soaker*, is to marry them without Book; and becauſe they're bound not to ſpeak to one another (for that I forget to tell you) they're to ſignifie their Conſent, when he asks 'em, *Will you ſuch a one*——by Reverences, and giving their Hands; you never heard of ſuch a Humour, but they're both mad——

Pun. Ha, ha, ha! Rare, as Fantaſtical as a Whirligig——but how came you to know all this, my little pretty Witch of *Lancaſhire?*

Aur. Why that I'm coming to; her Maid you muſt know is my Penſioner, and betrays all Counſels; and to confirm all this to you, here's her laſt Letter to *Truman* about the Buſineſs, which my Intelligencer has deliver'd to me inſtead of him, you know her Hand: Read it all over to your ſelf.

Pun. I'll ſwear by her Foot, this is her Hand—hum—[Reads]—*My Uncle's ſick, and no Body will be at this ſide o' the Houſe—the matted Chamber*—hum——*In at the back Door, which ſhall be left only put to*—(ha, ha, ha!) *Mr.* Soaker *with you—juſt at four——you muſt not ſtay long with me*——(ha, ha, ha!) *when 'tis done and paſt recovery they'll releaſe us of our Oaths*—hum—*I ſhall not fail——Yours*, L. (ha, ha, ha!)

Aur. Now he knows nothing o' the time, for that he ſhould ha' known by this Letter; and you conceive my Deſign, I hope? you're not a Wit for nothing.

Pun. My dear *Pythagorean*, that I ſhould go in and Marry her inſtead of him?

Aur. Right! Thou'ſt a ſhrewd reach.

Pun. But where's old *Soaker* all this while!

Aur. Why, I ha' told all this to him, only naming you in all things inſtead of *Truman*; and that 'twas my Contrivance all for my Couſin's and your ſake; he's within at a Call, I'll ſend for him; who's there? *Mary?* Call hither Mr. *Soaker*; I ha' given him five Pounds, and for ſo much more he'll Marry you to another to Morrow, if you will.

Pun. I adore thee, Queen *Solomon*; I had rather be marry'd by ſuch a Plot as this, than be Nephew to *Preſter-John*——I'll make't a thouſand Spankers.

Enter

Enter Mr. Soaker.

Aur. Oh come, 'tis time, Mr. *Soaker*; as ſoon as you ha' done leave the marry'd Couple together, I'll lock this Door upon you, go out at the t'other, where ſhe'll come in to you.

Pun. 'Tis as dark as the Devil's Conſcience; but the beſt is, the Parſon has a good *Fieri Facies*, like a Holiday, that will give ſome Light.

Aur. No! there's Light enough to keep you from ſtumbling within. Oh! I forgot to tell you, break a piece of Gold, and give half, for a Proof of the——do you underſtand me?

Pun. 'Tis well thought on; but, *Domine Doctoribus*, can you ſay the Service without Book are you ſure?

Soak. I warrant you, Sir; can you lye with her without Book afterwards?

Pun. He's a Wit too, by *Juno*; all are Wits that have a Finger in this Veniſon-Paſty.

Aur. She'll come immediately, go in; do not ſtay above half an Hour, Mr. *Puny*, my Couſin will be miſs'd elſe, and all ſpoil'd.

Pun. I'll warrant you, let's in; dear Learning lead the Way. [*They go in, and* Aurelia *locks the Door o' the out-ſide.*

Aur. So, all's ſure this way; I'll be with you ſtraight.

SCENE IV.

Enter Jolly, Cutter.

Joll. So, now the Widow's gone, I may breath a little; I believe really that true Devotion is a great Pleaſure, but 'tis a damn'd Conſtraint and Drudgery methinks, this Diſſimulation of it. I wonder how

the new Saints can endure it, to be always at the Work, Day and Night acting: But great Gain makes every thing ſeem eaſie; and they have, I ſuppoſe, good luſty Recreations in private. She's gone, the Little Holy Thing, as proud as *Lucifer*, with the Imagination of having been choſen the Inſtrument of my Converſion from *Popery*, *Prelacy*, and *Caveleriſm*, ſhe's gone to brag of't to *Joſeph Knock-down*, and bring him to Confirm me. But, *Cutter*, thine was the beſt Humour that ever was begot in a Rogue's Noddle, to be Converted in an Inſtant, the Inſpiration way, by my Example! It may hap to get Thee *Tabitha*.

Cut. Nay, and I hit juſt pat upon her way, for though the Mother be a kind of *Browniſt* (I know not what the Devil ſhe is indeed) yet *Tabitha* is o' the Fifth Monarchy Faith, and was wont to go every *Sunday* afoot over the Bridge to hear Mr. *Feak*, when he was Priſoner in *Lambeth-Houſe*, ſhe has had a Viſion too her ſelf of Horns, and ſtrange things.

Joll. Piſh! *Cutter*, for the Way that's not material, ſo there be but enough of Nonſenſe and Hypocriſie: But, *Cutter*, you muſt reform your Habit too, a little; off with that Sword and Buff, and greaſie Plume o' Ribbons in your Hat. They'll be back here preſently, do't quickly.

Cut. I'll be chang'd in an Inſtant, like a Scene, and then I'll fetch 'em to you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Truman *Senior*.

Trum. ſen. Ay, there goes one of his Swaggerers; I could ha' ſwagger'd with him once.——Oh! Colonel, you're finely poiſon'd, are you not? Would I had the poiſoning o' you—Where's my Son *Dick*? What ha' you done with him? *Joll.*

Joll. Mr. *Truman.*

Trum. ſen. True me no more than I true you---- Come-----Colonel, you're but a ſwaggering---I'll ha' the Law to ſwagger with you, that I will.

Joll. Firſt leave your raging; tho' you ſhould rage like *Tamerlain* at the Bull, 'twould do no good here.

Trum. ſen. Do you call me Names too? I'll have an Action o' *Scandalum.* Well, Colonel, ſince you provoke me, the *Protector* ſhall know what you are, and what you would have had me done for the King, in the time of the laſt riſing.

Joll. Mr. *Truman*, I took you for a Perſon of Honour, and a Friend to his Majeſty; I little thought to hear you ſpeak of betraying a Gentleman to the *Protector.*

Trum. ſen. Betraying? No, Sir, I ſcorn it as much as you, but I'll let him know what you are, and ſo forth, an' you keep my Son from me.

Joll. Mr. *Truman*, if you'll but hear me patiently, I ſhall propoſe a thing that will, I hope, be good and acceptable both to your Son and you.

Trum. ſen. Say you ſo, Sir? Well, but I won't be call'd *Tamerlain.*

Joll. My Neice, not only by her wicked Deſign to poiſon me, but by marrying her ſelf without my Conſent this Day to *Puny*, has (as you know very well, for you were a Witneſs, Sir, to my Brother's Will) loſt all the Right ſhe had to a plentiful Portion. *Aurelia* ſhall have that and my Eſtate (which now within a few Days I ſhall recover) after my Death; ſhe's not, I think, unhandſome, and all that know her will confeſs ſhe wants no Wit; with theſe Qualities, and this Fortune, if your Son like her (for tho' h'as injur'd me, Sir, I forget that, and attribute it only to the Enchantments of my Neice)

I do ſo well approve both of his Birth and Parts, and of that Fortune which you, I think, will pleaſe to make him, that I ſhould be extreamly glad of the Alliance.

Trum. ſen. Good Colonel, you were always a kind Neighbour and loving Friend to our Family, and ſo were we to you, and had Reſpects for you; you know I would have had *Dick* marry your Neice, 'till you declar'd he ſhould ha' no Portion with her.

Joll. For that I had a particular Reaſon, Sir; your Son's above in my Houſe, ſhall I call him, Sir, that we may know his Mind? I would not have him forc'd.

Trum. ſen. Pray ſend for him, good Colonel: Forc'd? No, I'll make him do't, I'll warrant you. Boys muſt not be their own Chuſers, Colonel, they muſt not i'faith; they have their Simpathies and Fiddle-come-faddles in their Brain, and know not what they would ha' themſelves.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Lucia.

Joll. Why how now *Lucia?* How come you from your Chamber?

Luc. I hope you did not mean me a Priſoner, Sir, ſince now you're ſatisfy'd ſufficiently that you're not poiſon'd?

Joll. I am not dead, that's true. But I may thank Heav'n, and a ſtrong Conſtitution for't; you did your Endeavours; however, for the Honour of our Family, and for your Father's ſake, I'll ſpeak no more of that; but I could wiſh, for the Security of my Life hereafter, that you would go home to your Husband, for they ſay you're marry'd, Neice, this Day without my Knowledge----Nay,-----I'm content

tent——go home to him when you pleaſe, you ſhall ha' your thouſand Pounds.

Trum. ſen. Hark you, Colonel, ſhe ſhould not have a Groat of 'em, not a Groat; ſhe can't recover't by Law, I know the Will.

Luc. I marry'd, Sir? 'Tis the firſt News I've heard of't.

SCENE IX.

Enter Truman *Junior.*

Lucia *goes to put on her Veil.*

Joll. Nay, leave your pretty Jeſuitical Love-tricks to ſalve an Oath; Mr. *Truman*, you may let your Son ſee her now.

Trum. ſen. Ay, *Dick*, you may ſee her as much as you pleaſe; ſhe's marry'd.

Trum. jun Marry'd?

Trum. ſen. Ay, marry'd, ſo I ſay, marry'd this Afternoon to Mr. *Puny*.

Luc. What do they mean?

Trum. ſen. And, *Dick*, I ha' got a Wife too for you, you ſhall ha' pretty Mrs. *Aurelia*.

Trum. jun. *Lucia* marry'd?

Trum. ſen. Her Father and I are agreed of all things; Hark you, *Dick*, ſhe has a brave Fortune now.

Trum. jun. Marry'd to *Puny*?

Trum. ſen. You ſhall have her preſently.

Trum. jun. This Afternoon?

Trum. ſen. Come, *Dick*; there's a Wife for you, *Dick*.

Trum. jun. I won't marry, Sir.

Trum. ſen. What do you ſay, Sir?

Trum. jun. I wo' not marry, Sir.

Trum. ſen. Get you out o' my Sight, you Rebel.

Joll. Nay, good Mr. *Truman.*

Trum. ſen. I'll ne'er acknowledge him for my Son again; I tell you, Colonel, he's always thus, with his wo'nots and his cannots.

SCENE X.

Enter Puny.

Pun. We ha' made ſhort Work on't; 'twas a brave quick Parſonides: The little skittiſh *Philly* got away from me, I know not how, like an Eel out of a Basket.

Joll. Give him a little time, Mr. *Truman*, he's troubled yet at my Neice's Marriage, 'twill over quickly.

Trum. ſen. Give my Son time, Mr. *Jolly*? Marry come up———

SCENE XI.

Enter Aurelia, (*after* Puny.)

Aur. What, ha' you done already? You're a ſweet Husband indeed.

Pun. Oh! My little Pimp of Honour! Here, here's the five hundred Marigolds; hold thy Hand, *Dido*---Yonder's my Wife, by Satan; how a Devil that little *Mephoſtophilus* got hither before me?

Aur. To her, *Puny*; never conceal the Myſtery any longer, 'tis too good a Jeſt to be kept cloſe.

Trum. ſen. For your ſake I will then, Colonel; Come prithee, *Dick*, be chearful———

Trum. jun. I beſeech you——Sir———

Trum. ſen. Look you there, Colonel; now he ſhould do what I would have him, now he's a beſeeching----'tis the proudeſt ſtubborneſt Coxcomb----

Pun. to *Jolly.*] And now, my noble Uncle---nay, never be angry at a Marriage i'the way of Wit---

My

My fair *Egyptian* Queen, come to thine *Anthony*.

Luc. What would this rude Fellow have?

Trum. jun. I am drown'd in Wonder!

Pun. 'Twas I, my dear *Philoclea*, that marry'd thee e'en now in the dark Room, like an amorous Cat; you may remember the Damask Bed by a better Token of two than a bow'd *Philip* and *Mary*.

Luc. I call Heav'n to witneſs,
Which will protect and juſtifie the Innocent,
I underſtand not the leaſt Word he utters,
But as I took him always for a Fool,
I now do for a Mad-man.

Aur. She's angry yet to have miſtook her Man. *To* Jolly.] 'Tis true, Sir, all that Mr. *Puny* ſays, I mean for the Marriage, for the reſt, ſhe's beſt able to anſwer for her ſelf.

Luc. True, Couſin, then I ſee 'tis ſome Conſpiracy t'enſnare my Honour and my Innocence.

Aur. The Parſon, Mr. *Soaker*, that marry'd 'em, is ſtill within.

Will. He's i'th' Buttery, ſhall I call him, Sir?

Joll. Ay, quickly.

Trum. jun. 'Tis the Sight of me, no doubt, confounds her with a Shame to confeſs any thing: It ſeems that ſudden Fit of raging Luſt, that brought her to my Chamber, could not reſt 'till it was ſatisfy'd, it ſeems I know not what.

Enter Mr. Soaker.

Joll. Mr. *Soaker*, did you marry my Neice this Afternoon to Mr. *Puny*, in the Matted-Chamber?

Soak. Yes, Sir, I hope your Worſhip won't be angry, Marriage, your Worſhip knows, is honourable.

Luc. Haſt thou no Conſcience neither?

SCENE

SCENE XII.

Enter Widow, Tabitha, Cutter *in a Puritanical Habit.*

Joll. Neice, go in a little, I'll come t' you preſently and examine this Matter further; Mr. *Puny*, lead in your Wife for ſhame.

Luc. Villain, come not near me, I'll ſooner touch a Scorpion or a Viper. [*Exit.*

Pun. She's as humorous as a Bell-Rope; ſhe need not be ſo cholerick, I'm ſure I behav'd my ſelf like *Propria quæ maribus.*

Aur. Come in with me, Mr. *Puny*, I'll teach you how you ſhall handle her. [*Exeunt* Aur. Pun.

Joll. Mr. *Truman*, pray take your Son home, and ſee how you can work upon him there; ſpeak fairly to him.

Trum. ſen. Speak fairly to my Son? I'll ſee him bury'd firſt.

Joll. I mean perſuade him——

Trum. ſen. Oh! that's another matter; I will perſuade him, Colonel, but if ever I ſpeak fair to him 'till he mends his Manners---Come along with me, Jack-ſawce, come home.

Trum. ſen. Ay, Sir, any whither.

[*Exeunt* Trum. *ſen.* Trum. *jun.*

Wid. What's the Matter, Brother Colonel, are there any Broils here?

Joll. Why, Siſter, my Neice has marry'd without my Conſent, and ſo it pleaſes, it e'en pleaſes Heav'n to beſtow her Eſtate upon me.

Wid. Why, Brother, there's a Bleſſing now already: If you had been a wicked Cavalier ſtill ſhe'd ha' done her Duty, I warrant you, and defrauded you of the whole Eſtate; my Brother *Cutter* here is grown the

the heavenlieſt Man o' the ſudden, 'tis his Work.

Cut. Siſter *Barebottle*, I muſt not be call'd *Cutter* any more, that is a Name of *Cavalero* Darkneſs, the Devil was a *Cutter* from the Beginning, my Name is now *Abednego*, I had a Viſion which whiſper'd to me through a Key-hole, Go call thy ſelf *Abednego*.

Tab. The wonderful Vocation of ſome Veſſels!

Cut. It is a Name that ſignifies fiery Furnaces, and Tribulation, and Martyrdom, I know I am to ſuffer for the Truth.

Tab. Not as to Death, Brother, if it be his Will.

Cut. As to Death, Siſter, but I ſhall glorioufly return.

Joll. What, Brother, after Death? That were miraculous.

Cut. Why the Wonder of it is, that it is to be miraculous.

Joll. But Miracles are ceas'd, Brother, in this wicked Age of Cavaleriſm.

Cut. They are not ceas'd, Brother, nor ſhall they ceaſe 'till the Monarchy be eſtabliſh'd.

I ſay again, I am to return, and to return upon a Purple Dromedary, which ſignifies Magiſtracy, with an Axe in my Hand that is call'd Reformation, and I am to ſtrike with that Axe upon the Gate of *Weſtminſter-Hall*, and cry, *Down* Babylon, and the Building call'd *Weſtminſter-Hall* is to run away, and caſt it ſelf into the River, and then Major-General *Harriſon* is to come in green Sleeves from the North upon a Sky-colour'd Mule, which ſignifies heavenly Inſtruction.

Tab. Oh the Father! He's as full of Myſteries as an Egg is full of Meat.

Cut. And he is to have a Trumpet in his Mouth as big as a Steeple, and at the ſounding of that Trum-

Trumpet all the Churches in *London* are to fall down.

Wid. Oh ſtrange, what Times ſhall we ſee here in poor *England!*

Cut. And then *Venner* ſhall march up to us from the Weſt in the Figure of a Wave of the Sea, holding in his Hand a Ship that ſhall be call'd the Ark of the Reform'd.

Joll. But when muſt this be, Brother *Abednego?*

Cut. Why all theſe things are to be when the Cat of the North has o'ercome the Lion of the South, and when the Mouſe of the Weſt has ſlain the Elephant of the Eaſt. I do hear a ſilent Voice within me, that bids me riſe up preſently, and declare theſe things to the Congregation of the Lovely in *Coleman-ſtreet*. *Tabitha, Tabitha, Tabitha,* I call thee thrice, come along with me, *Tabitha.* [*Exit.*

Tab. There was ſomething of this, as I remember, in my laſt Viſion of Horns the other Day. Holy Man! I follow thee: Farewel, forſooth, Mother, 'till anon.

Joll. Come, let's go in too, Siſter. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Truman *Junior.*

WHAT ſhall I think henceforth of Womankind?
When I know *Lucia* was the beſt of it,
And ſee her what ſhe is? What are they made of?
Their Love, their Faith, their Souls enſlav'd to Paſſion!
Nothing at their Command beſide their Tears,

And

And we, vain Men, whom ſuch Heat-drops deceive!
Hereafter I will ſet my ſelf at Liberty,
And if I ſigh or grieve, it ſhall not be
For Love of one, but Pity of all the Sex.

SCENE II.

Enter Lucia.

Ha! ſhe will not let me ſee her ſure;
If ever, *Lucia*, a Veil befitted thee,
'Tis now, that thou may'ſt hide thy guilty Bluſhes.

Luc. If all their Malice yet
Have not prevail'd on *Truman*'s Conſtancy,
They'll miſs their wicked End, and I ſhall live ſtill.
I'll go and ſpeak to him.

Trum. Forbear, *Lucia*, for I have made a ſecond Oath, which I ſhall keep, I hope, with leſſer trouble, never to ſee thy Face more.

Luc. You were wont, Sir,
To ſay, you could not live without the ſight of't.

Trum. Ay, 'twas a good one then.

Luc. Has one Day ſpoil'd it?

Trum. O yes, more than a hundred Years of time, made as much more by Sorrow, and by Sickneſs, could e'er a done.

Luc. Pray hear me, *Truman*:
For never innocent Maid was wrong'd as I am;
Believe what I ſhall ſay to you, and confirm
By all the holieſt Vows that can bind Souls.

Trum. I have believ'd thoſe Female Tricks too long;
I know thou canſt ſpeak winningly, but thy Words
Are not what Nature meant them, thy Mind's Picture;
I'll believe now what repreſents it better,

Thine

Thine own Hand, and the Proof of mine own Eyes.

Luc. I know not what you mean; believe my Tears.

Trum. They're idle empty Bubbles,
Rais'd by the Agitation of thy Paſſions,
And hollow as thy Heart; there is no Weight in 'em.
Go thou once, *Lucia*; Farewel,
Thou that wer't dearer to me once, than all
The outward things of all the World beſide,
Or my own Soul within me, farewel for ever;
Go to thine Husband, and love him better than
Thou didſt thy Lover.
I never will ſee thee more, nor ſhall, I fear,
E'er ſee my ſelf again.

Luc. Hear me but once. [*Kneels.*

Trum. No, 'tis enough; Heav'n hear thee when thou kneel'ſt to it. [*Exit.*

Luc. Will he? He's gone; now all the World has left me,
And I am deſolately miſerable;
'Tis done unkindly, moſt unkindly, *Truman.*
Had a bleſs'd Angel come to me and ſaid,
That thou wert falſe, I ſhould have ſworn it ly'd,
And thought that rather fall'n than thee.
Go, dear, falſe Man, go ſeek out a new Miſtreſs;
But when you ha' talk'd, and lov'd, and vow'd, and ſworn
A little while, take heed of uſing her
As you do me; no, may your Love to her
Be ſuch as mine to you, which all thy Injuries
Shall never change, nor Death it ſelf aboliſh.
May ſhe be worthier of your Bed than I,
And when the happy courſe of many Years
Shall make you appear old to all but her,

May

May you in the fair Glaſs of your freſh Iſſue
See your own Youth again; but I would have 'em
True in their Loves, and kill no innocent Maids;
For me it is no matter; when I'm dead,
My buſie Soul ſhall flutter ſtill about him,
'Twill not be elſe in Heav'n; it ſhall watch
Over his Sleeps, and drive away all Dreams
That come not with a ſoft and downy Wing;
If any Dangers threaten, it ſhall becken
And call his Spirit away, 'till they be paſt,
And be more diligent than his Guardian Angel;
And when juſt Heav'n, as I'm aſſur'd it will,
Shall clear my Honour and my Innocence,
He'll ſigh, I know, and pity my Misfortunes,
And blame himſelf, and curſe my falſe Accuſers,
And weep upon my Grave,
For my wrong'd Virtue, and miſtaken Truth,
And unjuſt Death, I ask no more. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Truman *Junior.*

'Twas barbarouſly done to leave her ſo;
Kneeling and weeping to me; 'twas inhuman;
I'll back and take my Leave more Civilly,
So as befits one who was once her Worſhipper.
[*Goes over the Stage, and comes back.*
She's gone; why let her go; I feel her ſtill,
I feel the Root of her, labouring within
To ſprout afreſh, but I will pluck it up,
Or tear my Heart with it.

SCENE IV.

Enter Jolly, Truman *Senior.*

Joll. He's there, Sir, pray let him now reſolve you poſitively what he means to do.

Trum.

Trum. ſen. What he means to do, Colonel? that were fine
I'faith: if he be my Son he ſhall mean nothing;
Boys muſt not have their Meanings, Colonel:
Let him mean what I mean with a Wennion.

Trum. jun. I ſhall be preſt, I ſee, by 'em, upon the hateful Subject of a Marriage;
And to fill up the Meaſure of Affliction,
Now I have loſt that which I lov'd, compell'd
To take that which I hate.

Trum. ſen. I will not be troubled, Colonel, with his Meanings, if he do not marry her this very Evening (for I'll ha' none of his Flim-flams, and his May-be's) I'll ſend for my Son *Tom* from St. *John*'s College (he's a pretty Scholar I can tell you, Colonel, I have heard him ſyllogize it with Mr. *Soaker* in Mood and Figure) and ſettle my Eſtate upon him with her; if he have his Meanings too, and his Sympathies, I'll Diſinherit 'em both, and marry the Maid my ſelf, if ſhe can like me, I have one Tooth yet left, Colonel, and that's a Colt's one.

Trum. jun. Did I ſubmit to loſe the Sight of *Lucia*,
Only to ſave my unfortunate Inheritance,
And can there be impos'd a harder Article
For me to boggle at?
Would I had been born ſome wretched Peaſant's Son,
And never known what Love or Riches were.
Ho——I'll marry her——Why ſhould I not?
If I
Muſt marry ſome body,
And hold my Eſtate by ſuch a ſlaviſh Tenure,
Why not her as well as any elſe?
All Women are alike I ſee by *Lucia*,
'Tis but reſolving to be miſerable,

And

And that is reſolv'd for me by Deſtiny.

Joll. Well, try him pray, but do it kindly, Sir, And artificially.

Trum. ſen. I warrant you; *Dick*, I'll ha' you marry Mrs. *Aurelia* to Night.

Trum. jun. To Night? The Warning's ſhort, Sir, and it may be———

Trum. ſen. Why look you, Colonel, he's at's old Lock, he's at's May-bees again.

Trum. jun. I know not, Sir———

Trum. ſen. Ay, and his Know-nots, you ſhall have him at his Wo'nots preſently; Sirra——I will have you know, Sir——

Joll. Nay, good Mr. *Truman*——you know not yet what Anſwer he intends to make you.

Trum. jun. Be pleas'd, Sir, to conſider———

Trum. ſen. Look you, Sir, I muſt conſider now, he upbraids his Father with the Want of Conſideration, like a Varlet as he is.

Trum. jun. What ſhall I do? Why ſhould I not do any thing,
Since all things are indifferent?

Joll. I beſeech you, Mr. *Truman*, have but a little Patience———
Your Father, Sir, deſires to know———

Trum. ſen. I do not deſire him, Colonel, nor never will deſire him, I command him upon the Duy of a Child———

Joll. Whether you can diſpoſe your ſelf to love and marry my Daughter *Aurelia*; and if you can, for ſeveral Reaſons we deſire it may be preſently conſummated.

Trum. jun. Out with it, ſtubborn Tongue;——I ſhall obey my Father, Sir, in all things.

Trum. ſen. Ha! What d'ye ſay, Sir?

Joll. This old teſty Fool is angry, I think, to have no more Occaſion given him of being ſo.

Trum. jun. I ſhall obey you, Sir.

Joll. You ſpeak, Sir, like a virtuous Gentleman, the ſame Obedience and Reſignation to a Father's Will I found in my *Aurelia*, and where two ſuch Perſons meet, the Iſſue cannot chuſe but be ſucceſsful

Trum. ſen. Ah *Dick*, my Son *Dick*, he was always the beſt natur'd Boy——he was like his Father in that——he makes me weep with Tenderneſs, like an old Fool as I am——Thou ſhalt have all my Eſtate, *Dick*, I'll put my ſelf to a Penſion rather than thou ſhalt want——Go ſpruſe up thy ſelf preſently, thou art not merry i'faith, *Dick*, prithee be merry, *Dick*, and fetch fine Mrs. *Aurelia* preſently to the little Church behind the Colonel's Garden; Mr. *Soaker* ſhall be there immediately, and wait for you at the Porch; (we'll have it inſtantly, Colonel, done, leſt the young Fool ſhould relapſe) Come, dear *Dick*, let's go cheerily on with the Buſineſs.

Trum. jun. What have I ſaid? What am I doing? The beſt is, it is no Matter what I ſay or do.

Joll. I'll ſee *Aurelia* ſhall be ready, and all things on my part, within this half Hour.

Trum. ſen. Good, honeſt, noble Colonel, let me ſhake you by the Hand. Come, dear *Dick*, we loſe time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Cutter, Tabitha, *a Boy.*

Cut. And the Viſion told me, Siſter *Tabitha*, that this ſame Day, the firſt of the ſeventh Month, in the

the Year of Grace, 1658, and of Revelation, and Confuſion of Carnal Monarchies the tenth, that we two, who are both holy Veſſels, ſhould by a holy Man, be join'd together in the holy Band of ſanctify'd Matrimony.

Tab. Ay, Brother *Abednego*; but our Friends Conſents——

Cut. Heav'n is our Friend, and, Siſter, Heav'n puts this in our Thoughts; it is, no doubt, for Propagation of the great Myſtery; there ſhall ariſe from our two Bodies a great Confounder of *Gogmagog*, who ſhall be called the Peſtle of Antichriſt, and his Children ſhall inherit the Grapes of *Canaan*.

Tab. My Mother will be angry, I'm afraid.

Cut. Your Mother will rejoice, the Viſion ſays ſo, Siſter, the Viſion ſays your Mother will rejoice; how will it rejoice her righteous Heart to ſee you, *Tabitha*, riding behind me upon the Purple Dromedary? I would not for the World that you ſhould do it, but that we are commanded from above; for to do things without the aforeſaid Command is like unto the building of a Fire without the Bottom-cake.

Tab. Ay, ay, that it is, he knows.

Cut. Now to confirm to you the Truth of this Viſion, there is to meet us at a zealous Shoomaker's Habitation hard by here, by the Command of a Viſion too, our Brother *Zephaniah Fats*, an Opener of Revelations to the Worthy in *Mary White-chappel*, and he is the choſen Veſſel to join our Hands.

Tab. I would my Mother knew't; but if that holy Man come too by Viſion, I ſhall have Grace, I hope, not to reſiſt.

Cut. Siſter, let me ſpeak one Word of Inſtruction to yonder Babe.

Tab. Oh how my Bowels yern!

Cut. Sirrah, is my little Doctor already ſtaying for me at *Tom. Underleather* my Shoe-maker's Houſe?

Boy. Yes, Sir, but he's in ſo ſtrange a Habit, that Mr. *Underleather*'s Boy *Frank*, and I, were ready die with laughing at him.

Cut. Oh ſo much the better; go you little Piece of a Rogue, and get every thing ready againſt I come back. [*Exit Boy.* Siſter, that Babe you ſaw me ſpeaking to is predeſtinated to Spiritual Mightineſs, and is to be Reſtorer of the Myſtical Tribe of *Gad*——.

Tab. Oh the Wonderous——But, Brother *Abednego*, will you not pronounce this Evening-tide before the Congregation of the Spotleſs in *Coleman-ſtreet*.

Cut. The Will of the latter Viſion is to be fulfilled firſt, as a Preparatory Viſion; let us not make the Meſſenger of Myſtery, who is ſent by a Viſion ſo far as from *Mary White-chappel* for our ſakes, to ſtay too long from his lawful Vocation of Basket-making. Come, Siſter *Tabitha*.

Tab. Hei, ho! But I will not reſiſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Jolly, Puny, Worm.

Joll. Mr. *Puny*, ſince you threaten me, I tell you plainly I think my Neice has undone her ſelf by marrying thee; for though thou haſt a fair Eſtate at preſent, I'm hainouſly miſtaken if thou beeſt not cheated of it all within theſe three Years by ſuch Rabbet-

Rabbet-ſuckers as theſe, that keep thee Company, and like lying Sons o' the Devil as they are, cry thee up for a Wit, when there's nothing ſo unlike, no not any of thy own Similitudes, thy odious Compariſons.

Pun. The Colonel's raging mad, like a Baker in the Suburbs, when his Oven's over-heated.

Wor. Good, very good i'faith.

Joll. Ay, that was one of 'em; as for her Portion, I thought to ha' given her a thouſand Pounds, but--

Pun. O magnanimous Colonel! What a Portion for a Tooth-pick-maker's Daughter!

Wor. Good, ſhoot him thick with Similies like Hail-ſhot.

Joll. But now thou ſhalt not have a Groat with her.

Pun. What not a poor old *Harry* Groat that looks as thin as a Poet's Cloak? But however, my noble Mountain-hearted Uncle, I ha' made her Maiden-head a crack'd Groat already, and if I ha' nothing more from her, ſhe ſhall ha' nothing more from me; no, ſhe ſhall foot Stockings in a Stall for me, or make Childrens Caps in a Garret fifteen Stories high.

Joll. For that matter (for though thou ſpeak'ſt no Senſe, I gueſs thy brutiſh Meaning) the Law will allow her honourable Alimony out o' your Fool-ſhip's Fortune.

Pun. And the Law will allow me her Portion too, good Colonel Uncle, you're not too big to be brought into *Weſtminſter-Hall*; nay, Captain, his Neice uſes me worſe too, ſhe will not let me touch the Nail of her little Finger, and rails at me like a Flounder-mouth'd Fiſh-woman with a Face like *Billingſgate*.

Joll. What Fleſh can ſupport ſuch an affected Widgeon, who has not a Deſign to cheat him of ſomething that that Vermin has? Well, I ſhall be able to Live now I hope as befits a Gentleman, and therefore I'll endure the Company of Fops and Knaves no longer.

Wor. Come, Colonel, let's go in, and diſpute the Difference conſcienciouſly over a Bottle o' Sack.

Joll. I keep no Tavern, *Worm*, or if I did, thy whole Eſtate would hardly reach to a Jill.

Wor. Colonel, thou art grown unkind, and art Drunk this Afternoon without me.

Joll. Without thee, Buffoon? Why I tell thee, thou ſhalt never ſhew that odd, pimping, cheating Face o' thine within my Doors again, I'll turn away any Man o' mine that ſhall diſparage himſelf to drink with ſuch a Fellow as thou art.

Wor. As I, Why what am I, pray? mighty Colonel!

Joll. Thou art or haſt been every thing that's ill, there is no ſcandalous way of Living, no Vocation of the Devil, that thou haſt not ſet up in at one time or other; Fortune has whipp'd thee about through all her Streets; thou'rt one that lives like a Raven, by Providence and Rapine; now thour't feeding upon that raw young Fellow, and doſt devour and kaw him; thou'rt one that if thou ſhould'ſt by chance go to Bed ſober, would'ſt write it down in thy Almanack, for an unlucky Day; Sleep is not the Image of Death to thee, unleſs thou bee'ſt dead drunk; thou art———I know not what——thour't any thing, and ſhalt be to me hereafter nothing.

Pun. This Colonel piſſes Vinegar to Day.

Wor.

Wor. This is uncivil Language, Colonel, to an old Comrade, and one of your own Party.

Joll. My Comrade? O' my Party thou! Or any but the Party of the Pick-purſes!

Pun. This bouncing Bear of a Colonel will break the Back of my little Whelp of a Captain, unleſs I take him off; come away Captain, I'll firk his Back with two Bum-bailiffs 'till he ſpew up every Stiver of her Portion.

Joll. Fare-ye-well, Gentlemen, come not near theſe Doors if you love your Leather, I'll ha' my Scullions batter you with Bones and Turnips, and the Maids drown you with Piſs pots, if you do but approach the Windows; theſe are ſawcy Knaves indeed, to come to me for Pounds and Portions.

[*Exit.*

Wor. Poverty, the Pox, an ill Wife, and the Devil go with thee, Colonel.

Pun. I vex'd him to the Gills, *Worm*, when I put that bitter Bob o' the Baker upon him.

Wor. Ay, Is't e'en ſo? Not come to your Houſe? By *Jove* I'll turn him out of it himſelf by a Trick that I have.

Pun. Piſh! Thou talk'ſt as ravingly as a Coſtermonger in a Fever.

Wor. I'll do't, by *Jove.*

Pun. How, prithee, Captain? What does thy Pericranium mean?

Wor. Why here I ha't, by *Jove*; I'm raviſh'd with the Fancy of it; let me ſee-----let me ſee----- his Brother went ſeven Years ago to *Guiney*------

Pun. Ay, but the Merchants ſay he's dead long ſince, and gone to the Blackamors below.

Wor. The more Knaves they; he lives, and I'm the Man.

Pun. Ha, ha, ha! Thou talk'ſt like a ſowc'd Hog's Face.

Wor. I knew him very well, and am pretty like him, liker than any of your Similitudes, *Puny*; by long Converſation with him, and the Colonel, I know all Paſſages betwixt 'em; and what his Humour and his Eſtate was, much better than he himſelf, when he was alive; he was a ſtranger thing than any Monſter in *Africk* where he traded.

Pun. How, prithee, Captain? I love theſe odd fantaſtical things as an Alderman loves Lobſters.

Wor. Why, you muſt know, he had quite loſt his Memory, totally, and yet thought himſelf an able Man for Buſineſs, and that he did himſelf all that was done by his Man *John*, who went always along with him; like a Dog with a blind Man.

Pun. Ha, ha, ha! Sublimely fantaſtical.

Wor. He carry'd a Scrowl about him of Memorandums, even of his Daughter's and his Brother's Names, and where his Houſe ſtood; for as I told you, he remember'd nothing; and where his Scrowl failed, *John* was his Remembrancer, we were wont to call him Remembrancer *John*.

Pun. Ha, ha, ha! Rarely exotick; I'll act that Apple *John*, never was ſuch a *John* as I; not *John* o' *Gant*, or *John* o' *Nokes*, I will turn Remembrancer *John*, as round as a Wedding-Ring, ha, ha, ha!

Wor. Well ſaid! But you muſt lay aſide Conceits for a while, and remote Fancies. I'll teach you his Humour inſtantly; now will I and my Man *John* ſwarthy our Faces over as if that Country's Heat had made

made 'em ſo, (which will diſguiſe us ſufficiently) and attire our ſelves in ſome ſtrange Habits o' thoſe Parts (I know not how yet, but we ſhall ſee it in *Speed*'s Maps) and come and take Poſſeſſion of our Houſe and Eſtate.

Pun. Dear *Ovid*, let's about thy Metamorphoſis.

Wor. 'Twill be diſcover'd perhaps at laſt, but however, for the preſent 'twill break off his Match with the Widow (which makes him ſo proud now) and therefore it muſt be done in the twinkling of an Eye, for they ſay he's to marry her this Night; if all fail, 'twill be at leaſt a merry Bout for an Hour, and a Mask to the Wedding.

Pun. Quick, dear Rogue! quick as Precipitation.

Wor. I know where we can ha' Cloaths hard by here; give me ten Pounds to hire 'em, and come away; but of all things, Man *John*, take heed of being witty.

Pun. Ay, that's the Devil on't: Well go; I'll follow you behind like a long Rapier. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Aurelia.

Aur. If they would allow me but a little time, I could play ſuch a Trick with Mr. *Truman*, as he ſhould ſmart ſorely for the reſt of his Life, and be reveng'd abundantly on my Couſin for getting of him from me, when I was ſuch a fooliſh Girl three Years ago, as to be in Love with him.

But they would have us marry'd inſtantly.

The Parſon ſtays for us at Church. I know not what to do---all muſt out——Ods my Life he's coming to fetch me here to Church already.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Enter Truman *Junior.*

Trum. jun. I muſt go through with it now;
I'll marry her,
And live with her according to the Forms,
But I will never touch her as a Woman.
She ſtays for me———Madam———

Aur. Sir.

Trum. jun. I cannot out with it———Madam.

Aur. Sir——

Trum. jun. Muſt we go marry, Madam?

Aur. Our Friends will have it ſo, it ſeems.

Trum. jun. Why will you marry me? What is there in me
That can deſerve your Liking? I ſhall be
The moſt untoward and ill-favour'd Husband
That ever took a melting Maid t'his Bed;
The Faculties of my Soul are all untun'd,
And ev'ry Glory of my ſpringing Youth,
Is fall'n into a ſtrange and ſudden Winter,
You cannot love me ſure.

Aur. Not to Diſtraction, Sir.

Trum. jun. No, nor I you; why ſhould we marry then?
It were a Folly, were it not, *Aurelia?*

Aur. Why they ſay, 'tis the beſt Marriage, when like is join'd to like; now we ſhall make a very even Match, for neither you love me, nor I love you, and 'tis to be hop'd we may get Children that will love neither of us.

Trum. jun. Nay, by my Soul, I love you, but, alas,
Not in that way that Husbands ſhould their Wives;

I cannot toy, nor kiſs, nor do I know not what,
And yet I was a Lover, as true a Lover———
Aur. Alack a day!
Trum. jun. 'Twas then (methoughts) the only Happineſs
To ſit and talk, and look upon my Miſtreſs,
Or if ſhe was not by, to think upon her;
Then ev'ry Morning, next to my Devotion,
Nay often too (forgive me Heav'n) before it,
She ſlipp'd into my Fancy, and I took it
As a good Omen for the following Day;
It was a pretty fooliſh kind of Life,
An honeſt, harmleſs Vanity; but now
The faireſt Face moves me no more, than Snow
Or Lillies when I ſee 'em, and paſs by;
And I as ſoon ſhould deeply fall in Love
With the freſh Scarlet of an Eaſtern Cloud,
As the red Lips and Cheeks of any Woman.
I do confeſs, *Aurelia*, thou art Fair,
And very Witty, and (I think) Well-natur'd,
But thour't a Woman ſtill
Aur. The Sight of you, Sir,
Makes me not repent at all my being ſo.
Trum. jun. And prithee now, *Aurelia*, tell me truly,
Are any Women conſtant in their Vows?
Can they continue a whole Month, a Week,
And never change their Faith? Oh! if they could
They would be excellent things; nay, ne'er diſſemble;
Are not their Luſts unruly, and to them
Such Tyrants as their Beauties are to us?
Are their Tears true, and ſolid when they weep?

Aur.

Aur. Sure, Mr. *Truman*, you ha'nt ſlept of late. If we ſhould be marry'd to Night, what would you do for Sleep?

Trum. jun. Why? Do not marry'd People ſleep o' Nights?

Aur. Yes! yes! Alas, good Innocence.

Trum. jun. They have a ſcurvy Life on't, if they don't;
But we'll not live as other People do,
We'll find out ſome new handſome way of Love,
Some way of Love that few ſhall imitate,
Yet all admire; for 'tis a ſordid thing,
That Luſt ſhould dare t' inſinuate it ſelf
Into the Marriage Bed; we'll get no Children,
The worſt of Men and Women can do that;
Beſides too, if our Iſſue ſhould be Female,
They would all learn to flatter and diſſemble,
They would deceive with Promiſes and Vows
Some ſimple Men, and then prove falſe, and kill 'em.
Would they not do't, *Aurelia*?

Aur. Ay, any thing, Mr. *Truman*; but what ſhall we do, Sir, when we're marry'd, pray?

Trum. jun. Why! we'll live very lovingly together,
Sometimes we'll ſit and talk of excellent Things,
And laugh at the Nonſenſe of the World,
Sometimes we'll walk together,
Sometimes we'll read, and ſometimes eat, and ſometimes ſleep,
And ſometimes pray; and then at laſt we'll die,
And go to Heav'n together; 'twill be rare!

Aur. We may do all this (methinks) and never marry for the matter.

Trum.

Trum. jun. 'Tis true, we may ſo!
ut ſince our Parents are reſolv'd upon it,
h ſuch a Circumſtance let 'em have their Humour.
ly Father ſent me in to compliment,
nd keep a prating here, and play the Fool;
cannot do't; what ſhould I ſay, *Aurelia?*
What do they uſe to ſay?

Aur. I believe you knew, Sir, when you woo'd my Couſin.

Trum. jun. Ay, but thoſe Days are paſt; they're gone for ever,
nd nothing elſe but Nights are to ſucceed 'em;
Gone like the Faith and Truth of Womenkind,
nd never to be ſeen again! O *Lucia!*
Thou waſt a wondrous Angel in thoſe Days
Of thy bleſt State of Innocence.
There was a Cheek! A Fore-head! And an Eye!---
Did you obſerve her Eye, *Aurelia?*

Aur. O yes, Sir! there were pretty Babbies in't.

Trum. jun. It was as glorious as the Eye of Heav'n;
Like the Soul's Eye it pierc'd through ev'ry thing;
nd then her Hands——her Hands of liquid Ivory!
Did ſhe but touch her Lute (the pleaſing'ſt Harmony then upon Earth when ſhe her ſelf was ſilent)
The ſubtile Motion of her flying Fingers
Taught Muſick a new Art, to take the Sight, as well as Ear.

Aur. Ay, Sir, ay! you'd beſt go look her out,
nd marry her, ſhe has but one Husband yet.

Trum. jun. Nay, prithee, good *Aurelia*, be not angry,
For I will never love, or ſee her more.
I do not ſay ſhe was more Fair than thou art,
Yet if I did——No, but I wo'not ſay ſo;

Only

Only allow me this one ſhort laſt Remembrance of one I lov'd ſo long. And now I think on't, I'll beg a Favour of you, you will laught at me I know, when you have heard it, but prithee grant it; 'tis that you would be veil'd, as *Lucia* was of late, for this one Day; I would fain marry thee ſo;
'Tis an odd fooliſh Fancy, I confeſs.
But Love and Grief may be allow'd ſometimes
A little innocent Folly.

Aur. Good! This Fool will help me, I ſee, to cheat himſelf;
At a dead Lift, a little Hint will ſerve me.
I'll do't for him to the Life.

Trum. jun. Will you, *Aurelia?*

Aur. That's but a ſmall Compliance; you'll ha' Power anon to command me greater things.

Trum. jun. We ſhall be marry'd very privately; None but our ſelves; and that's e'en beſt, *Aurelia.*
Why do I ſtick here at a fatal Step
That muſt be made? *Aurelia*, are you ready?
The Miniſter ſtays for us.

Aur. I'll but go in and take my Veil, as you command me, Sir;
Walk but a few Turns in the Garden, in leſs than half an Hour I'll come to you; ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

Trum. jun. I go, I am condemn'd, and muſt obey;
The Executioner ſtays for me at Church. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Colonel Jolly, Will.

Joll. SO, I have her at laſt, and honeſt *Joſeph Knock-down* marry'd us, methinks, with convenient Brevity; I have ſome Hold now upon my Eſtate again; (tho' ſhe, I confeſs, be a Clog upon it worſe than a Mortgage) that, my good Neighbour *Barbottle* left wholly to his Wife; almoſt all the reſt of the Incomes upon his ſeeking, go to his Daughter *Tabitha*, whom *Cutter* has got by this time, and promiſes me to live like an honeſt Gentleman hereafter; now he may do ſo comfortably and merrily. She marry'd me thus ſuddenly, like a good Huſwife, purely to ſave Charges; however tho' we'll have a good Supper for her, and her eating Tribe; *Will*, is the Cook doing according to my Directions?

Will. Yes, Sir, he's very hard at his Buſineſs; he's ſwearing and curſing in the Kitchen, that your Worſhip may hear him hither; he'll fright my new old Miſtreſs out of the Houſe.

Joll. 'Tis ſuch an over-roaſted Coxcomb——Bid him be ſure to ſeaſon well the Veniſon that came in luckily to Day.

Will. Troth, Sir, I dare not ſpeak to him now, unleſs I ſhould put on your Worſhip's Armour that lyes hid in the Barrel below; he'd like to ha' ſpitted me juſt now, like a Gooſe as I was, for telling him he look'd like the Ox that's roaſted whole in St. *James*'s Fair. Who's there?

Joll.

Joll. See who's at Door. I ſhall ha' ſome plunder'd Plate, I hope, to entertain my Friends with, when we come to viſit the Trunks with Iron-hoops; Who is't?

Will. Nay, Heav'n knows, Sir; two Fiends, I think, to take away the Cook for ſwearing. They ha' thruſt in after me.

SCENE II.

Enter Worm *and* Puny *diſguiſed like the Merchant and* John.

Wor. They'll hardly know us at firſt in theſe foreign Habits.

Pun. Ay, Sir, and as the Sun has us'd us in thoſe hot Countries.

Wor. Why, this is my old Houſe here, *John*; ha, ha! Little thought I to ſee my old Houſe upon *Tower-Hill* again. Where's my Brother *Jolly?*

Joll. They call me Colonel *Jolly.*

Wor. Ha! let me ſee, [*Looks on his Note.* *A burly Man of a moderate Stature.*——*A Beard a little greyiſh*——Ha! *A quick Eye, and a Noſe inclining to Red*——

Pun. Nay, 'tis my Maſter's Worſhip, Sir, would we were no more alter'd ſince our Travels.

Wor. It agrees very well——Save you, good Brother, you little thought to ſee me here again, tho' I dare ſay you wiſh'd it; ſtay, let me ſee, how many Years, *John*, ſince we went from hence?

Pun. 'Tis now ſeven Years, Sir.

Wor. Seven? Methinks I was here but Yeſterday, how the what de-ye-call it runs? How do you call it?

Pun. The Time, Sir.

Wor.

Wor. Ay, ay, the Time, *John*; what was I ſaying? I was telling you, Brother, that I had quite forgot you; was I not telling him ſo, *John?*

Joll. Faith, we're both quits then; I'll ſwear I ha' forgot you? why you were dead five Years ago.

Wor. Was I? I ha' quite forgot it; *John*, was I dead five Years ago? My Memory fails me very much of late.

Pun. We were worſe than dead, Sir; we were taken by a barbarous Nation, and there made Slaves; *John*, quoth he? I was poor *John* I'm ſure; they kept us three whole Years with nothing but Water and Acorns, 'till we look'd like Wicker-bottles.

Wor. What, Sirrah, did your Maſter look like? I'll teach you to ſay your Maſter look'd like what de-ye-call-'ums.

Joll. Where did they take you Priſoners?

Wor. Nay, ask *John*, he can tell you I warrant you; 'twas in—— tell him, *John*, where it was.

Pun. In *Guiney*.

Joll. By what Countrymen were you taken?

Wor. Why they were called——I ha' forgot what they call 'em, 'twas an odd kind o'Name, but *John* can tell you.

Pun. Who I, Sir? Do you think I can remember all things?

Wor. 'Tis i'my Book here I remember well. Name any Nation under the Sun.

Pun. I know the Name, Sir, well enough; but I only try'd my Maſter's Memory, 'twas the *Tartarians*.

Wor. Ay, ay, thoſe were the Men.

Joll. How, *John?* Why all the World, Man, lyes betwixt 'em, they live up in the North.

Pun. The North ?

Joll. Ay, the very North, *John.*

Pun. That's true indeed, but theſe were another Nation of *Tartarians* that liv'd in the South, they came anciently from the others.

Joll. How got you from 'em, *John*, at laſt ?

Pun. Why, faith, Sir, by a Lady's means, who, to tell you the Truth, fell in Love with me ; my Maſter has it all in his Book, 'tis a brave Story.

Joll. In what Ship came you back ?

Pun. A Plague of't, that Queſtion will be our Ruin.

Wor. What Ship? 'Twas call'd a Thing that ſwims, what d'you call it ?

Joll. The *Mermaid ?*

Wor. No, no, let me ſee.

Joll. The *Triton ?*

Wor. No, no, a Thing that in the Water does— It ſwims in the Water———

Joll. What is't ? The *Dolphin ?*

Wor. No, no, I ha' quite forgot the Name on't, but 'tis no matter, it ſwims——

Joll. What ſay you, *John* ?

Pun. Ay, Sir, my Maſter knows well enough ; you can't conceive the Miſery we endur'd, Sir.

Joll. Well, Brother, I'll but ask you one Queſtion more ; where did you leave your Will ?

Pun. 'S'Life, now he's poſ'd again——We ſhall never carry't through.

Wor. I'll tell you preſently, Brother---let me ſee ; *Memorandums about my Will* ; [Reads in his Scrowl. *left to my Brother the whole Charge of my Eſtate*--- hum---hum---*five thouſand Pounds*---hum---What did you ask me, Brother ?

Joll.

Joll. In what place you left your Will?

Wor. Ay, that was it indeed—— that was the very thing you ask'd me; what a treacherous Memory have I? My Memory is ſo ſhort———

Joll. This is no Anſwer to my Queſtion yet.

Wor. 'Tis true indeed; what was your Queſtion, Brother?

Joll. Where you left your Will?

Wor. Good Lord, that I ſhould forget you ask'd me that! I had forgot it, i' faith, Law that I had, you'll pardon, I hope, my Infirmity, for I alas---alas——I ha' forgot what I was going to ſay to you, but I was ſaying ſomething, that I was.

Joll. Well, Gentlemen, I'm now in haſte, walk but a while into the Parlour there, I'll come to you preſently.

Wor. But where's my Daughter———

Pun. Lucia, Sir?

Wor. Ay, *Lucia*——Put me in mind to ask for her (a Plague o' your *Tartarians.*)

Pun. And o' your What-dee-de-call-'ems.

Wor. 'Life, *Tartarians.* [*Exeunt* Worm, Puny.

Joll. If theſe be Rogues, (as Rogues they ſeem to be) I will ſo exerciſe my Rogues, the Tyranny of a new Beadle over a Beggar ſhall be nothing to't; what think'ſt thou of 'em, *Will?*

Will. Faith, Sir, I know not——h'as juſt my Maſter's Noſe and upper Lip; but if you think it be not he, Sir, I'll beat 'em worſe than the *Tartarians* did.

Joll. No, let's try 'em firſt---Trick for Trick---Thou wert wont to be a precious Knave, and a great Actor too, a very *Roſcius*; didſt not thou play once the Clown in *Muſidorus*?

Will. No, but I play'd the Bear, Sir.

Joll. The Bear! why that's as good a Part; thou'rt an Actor then I'll warrant thee, the Bear's a well-penn'd Part, and you remember my Brother's Humour, don't you? They have almost hit it.

Will. Ay, Sir, I knew the Shortness of his Memory, he would always forget to pay me my Wages, 'till he was put in mind of't.

Joll. Well said, I'll dress thee within, and all the Servants shall acknowledge thee; you conceive the Design——be confident, and thou canst not miss; but who shall do trusty *John?*

Will. Oh, *Ralph* the Butler, Sir, 's an excellent try'd Actor, he play'd a King once; I ha' heard him speak a Play *ex tempore* in the Butteries.

Joll. O excellent *Ralph!* Incomparable *Ralph*, against the World! Come away, *William*, I'll give you Instructions within, it must be done in a Moment. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Aurelia, *and* Jane.

Jane. Ha, ha, ha! This is the best Plot o' yours, dear, Madam, to marry me to Mr. *Truman* in a Veil instead of your self; I can't chuse but laugh at the very Conceit of't; 'twill make excellent Sport: My Mistress will be so mad when she knows that I have got her Servant from her, ha, ha, ha!

Aur. Well, are you ready? Veil your self all over, and never speak one Word to him, whatever he says (he'll ha' no Mind to talk much) but give him your Hand, and go along with him to Church; and when you come to, *I take thee*——mumble it over that he mayn't distinguish the Voice.

Jane.

Jane. Ha, ha, ha! I can't ſpeak for laughing—Dear, Hony, Madam, let me but go in and put on a Couple o' Patches; you can't imagine how much prettier I look with a Lozenge under the Left Eye, and a Half Moon o' this Cheek, and then I'll but ſlip on a the Silver-lac'd Shoes that you gave me, and be with him in a trice.

Aur. Don't ſtay; he's a fantaſtical Fellow, if the Whimſey take him, he'll be gone. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Lucia.

Luc. They ſay he's to paſs inſtantly this way,
To lead his Bride to Church; ingrateful Man!
I'll ſtand here to upbraid his guilty Conſcience,
And in that black Attire in which he ſaw me,
When he ſpoke the laſt kind Words to me;
'Twill now beſit my Sorrows, and the Widowhood of my Love.
He comes alone, what can that mean?

SCENE V.

Enter Truman *Junior.*

Trum. jun. Come, Madam, the Prieſt ſtays for us too long;
I ask your Pardon for my dull Delay,
And am aſham'd of't.

Luc. What does he mean? I'll go with him what-e'er it mean. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Cutter, Tabitha, Boy.

Cut. Come to my Bed, my Dear, my Dear, [*Sings.*
My Dear come to my Bed;

For the pleaſant Pain, and the Loſs with Gain,
Is the Loſs of a Maiden-head.
For the pleaſant, *&c.*

Tab. Is that a Pſalm, Brother Husband, which you ſing?

Cut. No, Siſter Wife, a ſhort Ejaculation only.

[*Boy brings a Hat and Feather, Sword and Belt, broad Lac'd Band and Peruke.*

Well ſaid, Boy, bring in the Things——

Tab. What do you mean, Brother *Abednego?* You will not turn Cavalier, I hope, again; you will not open before *Sion*, in the Dreſſings of *Babylon?*

Cut. What, do theſe Cloaths befit Queen *Tabitha*'s Husband upon her Day of Nuptials? This Hat, with a high black Chimney for a Crown, and a Brim no broader than a Hat-band? Shall I, who am to ride the Purple Dromedary, go dreſs'd like *Revelation Fats* the Basket-maker? Give me the Peruke, Boy; ſhall Empreſs *Tabitha*'s Husband go as if his Head were ſcalded? Or wear the Seam of a Shirt here for a Band? Shall I, who am zealous even to ſlaying, walk in the Streets without a Sword, and not dare to thruſt Men from the Wall, if any ſhall preſume to take't of Empreſs *Tabitha?* Are the Fidlers coming, Boy?

Tab. Piſh, I cannot abide theſe doings; are you mad? There come no prophane Fidlers here.

Cut. Be peaceable, gentle *Tabitha*; they will not bring the Organs with them hither; I ſay be peaceable, and conform to Revelations; It was the Viſion bid me do this; wilt thou reſiſt the Viſion?

Tab. An' theſe be your Viſions! Little did I think I wuſſe——O what ſhall I do? Is this your Converſion?

ſion? Which of all the Prophets wore ſuch a Map without their Ears, or ſuch a Sheet about their Necks? Oh, my Mother! What ſhall I do? I'm undone.

Cut. What ſhalt thou do? Why, thou ſhalt dance, and ſing, and drink, and be merry; thou ſhalt go with thy Hair curl'd, and thy Breaſts open; thou ſhalt wear fine black Stars upon thy Face, and Bobs in thy Ears bigger than bouncing Pears; nay, if thou doſt begin to look ruſtily——I'll ha' thee paint thy ſelf, like the Whore of *Babylon*.

Tab. Oh! that ever I was born to ſee this Day—

Cut. What, doſt thou weep. Queen *Dido?* Thou ſhalt ha' Sack to drive away thy Sorrows: Bring in the Bottle, Boy; I'll be a loving Husband, the Viſion muſt be obey'd: Sing. *Tabitha*; Weep o' thy Wedding Day! 'Tis ominous.

Come to my Bed, my Dear, *&c.*

Oh, art thou come, Boy? Fill a Brimmer, nay fuller yet, yet a little fuller! Here, Lady Spouſe, here's to our Sport at Night.

Tab. Drink it your ſelf, an' you will; I'll not touch it, not I.

Cut. By this Hand thou ſhalt pledge me, ſeeing the Viſion ſaid ſo! drink, or I'll take a Coach, and carry thee to the *Opera* immediately.

Tab. O Lord, I can't abide it. [*Drinks off.*

Cut. Why, this will chear thy Heart; Sack, and a Husband? Both comfortable things. Have at you again.

Tab. I'll pledge you no more, not I.

Cut. Here take the Glaſs, and take it off——off every Drop, or I'll ſwear a hundred Oaths in a breathing time.

Tab. Well! you're the ſtrangeſt Men— [*Drinks.*

Cut. Why, this is right; nay, off with't; ſo—— but the Viſion ſaid, that if we left our Drink behind us we ſhould be hang'd, as many other honeſt Men ha' been only by a little Negligence in the like caſe: Here's to you, *Tabitha*, once again; we muſt fulfil the Viſion to a Tittle.

Tab. What, muſt I drink again? well! you are ſuch another Brother——Husband.

Cut. Bravely done, *Tabitha!* Now thou obey'ſt the Viſion, thou wilt ha' Revelations preſently.

Tab. Oh! Lord! my Head's giddy——Nay, Brother, Husband, the Boy's taking away the Bottle, and there's another Glaſs or two in it ſtill.

Cut. O villanous Boy! Fill out, you Baſtard, and ſqueeze out the laſt Drop.

Tab. I'll drink to you now, my Dear; 'tis not handſome for you to begin always—— [*Drinks.* Come to my Bed, my Dear, and how waſt? 'Twas a pretty Song, methoughts.

Cut. O Divine *Tabitha!* Here come the Fidlers too, ſtrike up ye Rogues.

Tab. What, muſt we dance too? Is that the Faſhion? I could ha' danc'd the Curranto when I was a Girl, the Curranto's a curious Dance.

Cut. We'll out-dance the dancing Diſeaſe; but, *Tabitha*, there's one poor Health left ſtill to be drunk with Muſick.

Tab. Let me begin't: Here, Duck, here's to all that love us. [*Drinks.*

Cut. A Health, ye Eternal Scrapers, ſound a Health; rarely done, *Tabitha*; what think'ſt thou now o' thy Mother?

Tab.

Tab. A fig for my Mother; I'll be a Mother my ſelf ſhortly: Come, Duckling, ſhall we go home?

Cut. Go home? The Bridegroom and his Spouſe go home? No, we'll dance home; afore us, Squeakers, that Way, and be hang'd, you Sempiternal Rakers. O brave Queen *Tabitha!* Excellent Empreſs *Tabitha!* On ye Rogues. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Jolly, Worm, Puny.

Wor. But where's my what d'ye call her, Brother?

Joll. What, Sir?

Wor. My Daughter *Lucia*, a pretty fair-complexion'd Girl, with a black Eye, a round Chin, a little dimpled, and a Mole upon——I would fain ſee my Daughter——Brother. [*Reads.*

Joll. Why, you ſhall, Sir, preſently, ſhe's very well: What Noiſe is that? How now? What's the matter?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Ho! my old Maſter! my old Maſter's come, he's lighted juſt now at the Door with his Man *John*; he's asking for you, he longs to ſee you; my Maſter, my old Maſter!

Joll. This Fellow's mad.

Serv. If you won't believe me, go but in and ſee, Sir; he's not ſo much alter'd, but you'll quickly know him, I knew him before he was lighted; pray go in, Sir.

Joll. Why, this is ſtrange——There was indeed ſome Weeks ſince a Report at the *Exchange* that he was alive ſtill, which was brought by a Ship that came

came from *Barbary*; but that he ſhould be ſplit in two after his Death, and live again in both, is wonderful to me. I'll go ſee what's the matter.

[*Exeunt* Jolly, Servant.

Pun. I begin to ſhake like a Plum-tree Leaf.

Wor. 'Tis a meer Plot o' the Devil's to have us beaten, if he ſend him in juſt at this Nick.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Ralph (*as* John) *and two or three Servants.*

1 *Serv.* Ah Rogue, art thou come at laſt?

2 *Serv.* Why, you'll not look upon your old Friends! Give me your Golls, *John.*

Ral. Thank ye all heartily for your Love; thank you with all my Heart; my old Bed-fellow, *Robin*, and how does little *Ginny* do?

3 *Serv.* A murrain take you, you'll ne'er leave your Waggery.

Pun. A murrain take ye all, I ſhall be paid the Portion here with a Witneſs.

Ral. And how does *Ralph?* good honeſt *Ralph*, there is not an honeſter Fellow in *Chriſtendom*, tho' I ſay't my ſelf, that ſhould not ſay't.

2 *Serv.* Ha, ha, ha! Why *Ralph*, the Rogue's well ſtill; come, let's go to him into the Buttery, he'll be over-joy'd to ſee thee, and give us a Cup o' the beſt Stingo there.

Ral Well ſaid; Steel to the Back ſtill, *Robin*; that was your Word, you know: My Maſter's coming in! Go, go, I'll follow you.

1 *Serv.* Make haſte, good *John.*

Ral. Here's a Company of as honeſt Fellow-Servants; I'm glad I'm come among 'em again.

Wor.

Wor. And would I were got out from 'em, as honeſt as they are; that *Robin* has a thraſhing Hand.

Pun. John, with a Pox to him! would I were hid like a Maggot in a Peſcod.

SCENE IX.

Enter Jolly, William.

Joll. Methinks you're not return'd, but born to us anew.

Will. Thank you, good Brother; truly we ha' paſs'd through many Dangers; my Man *John* ſhall tell you all, I'm old and craſie.

Enter Servant.

4 *Serv.* Sir, the Widow (my Miſtreſs I ſhould ſay) is coming in here with Mr. *Knock-down*, and four or five more.

Joll. 'Ods my Life! This Farce is neither of Doctrine, nor Uſe to them! Keep 'em here, *John*, 'till I come back. [*Exit* Jolly.

Wor. I'm glad the Colonel's gone; now will I ſneak away, as if I had ſtol'n a Silver Spoon.

Will. Who are thoſe, *John?* By your Leave, Sir, would you ſpeak with any body here?

Wor. The Colonel, Sir; but I'll take ſome other Time to wait upon him, my Occaſions call me now.

Will. Pray ſtay, Sir, who did you ſay you would ha' ſpoken with?

Wor. The Colonel, Sir; but another Time will ſerve; he has Buſineſs now.

Will. Whom would he ſpeak with, *John?* I forget ſtill.

Ral. The Colonel, Sir.

Will. Colonel! what Colonel?

Wor.

Wor. Your Brother, I ſuppoſe he is, Sir; but another Time———

Will. 'Tis true indeed; I had forgot, i'faith, my Brother was a Colonel; I cry you Mercy, Sir, he'll be here preſently. Ye ſeem to be Foreigners by your Habits, Gentlemen.

Wor. No, Sir, we are *Engliſhmen.*

Will. Engliſhmen? Law you there now! would you ha' ſpoke with me, Sir?

Wor. No, Sir, your Brother; but my Buſineſs requires no haſte, and therefore———

Will. You're not in haſte, you ſay; pray, Sir, ſit down then; may I crave your Name, Sir?

Wor. My Name's not worth the knowing, Sir.

Will. This Gentleman?

Wor. 'Tis my Man, Sir, his Name's *John.*

Pun. I'll be *John* no more, not I, I'll be Jackanapes firſt: No, my Name's *Timothy*, Sir.

Will. Mr. *John Timothy*, very well, Sir; ye ſeem to be Travellers.

Wor. We are juſt now, as you ſee, arriv'd out of *Africk*, Sir, and therefore have ſome Buſineſs that requires———

Will. Of *Africk?* Law you there now; what Country, pray?

Wor. Preſter-John's Country; fare you well, Sir, for the preſent, I muſt be excus'd.

Will. Marry God forbid; what, come from *Preſter-John*, and we not drink a Cup o' Sack together.

Wor. What ſhall I do? Friend, ſhall I trouble you to ſhew me a private Place? I'll wait upon you preſently again, Sir.

Will. You'll ſtay here, Maſter?———

Pun.

Pun. I'll only make a little Maids Water, Sir, and come back to you immediately.

Ral. The Door's lock'd, Sir, the Colonel has lock'd us in here——Why do you ſhake, Sir?

Pun. Nothing——Only I have extream liſt to make Water.

Here's the Colonel, I'll ſneak behind the Hangings.

SCENE X.

Enter Jolly, *and* Widow.

Joll. We'll leave thoſe Gentlemen within a-while upon the Point of Reprobation; but, Sweet-Heart, I ha' two Brothers here, newly arriv'd, which you muſt be acquainted with.

Wid. Marry, Heav'n fore-ſhield! not the Merchant, I hope?

Joll. No, Brethren in Love, only——— How do ye Brother?

Wor. I your Brother; what d'ye mean?

Joll. Why, art not thou my Brother *Jolly*, that was taken Priſoner by the Southern *Tartars*?

Wor. I Brother, I by *Tartars*?

Joll. What an impudent Slave is this? Sirrah, Monſter, didſt thou not come with thy Man *John*?

Wor. I, my Man *John*? Here's no ſuch Perſon here; you ſee you're miſtaken.

Joll. Sirrah, I'll ſtrike thee dead.

Wor. Hold, hold, Sir, I do remember now I was the Merchant *Jolly*, but when you ask'd me, I had quite forgot it; alas, I'm very craſie.

Joll. That's not amiſs; but ſince thou art not he, I muſt know who thou art.

Wor.

Wor. Why, don't you know me? I'm Captain *Worm*, and *Puny* was my Man *John*.

Joll. Where's that Fool *Puny?* Is he ſlipt away?

Pun. Yes, and no Fool for't neither, for ought I know yet.

Wor. Why, we hit upon this Frolick, Colonel, only for a kind o' Mask (d'ye conceive me, Colonel?) to celebrate your Nuptials; Mr. *Puny* had a Mind to reconcile himſelf with you in a merry way o' Drollery, and ſo had I too, tho' I hope you were not in earneſt with me.

Joll. Oh! Is that all? Well ſaid *Will*, bravely done *Will*, i'faith; I told thee, *Will*, what 'twas to have acted a Bear; and *Ralph* was an excellent *John* too.

Wor. How's this? Then I'm an Aſs again; this damn'd *Puny's* Fearfulneſs ſpoil'd all.

Pun. This curſed Coward *Worm!* I thought they were not the right ones.

Joll. Here's ſomething for you to drink; go look to Supper, this is your Cue of Exit.

[*Exit* Will *and* Ralph.

Wid. What need you, Love, ha' given 'em any thing? in truth, Love, you're too laviſh.

Wor. 'Twas wittily put off o'me however.

SCENE XI.

Enter Cutter, Tabitha, *with Fidlers.*

Joll. Here are more Maskers too, I think; this Masking is a Heav'nly Entertainment for the Widow, who ne'er ſaw any Shew yet, but the Puppet-play o' *Ninive*.

Cut. Stay without, Scrapers.

Tab.

Tab. Oh Lord, I'm as weary with dancing as paſſes; Husband, Husband, yonder's my Mother. O Mother, what do you think I ha' been doing to Day?

Wid. Why, what, Child? No hurt, I hope.

Tab. Nay, nothing, I have only been marry'd a little, and my Husband *Abednego* and I have ſo danc'd it ſince.

Cut. Brave *Tabitha* ſtill; never be angry, Mother, you know where Marriages are made; your Daughter's and your own were made in the ſame Place, I warrant you, they're ſo like.

Wid. Well, his Will be done——There's---- no reſiſting Providence——But how, Son *Abednego*, came you into that roaring Habit of Perdition?

Cut. Mother, I was commanded by the Viſion, there is ſome great End for it of Edification, which you ſhall know by the Sequel.

SCENE XII.

Enter Truman *Senior*, Truman *Junior*, Lucia *veil'd*.

Trum. ſen. Come, *Dick*, bring in your Wife to your t'other Father, and ask him Bleſſing handſomly; Welcome, dear Daughter; off with your Veil;

[Lucia *unveils*.

Heav'n bleſs you both.

Joll. Ha! what's this? more Masking? Why how now, Mr. *Truman?* You ha' not marry'd my Neice, I hope, inſtead o' my Daughter?

Trum. jun. I only did, Sir, as I was appointed, And am amaz'd as much as you.

Trum. ſen. Villain, Rebel, Traitor, out o' my Sight, you Son of a———

Joll. Nay, hold him; Patience, good Mr. *Truman*, let's underſtand the Matter a little——

Trum.

Trum. ſen. I wo'not underſtand, no that I wo'not, I wo'not underſtand a Word, whilſt he and his Whore are in my Sight.

Joll. Nay, good Sir———

Why, what Niece? Two Husbands in one Afternoon? That's too much o' Conſcience.

Luc. Two, Sir? I know of none but this, And how I came by him too, that I know not.

Joll. This is Riddle me, Riddle me——Where's my Daughter? Ho! *Aurelia.*

SCENE XIII.

Enter Aurelia.

Aur. Here, Sir, I was juſt coming in.

Joll. Ha' not you marry'd young Mr. *Truman?*

Aur. No, Sir,

Joll. Why, who then has he marry'd?

Aur. Nay that, Sir, he may anſwer for himſelf, if he be of Age to marry.

Joll. But did not you promiſe me you'd marry him this Afternoon, and go to Church with him preſently to do't?

Aur. But, Sir, my Husband forbad the Banes.

Joll. They're all mad: Your Husband?

Aur. Ay, Sir; the Truth o' the Matter, Sir, is this, (for it muſt out I ſee) 'twas I that was marry'd this Afternnon in the Matted Chamber to Mr. *Puny*, inſtead o' my Couſin *Lucia.*

Joll. Stranger and ſtranger! What, and he not know't?

Aur. No, nor the Parſon, Sir, himſelf.

Joll. Hey day!

Aur. 'Twas done in the Dark, Sir, and I veil'd like my Couſin; 'twas a very clandeſtine Marriage,

I

I confeſs, but there are ſufficient Proofs of it; and for one, here's half the Piece of Gold he broke with me, which he'll know when he ſees.

Pun. O rare, by *Hymen* I'm glad o'the Change; 'tis a pretty Sorcereſs, by my troth; *Wit to Wit*, quoth the Devil to the Lawyer; I'll out among 'em preſently, 't has ſav'd me a beating too, which perhaps is all her Portion.

Joll. You turn my Head, you dizzy me; but wouldſt thou marry him without either knowing my Mind, or ſo much as his?

Aur. His, Sir? He gave me five hundred Pieces in Gold to make the Match; look, they are here ſtill, Sir.

Joll. Thou haſt loſt thy Senſes, Wench, and wilt make me do ſo too.

Aur. Briefly the Truth is this, Sir; he gave me theſe five hundred Pieces to marry him by a Trick to my Couſin *Lucia*, and by another Trick I took the Mony and marry'd him my ſelf; the Manner, Sir, you ſhall know anon at leiſure, only your Pardon, Sir, for the Omiſſion of my Duty to you, I beg upon my Knees.

Joll. Nay, Wench, there's no hurt done; fifteen hundred Pounds a Year is no ill Match for the Daughter of a ſequeſter'd Cavalier——

Aur. I thought ſo, Sir.

Joll. If we could but cure him of ſome ſottiſh Affections, but that muſt be thy Task.

Aur. My Life on't, Sir.

Pun. I'll out; Uncle Father your Bleſſing—— my little *Matchiavil*, I knew well enough 'twas you; what did you think I knew not Croſs from Pile?

Aur. Did you i'faith?

Pun. Ay, by this Kiſs of Amber greaſe, or I'm a Cabbage.

Aur. Why then you outwitted me, and I'm content.

Pun. A Pox upon you Merchant *Jolly*, are you there?

Joll. But ſtay, how come you, Neice, to be marry'd to Mr. *Truman?*

Luc. I know not, Sir, as I was walking in the Garden.

Trum. jun. I thought't had been ——but bleſs'd be the Miſtake,
Whatever prove the Conſequence to all
The leſs important Fortunes of my Life.

Joll. Nay, there's no hurt done here neither—

Trum. ſen. No hurt, Colonel? I'll ſee him hang'd at my Door before he ſhall have a beggarly———

Joll. Hark you, Mr. *Truman*, [*Talk aſide.* one Word aſide (for it is not neceſſary yet my Wife ſhould know ſo much.)

Aur. This fooliſh *Jane* (as I perceive by the Story) has loſt a Husband by ſtaying for a black Patch.

Joll. Though I in Rigour by my Brother's Will might claim the Forfeiture of her Eſtate, yet I aſſure you ſhe ſhall have it all to the utmoſt Farthing; in a Day like this, when Heav'n beſtows on me, and on my Daughter, ſo unexpected, and ſo fair a Fortune, it were an ill Return to rob an Orphan committed to my Charge.

Aur. My Father's in the Right.
And as he clears her Fortune, ſo will I her Honour.
Hark you, Sir.

Trum.

Trum. sen. Why you speak, Sir, like a virtuous, noble Gentleman, and do just as I should do my self in the same Case; it is——

Aur. [*To* Trum. *jun.*] 'Twas I, upon my Credit, in a Veil; I'll tell, if you please, all that you said, when you had read the Letter. But d'you hear, Mr. *Truman*, do not you believe now, that I had a Design to lye with you, if you had consented to my coming at Midnight, for upon my Faith I had not, but did it purely to try upon what Terms your two Romantick Loves stood.

Cut. Ha, ha, ha! But your Farce was not right methinks at the End.

Pun. Why how, pray?

Cut. Why there should ha' been a Beating, a lusty Cudgeling to make it come off smartly, with a Twang at the Tail.

Wor. Say you so? Has got a Set of damnable brawny Serving-men.

Cut. At least *John Pudding* here should ha' been basted.

Wor. A Curse upon him, he sav'd himself like a Rat behind the Hangings.

Trum. jun. O *Lucia*, how shall I beg thy Pardon
For my unjust Suspicions of thy Virtue?
Can you forgive a very Repentant Sinner?
Will a whole Life of Penitence absolve me?

Trum. sen. 'Tis enough good noble Colonel, I'm satisfy'd: Come, *Dick*, I see 'twas Heaven's Will, and she's a very worthy virtuous Gentlewoman; I'm old and testy, but 'tis quickly over; my Blessing upon you both.

Cut. Why so, all's well of all Sides then; let me see, here's a brave Coupling-Day, only poor *Worm* must lead a Monkish Life on't.

Aur. I'll have a Wife for him too, if you will, fine Mrs. *Jane* within; I'll undertake for her, I ha' ſet her agog to Day for a Husband, the firſt Comer has her ſure. [*Aſide.*

Wor. Ay, but what Portion has ſhe, Mrs. *Puny?* For we Captains o' the King's Side ha' no need o' Wives with nothing.

Aur. Why Lozenges, and Half-Moons, and a Pair of Silver-lac'd Shoes; but that Trope's loſt to you; well, we'll ſee among us what may be done for her.

Joll. Come, let's go in to Supper; there never was ſuch a Day of Intrigues as this in one Family. If my true Brother had come in at laſt too after his being five Years dead, 'twould ha' been a very Play.

[*Exeunt.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by *CUTTER*.

METhinks a Vision bids me Silence break,
[Without his Peruke.
And some Words to this Congregation speak;
So great and gay a one I ne'er did meet
At the Fifth Monarch's *Court in* Coleman-street.
But yet I wonder much, not to espy a
Brother in all this Court, call'd Zephaniah.
Bless me! Where are we? What may this Place be?
For I begin my Vision now to see
That this is a meer Theatre; well then,
If't be e'en so, I'll Cutter *be again.*
[Puts on his Peruke.
Not Cutter *the pretended* Cavalier,
For to confess ingenuously here
To you, who always of that Party were,
I never was of any; up and down
I roll'd, a very Rake-hell of this Town.
But now my Follies and my Faults are ended,
My Fortune, and my Mind, are both amended,
And if we may believe one who has fail'd before,
Our Author says He'll mend, that is, He'll write no more.

EPI-

EPILOGUE, at COURT.

THE Madneſs of your People, and the Rage,
You've ſeen too long upon the Publick Stage;
'Tis time at laſt (Great Sir) 'tis time to ſee
Their Tragick Follies brought to Comedy.
If any blame the Lowneſs of our Scene,
We humbly think ſome Perſons there have been
On the World's Theatre not long ago,
Much more too High, than here they are too Low.
And well we know, that Comedy of old,
Did her Plebeian Rank with ſo much Honour hold,
That it appear'd not then too Baſe, or Light,
For the great Scipio's *conqu'ring Hand to write.*
Howe'er, if ſuch mean Perſons ſeem too rude,
When into Royal Preſence they intrude,
Yet we ſhall hope a Pardon to receive
From you, a Prince ſo practis'd to forgive;
A Prince, who with th' Applauſe of Earth and Heav'n,
The Rudeneſs of the Vulgar has forgiven.

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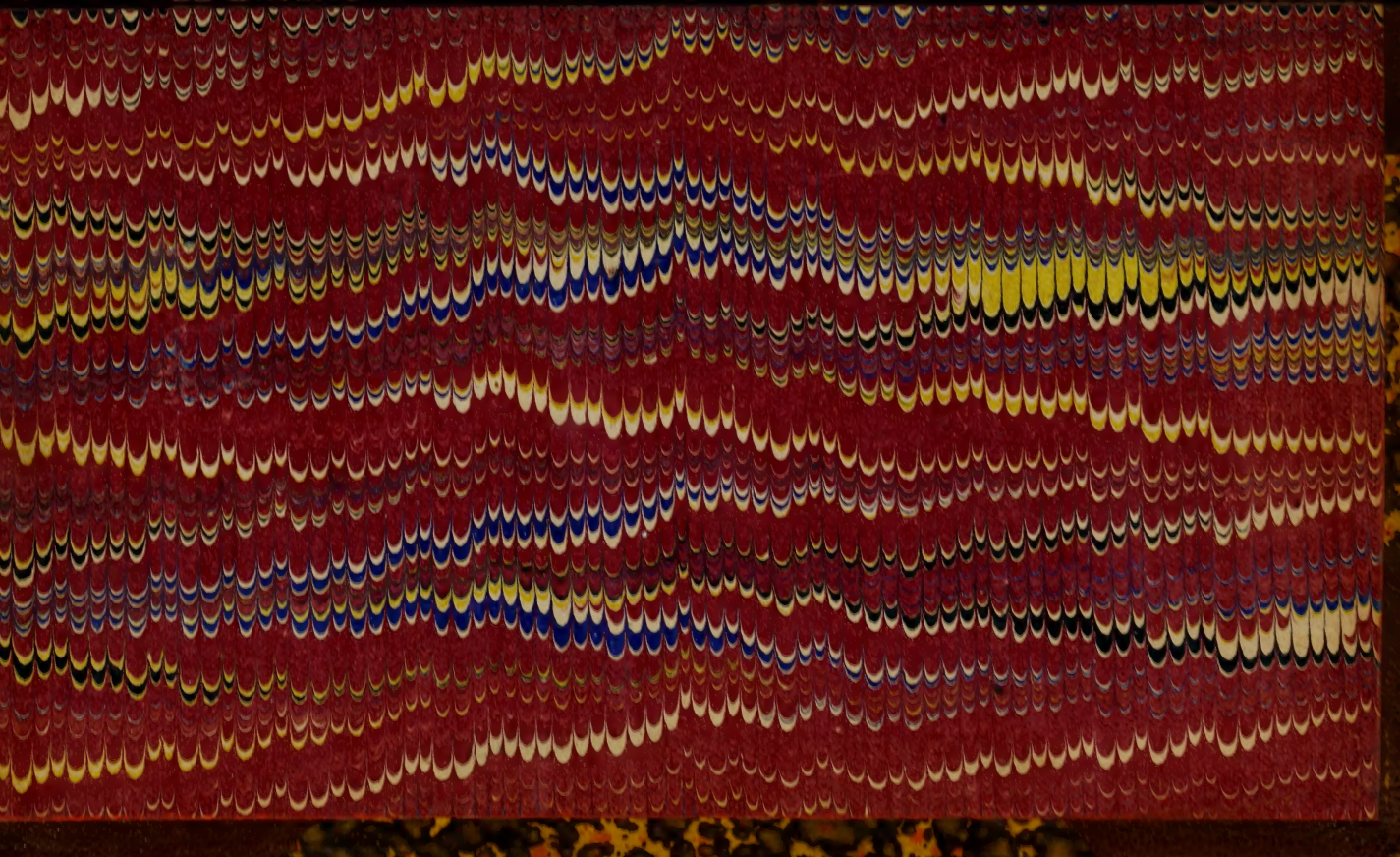
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